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WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

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MODERN PHILANTHROPY

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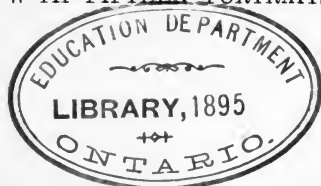
WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

ONE OF THE PROFESSORS OF DIVINITY IN THE NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH;

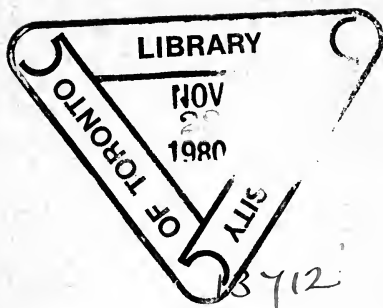
AUTHOR OF

*“Personal Life of David Livingstone;” “Better Days
for Working People,” &c.*

WITH FIFTEEN PORTRAITS.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE special object of this collection of biographical sketches is to show the connection between a vigorous faith in Christ and the labour of love in the service of man. Philanthropy is not a casual product; it is not a mere outcome of the *zeitgeist*, or fashion of the age; its roots are deep in the soil of Christianity; it cannot pick up a living either from Paganism, or Agnosticism, or Secularism, or any other system cut off from the influence of the love of Christ.

Though modern philanthropy teaches this lesson in the most emphatic form, it is really as old as Christianity itself. The religions that Christianity superseded were singularly wanting in philanthropy. Neither Greece nor Rome gave encouragement to the spirit that cares for the poor and needy, and seeks to dry up the fountains of human misery. Not that the Greeks and Romans wanted compassion, or were unwilling, on occasion, to make large contributions for the relief of the poor. Roman Emperors, and even rich men in private life, would sometimes make presents of great value to the poorer classes of the citizens. When great

misfortunes happened—like the fall of an amphitheatre, by which thousands were killed or mutilated—public contributions were very heartily made for the relief of the sufferers.* But these were only spurts of benevolence. There was no systematic arrangement either for the relief or the prevention of suffering. On the other hand, there were but too many systematic arrangements that tended to its increase. The gladiatorial sports, in which thousands and tens of thousands of human beings were done to death for the amusement of the public, showed with awful plainness, how utterly the instincts of brotherhood were crushed and killed by a selfishness as coarse in texture as it was atrocious in quality. The treatment of slaves, the treatment of women kept for unchaste purposes, the disregard of the holy ties of family life, and numberless other social arrangements, showed how little regard was felt for man as man, and how little the influential classes of society troubled themselves about the welfare of those whose lot was poorer and harder than their own.

But whenever Christianity sprang to power, a new spirit began to make itself felt, and a new influence to affect the laws, customs and institutions of the Empire. We do not refer to the time when Christianity became the religion of the State. Long before that time the leaven had begun to leaven the lump. The great Christian doctrine that, in the sight of God, all men are equal, each having an immortal soul, ruined by sin, but capable of being

* See Uhlhorn's "*Christian Charity in the Early Church*," Book I., chap. i. : "*A World without Love.*"

saved by the blood of Christ and the grace of the Holy Spirit; and the glorious universality and winning cordiality of the invitation in the Gospel to every child of humanity to come to Christ and be saved, constrained a new feeling of respect for the poorest and meanest of men, and, with a new idea of brotherhood, brought new obligations and endeavours to benefit the poor and needy. But Christianity did much more than this. To every man and woman whom it blessed it gave a personal sense of obligation to the Lord Jesus, a personal experience of His infinite love, and a strong dynamic impulse to diffuse the love which had fallen so warmly on themselves. The example of Christ, too, "the Friend of publicans and sinners;" the lessons He taught so emphatically in such parables as the "Good Samaritan," and the "Sheep and the Goats;" and the new idea He conveyed of what constitutes true greatness—"the servant of all being the greatest of all,"—turned men's hearts and energies in directions unknown to Paganism, revealed the barbarism of many of its laws and customs, and gradually modified both law and custom on many points bearing on the welfare of the people. In the course of time, barbarous sports disappeared; slavery was abolished or greatly modified; laws that bore hard on the weaker sex were amended; the care of the poor became one of the great lessons of the Church; indeed, the giving of alms was elevated to a place so high as to become dangerous, for the methods of discharging the duty were often unwise, and the quality of mercy was so strained as to bring little blessing either to him that gave or to him that received it.

Love, indeed, was so essential an attribute of Christianity, that wherever the Christian religion was a power, its loving fruits could not but be found. But during a great part of the Middle Ages an unnatural element mingled with the genuine force of Christian love, and the methods of showing kindness became exaggerated or distorted. Almsgiving had a prominent place in mediæval Christianity. But it became so associated with the monastic system—that great device of mediæval ecclesiastical polity—that it came to be mixed up with all its faults. We mark, too, a serious want of endeavour in mediæval charity to stimulate the spirit of self-reliance; if pressing wants were relieved, it mattered not what the effect was on the character and habits of the recipients. Respect for woman took the form of chivalry, a system full of interesting and beautiful features, but essentially an exaggeration. We see the spirit of Christianity working slowly but steadily toward its true consummation, in the cessation of slavery and the mitigation of serfdom, and in various movements towards greater freedom and independence on the part of the trading and labouring classes, whose right to be regarded as essential elements of the community, and to have some regard paid by Legislatures to their interests and feelings, came to be more regarded, both in England and elsewhere, with the slow progress of the ages.

The Reformation was a great return to Scriptural Christianity, and might reasonably have been expected to give a great stimulus to the spirit of philanthropy. And so it did; but not in the manner

that some might have looked for. The Reformation was a great conflict, and it is not in times of conflict that the softer and gentler qualities of Christian love display their mellow fruits. It was more natural, at such a time, that the seed should be sown, and a mellow season waited for, to mature the fruit. The Reformation brought anew into prominence what had been so remarkable in the first ages of Christianity—the respect due to each human being, the grandeur of each immortal spirit, the obligation of all men to have regard to the capabilities of the very lowest being in the social scale; no one being too low for the blood of Christ to redeem, and the Holy Spirit to regenerate and transform. At first, the chief social influence of the Reformation was in the direction of securing the liberties of the people: liberty to study the Word of God, to follow its guidance, and to worship God in conformity with its directions. Then it gave an impulse to liberty in a wider sense, establishing on a firm basis the political rights and responsibilities of men. It recognized the intellectual capacity and improvability of men, encouraging education, delighting in schools, colleges, and universities, rejoicing to turn the raw material of rude humanity into the cultured and highly-developed powers of scholarly, influential, self-controlled men. It smiled on family life, discouraged the monastery and kindred institutions, sought to make each home a nursery of virtue and religion, a seed-plot of godly Christians and patriotic citizens. Within the churches, it endeavoured to foster a spirit of regard for the poor, recognizing the title of those who were disabled by infirmity to a

patrimony or provision, and, in some cases, trying to get this provision secured to them by legislative enactment.

Still, it may be said, that, for ages after the Reformation, there was but little of that philanthropy which is now to be seen around us on every side. This is true. And it must be said that, directly and immediately, the Reformation was a revival of Christian faith rather than Christian love; but it was a revival of that true faith that sooner or later could not fail to bear the fruit of love. That the efflorescence of love was so late in appearing, was due in a large degree to the stormy times that followed the Reformation. The three centuries that followed Christ were very unlike the three centuries that followed the Reformation. The early Church was too weak to meet its persecutors with force. Submission was its only alternative. It stooped to conquer. It triumphed by the invincible might of meekness. Partakers of a common tribulation, its members but loved each other the more. The three centuries that followed the Reformation saw the Christian nations more or less immersed in warfare—sometimes on religious, and sometimes on civil grounds. And this spirit of conflict was not favourable to the development of the spirit of love. Nevertheless, even in unfavourable times, Christianity has appeared true to itself; and the career of men like Count Zinzendorf and John Howard, even in warlike periods, has borne testimony to the irrepressible instinct of Christianity, its inalienable desire to benefit the condition of the race. But it is to be remarked that it is since the close of our more

warlike era that philanthropy in this country has become the widespread power which we delight to recognize. Previous to Waterloo, a few bright stars glowed in our firmament; but it is since that era that stars have brightened into constellations, and a Milky Way has spanned the heavens, and the number of earnest men and women who are labouring, heart and soul, for the welfare of their fellows, is not to be counted by units over the nation, but by tens and hundreds in every town, and in the great metropolis a multitude which no man can number.

No century has been more rich in noble lives than that which is now hastening to its close. Each of these lives has told its tale, taught its lesson, and imparted its influence; and the generations to come will be greatly enriched by the noble inheritance. In the following volume we have selected some of the most instructive of these lives. We have tried to regard them not merely individually, but as a chain or succession. We have gone back to the pioneers, to see the great stream of modern philanthropy taking its origin in the deep spiritual convictions of earnest Christian men and women; we have tried to follow it as it has grown and gathered in volume and in strength; until, like the stream in the prophet's vision, it has become in our day, "waters to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over."

To embrace all the notable lives of modern Christian philanthropy, would require something like a dictionary or encyclopædia, in place of a small volume. The form which we have chosen restricts us to samples, and, with one exception, these

samples are limited to Great Britain. Within these limits, we have tried to show that this movement is of the most comprehensive kind. Men and women, clergymen and laymen, Churchmen and Nonconformists, Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen, men of family and men of the people, are found together among the officers of the great army of Christian philanthropy. In a time of much ecclesiastical divergence and social separation, this philanthropy has been one of the uniting influences of the day. It has brought together many like-minded workers, who would otherwise have lived estranged. It has made common lives sublime; it has exercised and strengthened that charity which is the queen of the Christian graces; it has served to preserve society from anarchy, to bind rich and poor in loving sympathy, to bless men in this life and in the life to come, and, by showing the love of Christ reflected from innumerable hearts, to exalt Him who alone is worthy to be honoured as Lord and King.

In showing these lives of philanthropy to be the offspring of living Christian faith, we may be held by some to have proved but half the problem. True (it may be said) these are striking instances of parentage and offspring; but may it not be that philanthropists, not less devoted, have appeared whose labours had nothing religious about them, but were the result of an enlightened concern merely for the temporal well-being of men? To this we reply, that any such contention would be a mere castle in the air. That strong-minded men may occasionally appear, devoting their lives, under secular principles, to the amelioration of the temporal condition of their

fellows, and labouring heart and soul, as some Americans did for the abolition of slavery, we cordially and thankfully acknowledge. But such cases are few and far between. Often their public spirit is an inheritance from godly parents whose example in some things they unconsciously follow. But they appear to have no power to multiply themselves by associating with them humbler men and women animated by the same spirit, and ready for the efforts and sacrifices of self-denying love. What is chiefly to be remarked of the men and women whose careers are sketched in the following pages, is, that in recent years disciples and followers have sprung up in hundreds to tread in their steps and continue their work. In the case of secular philanthropists, too, there have usually been political as well as philanthropic considerations that played an important part in their struggles, while in other cases (for example, in some schemes of popular literature) philanthropy has been crowned by a handsome fortune. But, choose cases where the struggle has been simply and solely to rescue some downtrodden class of the community; where obloquy and contempt have had to be borne for many years by the champions of reform; where defeat after defeat would have utterly worn out their patience, if there had not been something deeper to sustain the spirit of the combatants; where hundreds have rallied to the help of the leader, and, after his death, have kept up the battle in the same indomitable spirit:—examine such cases, and it will most certainly be found that it is not under the banner of Agnosticism or Secularism that such things have

been done. Secularism may try to keep up its spirits, it may imagine a happy future, it may revel in a dream of a golden age. But as it builds its castle in the air, its neighbour, Pessimism, will make short and rude work of the flimsy edifice. Say what you will, and do what you may, says Pessimism, the ship is drifting inevitably on the rocks. Your dreams that one day selfishness will be overcome, are the phantoms of a misguided imagination; your notion that abundance of light is all that is needed to cure the evils of society, is like the fancy of keeping back the Atlantic with a mop. If you really understood the problem, you would see that the moral disorder of the world is infinitely too deep for any human remedy to remove it; and, since we know of no other, there is nothing for us but to flounder on from one blunder to another, and from one crime to another, till mankind works out its own extinction; or, happy catastrophe! the globe on which we dwell is shattered by collision with some other planet, or drawn into the furnace of the Sun.

Pessimism we believe to be the real outcome of Agnosticism and Materialism. True philanthropy can result only from the views and spirit inspired by living Christianity. And in these days the achievements of Christian love are the strongest practical testimony to the Divine origin of Christianity. Men are apt to get mystified by arguments on miracles and the supernatural. But there is no mystification, there is only a very plain and easy argument, when they are pointed to the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope. When they see all the tendencies of poor selfish humanity so wonderfully

reversed; when the spirit of self-seeking is so marvellously supplanted by the spirit that patiently and serenely bears unnumbered privations in trying to do good; when some unseen power leads men so remarkably in the Divine footsteps, and inspires them so thoroughly with the Divine Spirit,—every heart is arrested, every intellect owns the presence of a supernatural power.

The author earnestly prays that, besides giving a direct stimulus to the work of Christian philanthropy, the biographies in this volume may be the means of producing, or at least confirming in many a breast the conviction that the loving religion of Jesus Christ cannot be a mere human product; that in Christ we have revealed to us “the fulness of the Godhead bodily.”

N.B.—Some of the sketches in this volume have already appeared in various journals; the rest are published for the first time in these pages.



JOHN HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD.

DURING his lifetime, and for many years after, John Howard was the philanthropic wonder of the world. More than ninety years have now elapsed since Europe was shocked by the news that the most kind-hearted of Englishmen had died of prison fever in a far-off village of Russian Tartary. The intervening period has seen many a bright star of philanthropy rise and culminate ; yet none, in all the constellation, eclipses Howard. As he heads the list in point of time, so, probably, he does also in the value of his work. No man ever got a fouler Augean stable to cleanse ; no man ever laboured at his task with more entire devotion or unsparing self-denial ; no man ever brought down the axe more resolutely or more powerfully on the root of the tree. The halo round his name seems to brighten as time rolls on.

*“Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli ; micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.”*

Grows like a tree of age unknown,
Howard's increasing fame ;
Shines like the moon 'mid lesser lights,
His venerable name.

John Howard was born—it is not certain where or when; but according to the inscription on his monument in St. Paul's—at Hackney, in Middlesex, September 2nd, 1726. His father was a merchant in the city of London, claiming no relationship to the aristocratic Howards,—a plain, godly man, who, having amassed a considerable fortune, retired from business, and purchased an estate in Bedfordshire, about the time when his son was born. It is said that the father was something of a miser, but this seems an exaggeration; he had only the careful habits of one who has gained possession of the pounds by taking care of the pence. A Calvinist in his views, and a Puritan in his ways; observing the Sabbath very rigidly, and not conforming to the Church, he not only brought up his son in these ways, but he saw his own spirit transfused into the boy. It thus happened, as one of Howard's biographers has remarked, that it was a dying ray of the old Puritanism that brightened into modern philanthropy.

Young Howard was no great scholar, gave no evidence at school of remarkable talents, and but for occasional freaks of benevolence, would have passed for an ordinary boy. His father, still retaining his commercial tastes, had apprenticed him to a grocer in the City. But though, from a feeling of conscience, the son paid strict attention to the duties of his situation, his heart was never in it, nor did he ever acquire a tinge of that love of money, or that respect for those who possess it as such, which commercial pursuits are apt to engender. His father dying before the apprenticeship was expired, left his extensive property to Howard and his sister,

the only other child; and Howard found himself, at sixteen, owner of a considerable sum of money, as well as of the estate of Cardington in Bedfordshire. His conduct for the next few years, as a young man of fortune, was most exemplary and commendable: thoroughly master of himself, engaged in congenial studies, and attentive to religious duties, he entirely avoided the indulgences into which so many young men in his circumstances fall.

At the age of twenty-five, he did an extraordinary thing. He married a Mrs. Loidore, a respectable widow of fifty-two,—a person as unlike himself in station and accomplishments as in years, and whose only claim was, that while he lodged in her house she had nursed him in an illness. After three years, Mrs. Howard died; and feeling a great blank in his domestic life, and having a desire to see Lisbon, which had lately been devastated by the great earthquake, he took a passage thither by a packet which, unfortunately, was captured by a privateer, the crew and passengers being confined in the port of Brest. In the rigours then endured by prisoners of war, he had an opportunity of tasting the miseries which it became the object of his life to relieve. Owing to his high character, he was allowed by his jailer to reside in the town, his word being the only security required. On negotiating with official persons, he even got leave to visit England, on condition that, *Regulus-like*, he would return to captivity if he did not prevail on the British Government to make a suitable exchange for him. On accomplishing this, he used his utmost exertions on behalf of the other prisoners, and tried in other ways to promote the cause of philanthropy.

The next stage of Howard's life finds him quietly settled in his house at Cardington, with his congenial and beloved Henrietta, his second wife, but first true love; and if the picture of benevolent exertion which this period presents be not the most sublime, it is, perhaps, the most beautiful of any. To diffuse happiness and promote prosperity among their tenants and cottagers; to improve their houses and elevate their condition, was the calling which this excellent and amiable couple ever sought to realize. Their notions of the duties of property were not very commonly entertained. Their wealth was a sacred deposit, entrusted to them as stewards for the benefit of others, and all to be accounted for in the end. At the close of each year they were accustomed to allot their surplus income to charitable purposes, and this was one of their happiest employments. On striking a balance, soon after their marriage, a surplus was found, which, as they had been spending a great deal on houses for the poor, Howard proposed to devote to a trip to London. Henrietta suggested that the money would be just enough to build one of their delightful cottages for a poor and deserving family! Her desire, as a matter of course, decided the point; the excursion was abandoned, and the homestead built.

The life of Howard, during all this period, was moulded strictly by Bible rules. His antitypes, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his "Life," were not the heroes or sages which classic lands produced; they lay in another country, in a different history; and with all their splendid virtues and antique ideas he formed himself upon them.

“These were the apostles, prophets, and patriarchs of old. There was but one system of life, developed in the history of the past, which commended itself completely to his conscience and his heart—that of the early Hebrew times. . . . He almost rejected modern life, and the march of a civilization which is at once more advanced and more corrupt. In all this we trace the paramount influence of Puritan ideas. . . . In the pages of the Book of Life he found the principle of all science, the foundation of all wisdom. He had conned it early and late, and taken it to his soul until it became to him a Living Law. To its righteous spirit he sought to assimilate all his being. To him the Word of God was in the place of all other literatures and lores. On its doctrines, its moralities, its social sentiments, his life was built up on system. More completely, perhaps, than any other individual in modern times, by dint of incessant contemplation of this history, had Howard recreated and realized the ideal of a devout and dignified Hebrew patriarch. This fact is the key to his whole character: whatever was special, unmodern, in the life and conversation of the philanthropist, was, next to the natural impulse of his own genius, the result of meditation on the writings of the prophets and apostles; and whatever estimate may be formed of the character which he has left behind him in the world, it is certain that it received its distinctive sign and impress from this admiration of the ancient kings and heroes of Israel.”

But affliction speedily desolated the fair scene at Cardington. After being married seven years, Mrs. Howard died suddenly in 1765, a day or two after

giving birth to a son—her first and only child. Of the utter heart-desolation that fell on her poor husband, no words can convey an adequate conception. He had given her the tenderest love of his heart ; and when she was taken, the whole aspect of his life was changed. The sun was swept from the Cardington firmament. Quiet and undemonstrative though he had been, there were unfathomed depths of affection that had never been revealed till this blow fell. Her memory was cherished with undying tenderness, and the anniversary of her death was regularly observed by him as a day of fasting and meditation.

For a time he remained at Cardington ; but as his health was suffering, he took a somewhat long Continental tour. How deeply his soul was stirred, and how earnest he was for the Divine fellowship, an extract from his journal will show. In 1769, after abandoning a plan for spending the winter in Naples, he says:—

“I feared a misimprovement of a talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure—which would have been, as I hope, contrary to the general conduct of my life ; and which, on a retrospective view on a death-bed, would cause pain, as unbecoming a disciple of Christ, whose mind should be formed in my soul. These thoughts, with distance from my dear boy, determine me to check my curiosity and be on the return. O why should vanity and folly, pictures and baubles, or even the stupendous mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will all be consumed, *engross*

the thoughts of a candidate for an everlasting kingdom? Look forward, O my soul! How low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious world of light, and life, and love!"

Renewed feebleness obliged him to return to Italy; and at Naples, on the 27th of May, 1770, we find him thus pouring out his soul:

"O magnify the Lord, my soul; and my spirit, rejoice in God my Saviour! When I consider, and look into my heart, I doubt, I tremble. So vile a creature! Sin, folly, and imperfection in every action! O dreadful thought! I carry about with me a body of sin and death, ever ready to depart from God. And with all the dreadful catalogue of sins committed, my heart faints within me, and almost despairs; but yet, my soul, why art thou cast down?—why art thou disquieted? Hope in God and His free grace in Jesus Christ. Lord, I believe; help mine unbelief. Shall I limit the grace of God? Can I fathom His goodness? Here, on His sacred day, I once more, in the dust before the eternal God, acknowledge my sins, heinous and aggravated in His sight. I would have the deepest sorrow and contrition of heart, and cast my guilty and polluted soul on His sovereign mercy in the Redeemer. O compassionate and Divine Redeemer! save me from the dreadful guilt and power of sin, and accept of my solemn, free, and, I trust, full and unreserved surrender of my soul—my spirit—my dear child—all I own and have, into Thy hands. How unworthy of Thy acceptance! Yet, Lord of mercy, spurn me not from Thy presence. Accept of me, vile as I am,

but, I hope, a repenting, returning prodigal. I glory in this my choice ; acknowledge my *obligations* as a servant of the Most High. And now, may the Eternal be my refuge ; and thou, my soul, be faithful to that God that will never forsake thee. Thus, O Lord God, even a worm is humbly bold to transact with Thee. Do Thou ratify and confirm it, and make me the everlasting monument of Thy mercy. Amen, amen, amen. Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen. Hoping my heart deceives me not, and trusting in His mercy for restraining and preventing grace—though rejoicing in returning what I have received from Him into His hands—yet with fear and trembling I subscribe my unworthy name, JOHN HOWARD.”

Shortly after his return from this tour, Howard was appointed Sheriff of Bedford. The Test Act was still in force, and Howard, as a Dissenter, with his usual conscientiousness, by refusing to take the tests, ran enormous risks if any one had been base enough to inform against him. Usually the chief functions of the sheriff had been performed by subordinates ; but Howard’s conscience was sensitive, and he set himself personally to the earnest discharge of his duties—among the rest, to the inspection and improvement of the jail. Strangely enough, it was the very jail where Bunyan had languished from 1660 to 1672, where he had written his immortal *Dream*, and supported himself by making bags and purses, which he was allowed to sell to visitors. What first roused Howard to the noble work of the next twenty years was, as he himself tells us, “ the seeing of some, who by the verdict of juries were declared ‘ not guilty ;’

some on whom the grand jury did not see so much appearance of guilt as to expose them to a trial; and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them; after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the jailer, the Clerk of Assizes, etc. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the Justices of the county for a salary to the jailer, in lieu of his fees. The Bench were properly affected with the grievances, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them, and, looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate."

In truth, the state of the prisons and of prison discipline in England at this time was as deplorable as can be conceived. Of the two classes of prisoners, debtors and criminals, it would be hard to say which had the more terrible lot. The jailers were generally men of execrable character and habits; they were under no right supervision, and often set at defiance the orders of their superiors and Acts of Parliament. In most cases they had no regular salary, but subsisted on what they could squeeze from the prisoners or their friends. Bambridge, the brutal warder of the Fleet, obtained the office by paying the large sum of £5,000 to Huggins, a former warder. The brutalities of this wretch, practised towards prisoners of respectable station, from whom he did not extort all he wished, were absolutely

revolting. Prisoners were often crowded together in the most disgraceful manner, thirty, forty, or fifty being often locked up at night in a ward not sixteen feet square. Torture was even practised in some instances. Debtors who displeased the keepers were sometimes locked up in the yard with human carcasses. "One particular instance of this sort of inhumanity was of a person whom the governor confined in that part of the lower yard which was then separated from the rest, whilst there were two dead bodies that had lain there for days: yet was he kept there with them six days longer, in which time the vermin devoured the flesh from their faces, ate the eyes out of the heads of the carcasses, which were bloated, putrified, and turned green during the poor debtor's dismal confinement with them."

Debtors were often confined for not paying the fees, long after their discharge had been made out. In the Fleet alone, when inquiry was made, not less than fifty-two persons were found illegally detained after their discharge had been ordered—some having been so detained nine, ten, or eleven years. At Cardiff, Howard found that a poor man had died shortly before his visit, after being confined ten years for an Exchequer debt of seven pounds. At Penzance, he found a poor debtor confined in a place thus described:—"No chimney; earth floor; very damp. The door had not been opened for four weeks when I went in; and then the keeper began to clear away the dirt. There was only one debtor, who seemed to have been robust, but was grown pale with ten weeks' close confinement, with little food, which he had from a brother, who was poor,

and had a family. He said the dampness of the room, with but little straw, had obliged him (he spoke it with sorrow) to send for the bed on which some of his children lay. He had a wife and ten children, two of whom died since he came thither, and the rest were almost starving."

At Knaresborough, he thus describes a place of confinement:—"No fireplace; earth floor; very offensive—a common sewer from the town running through it uncovered!" Only a short time before his visit, an unfortunate officer had been cast into this horrible kennel. Having some notion of the place, he had the precaution to take his dog with him, to defend him from the vermin, which the filth, arising from the common sewer, produced in vast numbers. In a few days the dog was destroyed, having been actually devoured by its insidious enemies; and at the same time its master's hands and face were so bitten as to present to the eye nothing but three great and loathsome sores.

At Plymouth, Howard found a room for felons, called "The Chink," seventeen feet long, eight wide, and only five and a half feet high, so that a person of ordinary stature could not stand erect in it. "This diabolical dungeon was also dark and stifling, having neither air nor light, except such as could struggle through a wicket in the door, five inches by seven in dimension." Yet Howard learnt with horror that three men had been kept in this den, under a sentence of transportation, for nearly two months. They could neither see nor breathe freely, nor could they stand upright. To keep them alive at all, they were forced to crouch, each in his turn, at

the wicket, to catch a few inspirations of air ; otherwise they must have died of suffocation, for the door was rarely opened." Such horrible and filthy dungeons, with the number of wretched creatures that were crowded into them, bred that horrible disease, the jail fever, by which more prisoners were destroyed than fell by the hands of the executioner. In 1730, this pest cut off the Lord Chief Baron of England, the Common Serjeant, one of the Sheriffs and many attendants of the court. But even this catastrophe led to no result ; the dread of the disease was a check to all effectual measures of inspection : few would go near when they ran the risk of so horrible a death.

In many prisons there was no right separation of debtors and criminals ; in some, even, the sexes were huddled together. The prisoners were neither fed, nor clothed, nor employed ; all was confusion and misery ; debauchery and dissipation had no check ; and to those who would not or could not provide the means of such dissipation, the rigours of the confinement were made inexpressibly horrible.

We cannot follow Howard on his tours of inspection over England, Scotland, and Ireland, nor over the 42,000 miles which he is reckoned to have travelled in visiting the prisons of the Continent. We may gather, however, a few jottings from these tours.

In Ireland, he found the prisons in a comparatively satisfactory condition. He was particularly pleased to find there that no liquor was allowed to be sold to prisoners. In Scotland, he had a very hearty reception : Glasgow was the first place that paid him

public honours, by conferring on him the freedom of the city.

The jails under ecclesiastical management in England were especially bad. Among them were the jails at Durham and Ely.

On the Continent, the same rule seems to have held good: the prison of Liége, an ecclesiastical city, that of the Augustinian Monastery at Ghent, and that of the Knights Hospitallers of Malta, attracted his attention as pre-eminent in horrors. He was never allowed to enter the dungeon of the Inquisition. His utmost efforts could procure nothing beyond admission to one or two apartments of the Inquisition at Madrid, but not to the cells of the prisoners; and at Rome, and other places, even this measure of indulgence was refused.

The only other prison in Europe to which he was denied entrance was the Bastile. One day he made a bold effort to force his way, but after advancing a little way he deemed it wise to beat a retreat; it was well for him he did so, otherwise his life would probably have been forfeited. France never forgave him for this presumption. But he lived to hear of the Bastile being levelled with the ground. At first, on visiting France, he found it was contrary to regulation for a stranger to be admitted to the cells of the jails, but he overcame this difficulty in a characteristic way. He found an old Act of Parliament permitting strangers to visit prisoners when they gave them alms. Howard was in great delight, though it took a large sum to go over all the prisons. But his liberality was unbounded; altogether his tours and gifts absorbed £30,000. It was

his practice, when he found debtors incarcerated for a small sum, to pay the amount and release the prisoner.

The prisons of France were in a more satisfactory state, on the whole, than those of England. In Holland and Switzerland there was a still more marked difference; and what was remarkable was the exceedingly small number of prisoners in some of these places. In the Canton of Geneva he found but five prisoners, though Geneva did not transport her convicts; and there were no debtors whatever. In the best conducted prisons he found the discipline of employment in successful operation. In Holland, he says, the principal cause that debtors, as well as capital offenders, are few, is the great care that is taken to train up the children of the poor, and, indeed, of all, to industry. The States do not transport their convicts; but men are put to labour in the rasp-houses, and women to proper work in the spin-houses, upon the professed maxim—

MAKE THEM DILIGENT, AND THEY WILL BE HONEST.

In Berne, the greater part of the men were employed cleaning and watering the streets, removing the rubbish from buildings, and, in winter, carrying off the snow and ice from the public thoroughfares. They wore an iron collar round the neck, like serfs in feudal times. Throughout Switzerland the amount of crime was very low, and the correctional discipline commendable.

In the free city of Bremen, in Germany, he found an institution that pleased him greatly—a workhouse, or school, for the children that were found prowling

and begging about the streets; like the ragged or industrial school of the present day. The experiment was most successful, and many other places were beginning to follow the example.

The despotic Empires of Austria and Russia presented fearful evidences of cruelty; though one Emperor claimed to be a prison reformer, and the other a champion of civilization. The relentless severity of Austria towards political offenders was a scandal on human nature. "Seldom," says Mr. Dixon, "have more awful lines been penned than those in which the young and patriotic Count Confaloneri thus wrote the story of a life:—

"I am an old man now, yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body. Fifteen years I existed—for I did not *live*: it was not life—in the selfsame dungeon, fifteen feet square. During six years I had a companion; nine years I was alone. I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives—our joys for ever gone—over and over again. The next year we communicated our ideas to each other on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate: we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at intervals of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind? The fifth year we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away: I never knew where—to execution or to liberty; but I was glad when he was gone: even solitude was better

than the dim vision of that pale, vacant face. After that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon my nine years' vacancy. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—I know not whose—uttered these words: 'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut; I heard no more. They had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."

When Howard had completed his survey of the prisons of Europe, and published the results to the world, he was well stricken in years. But an idea struck him with irresistible force, that he ought now to devote himself to an investigation into the workings of the *PLAGUE*, with a view to discover a remedy, or, at least, mitigate its horrors. And never did the noble man appear half so noble as when engaged in this crowning mission of benevolence, visiting, in the first place, the most famous lazarettos of the West; exposing himself to risks from which all ordinary mortals shrunk in horror; then, setting out in a ship with a foul bill of health, and actually visiting the cities of the Plague; and then, when about to return, bethinking himself that he had not done enough, and undergoing a quarantine of forty days in the lazaretto of Venice,—enduring miseries of mind and body, under which he confessed that, for the first time, he could hardly bear up. And all this was done without the shadow of a motive save pure benevolence, affording a most marvellous contrast to the cold and cowardly spirit usually shown on such occasions. It was a rule which Howard adhered to with inviolable

fidelity, to refuse all remuneration for his services. He would hold no Government situation to which a salary was attached. Though courted by princes and emperors, he usually declined their invitations, unless by accepting them he could hope to promote the object of his mission. His faithfulness and outspoken plainness were not in the least degree repressed by the presence of kings. His adherence to conscientious convictions was inflexible. When pressed to have an interview with the Pope, he bargained that there should be no kissing of his toe. In Vienna, he stipulated that he should not have to approach the Emperor on his bended knee. When in quarantine at Venice, he received letters informing him that his friends in England were raising a subscription for a testimonial. The news distressed him, and he strained every nerve to defeat their purpose. He had no peace of mind till the proposal was abandoned.

The interview which he had with the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria deserves special notice. It lasted for two hours. The Emperor first asked Howard's opinion of his new military hospital. He said it was crowded with defects: the patients were ill-kept, ill-nursed, ill-fed. When he proceeded to speak of the prisons, and adverted to some horrible subterranean dungeons, fit only for tombs, the Emperor was stung, and exclaimed abruptly, "Why, sir, in your country they *hang* men for the slightest offences!" Howard said he would rather be hanged ten times over than spend a living death in his dungeons. When the Emperor asked if he had ever seen any prisons in a better state than his,

he said : “ There *was* one better at Ghent ; but not so now—not so now.” The Emperor winced at this home thrust of his honest, uncourtly visitor. He was like Elijah before Ahab, or John the Baptist before Herod. But so impressed was he with his honesty that, on parting, he pressed his hand warmly, and he told the British ambassador that he liked him the better for his want of ceremony !

His habits were exceedingly regular, and his fare very simple. His escape from contagious diseases, to which he was constantly exposed, was due, in a large measure, to his temperate habits. Dry biscuits and a little milk was his ordinary dinner ; and he never partook either of wine or animal food.

He had an only son, to whom he was much attached. The training of the boy was necessarily devolved mainly on others, and the result was unfortunate. The young man became dissipated, then his mind was affected ; and the news of his madness came on his father like a thunder-bolt, in the lazaretto of Venice. After returning home, and placing him under the treatment that seemed most likely to be beneficial, Howard, to wile away the dreary interval, undertook a new journey to the East, in 1789, in order to extend his inquiries regarding the plague. He seems to have had some presentiment of approaching death. When he was at Riga, and again, at Moscow, he renewed a solemn covenant made at Naples twenty-three years before. Arrived at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, he caught infection from a fever patient, and became seriously ill. One thing greatly relieved his fainting spirit—a letter, informing him that his son was advancing favourably

to recovery. He called his servant to his bedside, and bade him tell him, when he returned home, how long and how fervently he had prayed for his recovery, and especially during his last illness. The end came on the 20th January, 1790. When the news spread abroad, it made a profound impression over all Europe. From the throne to the dungeon men felt, not only that the brightest ornament of humanity had departed, but that they had lost their best friend. The miserable son of Howard never recovered his reason. He died in 1799, and with him ended the race of the great philanthropist.

On the effects of Howard's labours it is not necessary to enlarge. His name is a household word among us, and can hardly be heard by any one without stirring the desire to do good. But we may advert briefly to an unfavourable view that has been taken of his work in recent times. In his "Latter Day Pamphlets," Carlyle directed a blast of his trumpet against "Modern Prisons," and Howard came in for a pretty smart stroke of his satire. "Howard is a beautiful philanthropist, eulogized by Burke, and, in most men's minds, a sort of beautiful individual. How glorious, having finished off one's affairs in Bedfordshire, or, in fact, finding them very dull, inane, and worthy of being quitted and got away from, to set out on a cruise over the jails: first, in Britain; then, finding that answer, over the jails of the habitable globe! A voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity; to collate distresses, to gauge wickedness, to take the dimensions of human misery—really, it is very fine."

With a saving clause here and there, Howard,

in the eyes of Carlyle, is "a practical, solid man, dull, and even dreary;" is associated with that "sugary philanthropy" that forgets the justice due to scoundrels; he is the unlucky fountain of that tumultuous, frothy, ocean-tide of benevolent sentimentality—abolition of punishment, all-absorbing prison discipline, and general morbid sympathy, which have superseded the eternal law that makes the way of transgressors hard. Through such men, the devil's children are getting themselves sprinkled with rose-water, as if that would cleanse them: while the honest poor are left to struggle with poverty, hunger and dirt, a Paradise is provided for scoundrels, and sound beneficence is superseded by canting philanthropic twaddle!

There is, no doubt a modicum of truth in this general view; but it is quite inapplicable to Howard. Was there any symptom, we would ask, of neglect of the honest poor, and morbid sympathy for scoundrels in his first lesson of love—improving the dwellings and elevating the position of his Bedford tenantry? Was it a journey in search of the sentimental he undertook when, risking all he had by becoming Sheriff of Bedford, he personally inspected the jails, then travelled from county to county, simply to find a precedent for reforming the glaring abuses he had found? Was he insensible to the claims of justice when the wrongs of men who had been declared innocent, but were nevertheless detained and tortured for prison fees, set fire to his soul? Was he uttering sugary twaddle when he exposed the villainy of jail-keepers, male and female, who bribed and bullied, worried and tormented

helpless men, till they would pay their atrocious demands? Was it dreary *ennui* that led him to explore the Continent, to spend miserable months in the lazaretto of Venice, to breathe the atmosphere of the plague, to spend £30,000 in exposing and relieving the horrors he found nearly everywhere? Was the man a sham who spoke so bravely and honestly to the Emperor of Austria; who so sternly refused any testimonial at home; who left strict directions that the expenses of his funeral were not to exceed ten pounds?

Under the shadow of Howard, Carlyle sighs for the stern principle and rugged faith of Cromwell, who knew the meaning of God's eternal laws, and did not shrink from letting them take their course. But was there nothing of the Puritan in the Bedford Squire who dared not spend his life hopping in the drawing-room or hunting in the field, because he felt he was God's servant, the steward of His gifts; bound, by every solemn consideration, not only to lead a decent life, but to do his very utmost with the talents God had given him? In that spirit which bowed to the Bible so reverently as the divine rule for the life of man; in that daily self-denial that made pleasure so constantly bend to duty; in the eye so steadily turned to the future reckoning, and the heart which ever sought to rule the life with a view to the final scrutiny—we find elements that ally the character of Howard with that of the bravest and strongest of the Puritan age, while they present a beauty and a grace which men like Cromwell never attained.

Howard is not responsible for the abuse of prison

discipline in recent times, any more than he is responsible for the hollow pretences of some who find philanthropy the easy road to popularity and applause. In the compassion that he felt for the fallen, he only followed the example of his Master; exemplifying a combination which was very real in Christ, but which seems impossible to those of another spirit—intense compassion for the sinner with cordial detestation of his sin.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

No man is better entitled than Wilberforce to rank as the father of modern philanthropy. John Howard, like John Wicliffe or John Huss, was but a morning star. He was a solitary phenomenon, designed, apparently, to show that, in the old Puritanism which he represented, there existed a latent capacity of philanthropy, rather than to give birth to a great race of philanthropists who should grapple with all the sorrows and sufferings of humanity. But to Wilberforce there came a distinction like that which fell to the great Hebrew patriarch when his name was changed from Abram to Abraham. If not a father of many nations, Wilberforce has become a father of many orders of philanthropy. From his days, and the days of the "Clapham Sect," of which he was one, philanthropy has multiplied itself on every side. It is of much consequence to show that that noble and most fruitful life had its origin in nothing else than the evangelical faith by which he was early and most powerfully influenced, and was sustained from day to day and from year to year by the most earnest fellowship with the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. In the light of such a life

the presumptuous assertion of Secularists that the splendid work of our Christian philanthropists was due, not to their religion, but to certain principles of Secularism which worked in them in spite of their religion, becomes positively ludicrous. In the case of William Wilberforce this is utterly and palpably untrue; his career would have been entirely different, and the Slave-trade might possibly have been flourishing to this day, but for the miraculous change which turned the rich and ambitious young man of six-and-twenty into the earnest, self-denying servant of Jesus Christ.

Wilberfoss of Wilberfoss, was an old Yorkshire family, but the branch from which our philanthropist sprang was that of a younger son, who changed the name to Wilberforce, and established a flourishing commercial business at Hull. He was born in 1759, thus becoming the contemporary of Napoleon, of the Duke of Wellington, and of Sir Walter Scott. Small of stature, feeble in his frame, and weak in his eyes, William Wilberforce did not look like a man to shake the world, or develop a new era in Christian life and work. Yet even at the age of seven his powers of elocution were remarkable; and the schoolmaster at Hull used to set him on a table, and make him read aloud, as an example to the other boys. When he was eight, his father died, and he was sent to various schools. His mother was at this time what her son used to call "a Tillotson Christian"—not under the strong influence of the evangelical faith. An aunt, in whose house he lived for some time, was a great admirer of Whitefield, and the susceptible heart of young Wilberforce seems to

have caught something of the glow, though not the substance of her piety. Inheriting, as he did, a great fortune, his worldly friends were desirous that he should cut a figure in the world, and did all in their power to wean him from the ways of Methodism. His talents for society, and rare skill in singing, made him a most acceptable guest in fashionable circles, and he greatly enjoyed the pleasures of society. At St. John's, Cambridge, he was exposed to a new temptation, being introduced, on the very night of his arrival, to as licentious a set of men as could well be conceived. But from this snare he happily escaped. He was encouraged, however, by his very tutors, in the belief that there was no need why *he* should work at college; such drudgery was for penniless men. Having resolved to enter public life, a dissolution of Parliament gave him the opportunity of contesting Hull, and at the age of one-and-twenty he was returned with as many votes as the other two candidates received together. Hardly was he in Parliament when that intimacy and friendship sprang up between him and William Pitt which had so much influence on his public life. During his first three years in Parliament he was known as a rising man, but otherwise he made little mark. In 1784, he achieved the remarkable feat of being returned as Member for Yorkshire, in opposition to the influence of many of the greatest families. His eloquence carried everything before it. Boswell, who was present in the Castle-yard at York Tavern when young Wilberforce addressed the electors, described the scene thus: "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table: but as I listened, he

grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." It became more and more evident that he would be a great power in public life. And his ambition lay in that direction ; political distinction was his idol ; and with wealth, eloquence, a great charm of manner, and the warm friendship of men like Pitt, it seemed as certain as any future event could be, that ere long he would fill the political throne to which he aspired.

God, however, had predestined him for a very different career. And the change came about in this wise. In the end of 1784, he planned a tour on the Continent. The friend whom he first proposed as his companion declined, and he made the offer to Isaac Milner, the brother of his schoolmaster at Hull. Milner was then, unknown to Wilberforce, a reserved evangelical : had Wilberforce known his sentiments, he would not have made the offer to him. When, however, Milner was led to urge his views, they were only controverted by his companion. Still, the memory of the views he had been familiar with in his uncle's house gave zest to the subject, and it was not dropped. One day, at Nice, a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" fell into his hands. Milner and he read it together, and Wilberforce determined that, when he had leisure, he would study the Scriptures for himself, and compare with them the views it presented. By degrees he imbibed Milner's sentiments, but he confessed that for a long time they lay in his mind as mere opinions. "Often," he said afterwards of this period, "when in the full enjoyment of all that this world could bestow, my conscience told me that in the true sense of the

word I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was, apparently, gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me, What madness is all this—to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery, and that while everlasting happiness is within my grasp!” A hard struggle went on. He told Pitt of his anxiety: Pitt recommended Butler’s “Analogy,” though he owned that in his own mind it had raised more doubts than it removed. He consulted the venerable John Newton, then Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth. “By degrees,” he said afterwards, “the promises and offers of the Gospel produced in me something of a settled peace of conscience. I devoted myself for whatever might be the term of my natural life to the service of my God and Saviour, and with many infirmities and deficiencies, through His help I continue unto this day.” Right earnestly did he try to carry out his vow of consecration; most intense was the scrutiny he directed towards his heart, and unwearied were his efforts to maintain the true spirit of consecration, and make the service of God his all in all.

In the spring of 1786, he returned to the House of Commons an altered man. The rumour of the change had preceded him, and his mother and other friends expected to find him half mad. But all the change his mother observed was greater kindness and evenness of temper. The charm of his manner, and his delightful liveliness, kindliness, and geniality overcame, in some degree, the enmity of the world, and his speeches in the House commanded the admiration of his party and the

esteem of all. His mind began to turn on measures for the reformation of morals and religion, both of which were at a miserably low ebb. Something like what Wesley had done for the lower, needed to be done for the upper classes of society. He tried to infuse among his friends a determination to resist the growing vices of the times. His special endeavour was to obtain a Royal Proclamation against vice and immorality—an expedient at which we almost smile in these days—and then to form an association for carrying it into effect. He tried, by personal solicitation, to enlist all the bishops and many other persons of influence. He was not much satisfied with the measure of his success. But as he was surveying the vices of society, and trying, in Christ's name, to make war on them, his attention was turned to the Slave-trade. Through the conversations of a friend who had been in the West Indies, a Lady Middleton had come to feel profoundly on that subject. In vain she urged her husband, who was a Member of Parliament, to take it up in the House. Various Members were talked of, and their fitness discussed; but Mr. Wilberforce, an able and eloquent man, an advocate of the cause of truth and virtue, and a friend of the Minister, seemed to be the very man. On being applied to, he gave an encouraging answer, and by-and-by his whole heart was in the business. "The first years that I was in Parliament," he afterwards said, "I did nothing—nothing, I mean, to any good purpose; my own distinction was my darling object." But now, as his biographers have pointed out, he acted upon a new set of principles; "his power of mind, his

eloquence in speech, his influence with Mr. Pitt, his general popularity, were now all as talents lent to him by God, and for their due improvement he must render an account. Now, therefore, all his previous interest in the cause of the West Indian slaves led to practical exertion." "God," he said, in undertaking the task, "has set before me two great objects—the suppression of the Slave-trade, and the reformation of manners."

In attacking the Slave-trade, it was not long ere he saw how deeply it had struck its roots among the commercial interests of the country, and what intense, bitter, and prolonged resistance the movement for abolition was destined to receive from merchants interested in the trade. A long and dangerous illness, that brought him to the very gates of death, suspended for a time his personal efforts in the cause, but brought more earnestness of purpose in the service of God, and more determination, with God's help, to prevail.

At the beginning of the movement a circumstance occurred which showed very plainly how much it owed to the religious spirit by which he was inspired, and how little was done by those who valued liberty merely on political grounds.

It was most desirable to have the co-operation of France. At first, it seemed as if abolition would be carried in the Assembly by a single stroke. Wilberforce and his friends were in great delight. By-and-by, however, interested opposition arose. Efforts were made to go forward, notwithstanding; but they came to nothing. At last the French minister declared that these were subjects on which the

interests of men and their sentiments were much at variance. The sentiments could not overcome the interests; and, in France, the proposed movement for abolition led to nothing. The movement died for lack of an inspiring and conquering religious faith.

Under the banner of truth and righteousness, Wilberforce advanced. On the 14th of May, 1789, he spoke for three hours in favour of abolition, and all his friends eulogized him to the echo. He failed, but he was not discouraged. He knew that the cause was good, and he had a very sincere conviction that God was on its side, and that God was calling him to the conflict.

It turned out that the beginning was not the hardest time of conflict.

Though the country was not prepared to move at once, there was a certain response from the nation's heart to the first appeal; the national conscience could not but feel that the traffic in human beings was horrible in itself, and disgraceful to a Christian country like England. But, as time passed, and the possibility that, in a fit of beneficent enthusiasm, Parliament might some day abolish the traffic dawned on those who were interested in maintaining it, they began to lay their plans for defeating the movement. Alas! the love of money is a root of all evil. West Indian merchants, following in the wake of the craftsmen of Ephesus, saw that their trade was in danger, and did their utmost to keep things as they were. First, the facts were denied; then, it was maintained that if abolition were enacted, an illicit traffic would be substituted for a legal one; this, it was maintained, would be a great deal worse for the

negroes; then, schemes for gradual abolition and other compromises were proposed; then, complications arose with other countries: in short, for years upon years the management of the campaign was alike worrying and embarrassing. For a time, Wilberforce had to concentrate his energies on establishing the facts before a Committee of Parliament. Fighting, as he was, on the floor of the House of Commons, he had to look well after his supporters there, not wishing the question to become a party one, and striving at once to secure the active support of his friend Pitt and the Tory party to which he belonged, and, at the same time, to get the benefit of that desire for freedom and popular rights which was characteristic of the Opposition.

From 1789 to 1807 Mr. Wilberforce kept "pegging away." Every year he introduced his Bill. Every year he made a brilliant speech in support of it. There could be no doubt that the cause was making progress in the nation; but the time was a very distracting one; men in power were terrified to do anything that might even seem to be in the lines of the French Revolution, and sometimes the majority against the Bill was greater than the year before. Twice it passed the Commons, but only to be rejected by the Lords. In 1804 the Commons passed the Bill a third time, and victory seemed to be in his grasp, but it was found necessary to postpone it in the House of Lords. On one occasion, when Pitt was sore pressed, he entreated Wilberforce, as a personal favour, to withdraw his Bill for a time; Wilberforce replied nobly, that even a life-long friendship would not influence his procedure in the

cause of justice and humanity. In 1806, Pitt, weighed down by the difficulties of his position, died. But in March, 1807, the Bill passed through all its stages, and received the Royal assent. Mr. Wilberforce was overwhelmed with congratulations. Sir James Mackintosh's words were remarkable—we should say, prophetic. He caught the idea that Abram was now to be Abraham. “To speak of fame and glory to Mr. Wilberforce would be to use a language far beneath him; but he will surely consider *the effect of his triumph on the fruitfulness of his example*. [Italics ours.] Who knows whether the greater part of the benefit which he has conferred on the world (the greatest that any individual has had the means of conferring) may not be the *encouraging example* that the exertions of virtue may be crowned by such splendid success? We are apt, petulantly, to express our wonder that so much exertion should be necessary to suppress such flagrant injustice. The more just reflection will be, that a short period of the short life of one man is, well and worthily directed, sufficient to remedy the miseries of millions for ages. Benevolence has hitherto been too often disheartened by frequent failures; *hundreds and thousands* will be animated by Mr. Wilberforce's example, by his success, and (let me use the word only in the moral sense of preserving his example) by a renown that can only perish with the world, *to attack all the forms of cruelty and corruption that scourge mankind*. Oh, what twenty years those were in the life of one man which abolished the Slave-trade! How precious is time! How valuable and dignified is human life, which in general appears so base and

miserable ! How noble and sacred is human nature, made capable of achieving such truly great exploits ! ”

In view of such an achievement, Sir James Mackintosh would indeed have been amazed if the question had been asked, Is life worth living ?

It is not easy to estimate the amount of self-denying labour, on the part of Mr. Wilberforce, through which this achievement was realized. He was naturally ambitious, he often tells us ; his splendid abilities and his great popularity would have secured him any prize. But, first of all, his religious convictions, and thereafter his determination to make the abolition of the Slave-trade his great business, prevented him from giving to his party that undeviating support which would readily have opened the way to the highest offices of the State. Undoubtedly he felt the sacrifice ; but the more he felt it, the more he wrestled in prayer that he might be kept steadfast in the path of duty, and might be able to turn away his eyes from the glittering prizes of ambition. While peerages were given to many an inferior man, who had stuck to his party through thick and thin, no decoration came to him. He died as he had lived, plain Mr. Wilberforce. But the absence of tinsel decorations only causes his real distinction to shine out the more gloriously, as one whose privilege it was to undo the heavy burden, and whose character might be summed up in the Bible formula of what the Lord requireth of thee : “ To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”

The abolition of the Slave-trade, while it concentrated the efforts of Mr. Wilberforce, was very

far from monopolizing them. On the contrary, he was continually impressed with the prevalent irreligion and immorality, and felt a special call to endeavour to arouse the upper classes to a sense of divine realities. His "Practical View of Religion," published in the very thick of the abolition campaign, on the 12th of April, 1797, was an eloquent exposition of evangelical truth, and a fervent, impassioned appeal on its behalf to the more cultivated classes of the time. Some of his friends were very doubtful of the wisdom of his becoming an author. Success was by no means sure, and a failure here would diminish his prestige in the sphere where his abilities had won him such distinction. The publisher, too, was perplexed, and the first issue was but 500 copies. But, within six months, five editions, consisting of 7,500 copies in all, had been called for. Porteus, Bishop of London, thanked Providence for the appearance of such a work at this particular time. John Newton wrote to Mr. Grant :—"What a phenomenon has Mr. Wilberforce sent abroad! A book which must and will be read by persons in the higher circles, who are quite inaccessible to us little folk; who will neither hear what we can say nor read what we may write." Good men had a very strong opinion of the wickedness of the times, and deemed the book most opportune. "Hell," said Mr. Hey, one of the godliest of Mr. Wilberforce's friends, "seems broke loose in the most pestiferous doctrines and abominable practices, which set the Almighty at defiance, and break the bonds of civil society." There can be no doubt that the book was an

important means, under the power of the Holy Spirit, of awakening souls, and a powerful factor in the evangelical revival. "In India," said Henry Martyn, in 1807, "Wilberforce is eagerly read." Twenty-five editions of the book were rapidly sold in the United States, and it was translated into French, German, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian. It may have been somewhat diffuse and wordy, but it was admirably adapted to its purpose. More than a dozen years after it was published, it fell into the hands of a young Scotch minister, who had just begun to be awakened from the spiritual blindness and apathy in which he had spent the first thirty years of his life. On him, as on others, it had a wonderful effect. It was not the least distinction of Mr. Wilberforce, that he could reckon Thomas Chalmers among his spiritual children. What Doddridge had been to Wilberforce, Wilberforce was to Chalmers. And in Chalmers he had a son who, while he brought to the service of Christ and of humanity an eloquence and an enthusiasm at least as great as his own, supplied that grasp of mind, that power of abstract thought, and likewise that knowledge of the humbler orders of society, which Wilberforce wanted. It was a great happiness to Chalmers in after years to be in the company of the man whose writings had been so useful to him in the hour of his perplexity, and a great delight to find that on matters of the highest moment they were so much at one.

Six weeks after the publication of the "Practical View," Wilberforce, who was then in his thirty-eighth year, was married to Barbara Ann Spooner,

eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Spooner, of Elmdon Hall, in Warwickshire. It is remarkable how very little the past achievements of his life were indebted to the influence of female piety. His mother, as we have seen, was not at the time an earnest woman. He had made up his mind to serve God, he had renounced the prizes of political ambition, he had flung himself into the breach as the champion of the oppressed, and had fought like a hero through many years of arduous strife, and he had unfurled his flag as an author, before the beginning of his married life. Not only so, but he had felt it his duty not to renounce worldly society, and he was constantly dining and supping with men who had no spiritual sympathy with him whatever. He retained his friendship and his intimacy with Pitt, trying to influence him a little, though he was desperately chagrined to find, in an incidental way, towards the close of Pitt's life, how poor an opinion the great Minister had of the whole class of clergymen with whom Wilberforce fraternized. Was it possible for Wilberforce to pursue such a course and not receive spiritual detriment? Some, reasoning from general principles, will say that it was not; that no man could breathe so much of a secular atmosphere without being, in some degree, secularised. But we are bound to say, that there are no indications that Wilberforce's spirituality was essentially impaired by this course. And for this, three reasons may be given. In the first place, he was eminently regular and earnest in his secret devotions, watchful against backsliding, and intense in his prayers for Divine influence and direction. Further the wrestling attitude in which the Abolition

business kept him, dependent as it was every day, in a thousand ways, upon Divine help and influence, was another great safeguard. And still further, he possessed such social gifts : he was so able to take the lead in conversation ; he was so able to keep his own ground, even in a worldly company, and so ready to take opportunities for introducing serious topics into conversation, yet without silencing or embarrassing his friends, that the usual secularising influences of worldly company were, in a great degree, obviated. The eminent conversational gifts of Mr. Wilberforce were not allowed to remain idle. Possessed of great natural readiness for conversation, and of a mind stored with facts, anecdotes, incidents of the kind that usually give zest and interest to conversation, we nevertheless find him, at times, thinking beforehand what points of interest he might introduce, so as to give the talk an edifying turn. Owing to these three causes combined, and pre-eminently to the second of them, Mr. Wilberforce was able to follow, without apparent detriment, a course which, in nine cases out of ten, could not have failed to have a hurtful tendency. The great work he had in hand, the tremendous battle he was waging with principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, kept him constantly looking to the Lord. In such a warfare as he was engaged in, the need of help from on high pressed itself upon him every hour of the day.

Of other directions in which Mr. Wilberforce tried hard to serve the cause of religion and morality, we note the cause of Sabbath observance, opposition to the fashionable practice of duelling, the circulation

of the Bible, the Christianization of India and the Colonies, and last, not least, the abolition of slavery. He felt very keenly the tendency to the profanation of Sunday, especially when practised by the Government or the public authorities. He did all he could to prevent the drilling of soldiers on Sundays, a practice which the Government had recommended and actually passed in an Act for England; for as it was known that Scotland would not bear it, a distinction was made, and Scotland was not included. Once, when it was proposed to call Parliament together on a Monday, he urged on the Minister the great amount of Sunday profanation that would follow, and, to prevent this, got the day fixed a little earlier. The Speaker's Sunday parties distressed him, and led to a request which, carefully and gently though it was made, gave great offence, and was received by that eminent personage as a personal insult. What roused him against duelling was the famous duel between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Tierney. The nation was fearfully excited, not by a sense of the sin of duelling, but by the thought of the frightful consequences to the public had a life of such value as Mr. Pitt's been sacrificed to a "law of honour" so senseless and indefensible. Mr. Wilberforce thought the opportunity a good one for putting a stop to the practice, and gave notice of a resolution in the House, intended to brand it with disapproval; and it was only at the earnest request of Mr. Pitt, on whom the carrying of such a resolution might have entailed the necessity of resigning, that the motion was withdrawn.

When the Bible Society was founded in 1803, he

was delighted at the combination of Christian men in a work at which he had himself laboured much, and he became one of the founders of the Society. The great difficulty of obtaining Bibles for home, and still more for foreign circulation, had for years been a matter of unavailing complaint. He was not less interested in the formation of the Church Missionary Society. He had struggled in vain to induce the Government, as a Christian Government, to do something for the Christianization of India and the Colonies, and it was in despair of inducing the public authorities to take up the matter, that he fell back on the efforts of a voluntary society. On more than one occasion this was the experience of Mr. Wilberforce. When the chariot wheels of Abolition tarried, he had been an active member of the Sierra Leone Society, which had for its object to benefit the condition of the negroes. He had a strong conviction of the duty of Governments to further the cause of religion at home and abroad. He looked naturally to Royal proclamations, Acts of the Legislature, and even religious tests for civil offices, as helps and bulwarks of religion and morality. It was slowly and painfully that he came to see how little reliance in such matters can be placed on any but those in whose hearts the Spirit of God has kindled a sense of their importance, and a burning desire for their realization. In some matters, however, the help of the Legislature was indispensable, and in this direction his struggles were far from ended when the abolition of the Slave-trade had been secured.

For there were other Governments under whose flag it was carried on, and, in some instances, its

abandonment by the British seemed only to give it an impulse in foreign lands. It was necessary to watch it, as far as possible, by means of squadrons on the African coast; it was necessary to employ the resources of diplomacy in order to bring about a general compact for its abolition; but, still further, it was necessary to face the question whether the very existence of slavery did not encourage the traffic, and whether we were not bound to emancipate our slaves. In 1823, Wilberforce issued a manifesto calling on all good men to concur with him in endeavouring to improve the condition of our West India slaves. "Really," he wrote to a friend, "when I consider the heathenish state in which these poor creatures have been suffered to remain for two hundred years, wearing out their strength in a far more rigorous than Egyptian bondage to a Christian nation,—pity, anger, indignation, shame, create quite a tumult in my breast, and I feel myself to be criminal for having remained silent so long, and not having sooner proclaimed the wrongs of the negro slaves, and the injustice and oppression of our countrymen." But the battle of Emancipation was too serious an undertaking for a man of Mr. Wilberforce's years. The championship in Parliament was committed to Mr. Buxton, afterwards Sir T. Fowell Buxton, by whom the struggle was conducted on the same Christian lines as the battle for Abolition had been by his predecessor.

In 1825, Mr. Wilberforce quitted Parliament. "It must be a satisfaction to you," wrote Mr. Joseph Butterworth, "to have observed that the moral tone of the House of Commons, as well as of the nation

at large, is much higher than when you first entered on public life ; and there can be no doubt that God has made you the honoured instrument of contributing much to this great improvement." Of Mr. Wilberforce's speeches in Parliament, Mr. Pitt observed : " Of all the men I ever knew, Wilberforce has the greatest natural eloquence." A brother M.P., Mr. Morritt, remarked : " Wilberforce held a high and conspicuous place in oratory, even at a time when English eloquence rivalled whatever we read of in Athens or in Rome. His voice itself was beautiful ; deep, clear, articulate, and flexible. . . . In all his speeches, long or short, there was generally at least from five to ten minutes of brilliance which even the best orator in the House might have envied."

The latter years of Wilberforce were spent as became the close of such a life. Deeper and deeper grew the devotional spirit. Towards his family, his affections poured out in fervid streams. A reverse of fortune left him at last almost dependent ; but the serenity and content of his spirit remained. The frame that had been the home of his noble spirit for nearly seventy-four years was at length dissolved, and on the 29th of July, 1833, this faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord.



ELIZABETH FRY.

ELIZABETH FRY.

It might have been thought that John Howard had done such a work for prison-reformation in England that no new reformer would ever be needed in that department. Such, however, was not the case. When Howard died, there was no Elisha to receive his mantle. Public attention came to be so much engrossed with wars by land and by sea, that the state of our prisons and their inmates passed out of sight, almost as much as if Howard had never raised his indignant voice against their shameful abuses. The evangelical revival had not yet moved the heart of England. The time had not come of which Lord John Russell spoke in 1821, when he expressed his belief that our country was about to become distinguished for triumphs, the effect of which should be to save and not to destroy. At the beginning of this century, the condition of British prisons generally, and especially of the old metropolitan prisons, was frightful. A new champion had to be found, with a tender heart to feel for the prisoners, especially the female prisoners ; a skilful hand to apply a remedy, and a power to rouse the sympathy of the nation, and, by God's

help, put an end to a state of things so horrible and so disgraceful. As has happened so often in similar cases, the instrument was found in a most unlikely quarter. A blithe, warm-hearted, country girl, timid but very conscientious, was the chosen champion of the new prison reformation.

The Gurneys of Earlham, in Norfolk, were of the old Quaker stock, that section of the English people by whom the Puritan spirit of the seventeenth century had been carried out to its most literal extreme. The honourable pre-eminence of English Quakers in philanthropy must always be viewed in connection with the religious spirit which, for the most part, has had so firm a hold of their little class. But both the Puritanism and the Quakerism of the Earlham family had been considerably watered down. Wealth and social position had given rise at Earlham to more of easy-going conformity than of stern, uncompromising standing up and standing out for their principles. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter (born in 1780), was naturally inclined to gaiety and pleasure. Her mother, a lady of Christian character, but not much Christian enlightenment, had died early, and her father's influence was rather in favour of his children enjoying what were called the pleasures of the world. Elizabeth Gurney's intense conscientiousness caused her considerable hesitation in regard to such things as dancing and singing, and likewise as to whether she should throw in her lot with the Quakers. Having listened to the earnest addresses of an American gentleman of the name of Savery, she made up her mind in her eighteenth year, and

not only renounced the world and gave her heart to Christ, but threw in her lot with the Quakers, adopting all their peculiarities, great and small. This was a great trial to her ; but she was extremely conscientious, and felt from the very beginning of her Christian life that whatever appeared clearly to be right must be done, let the sacrifice of feeling be what it might. All through her life, this principle guided her. Many steps that she took in the course of her life were taken as the result of a great battle between her own inclination and what she felt to be the will of her Lord. After making up her mind, and taking the plunge, she usually had great peace and happiness ; but to take the step cost her much. At the end of her life she made a remarkable statement regarding herself, which amply explains the course she followed :—"I can say one thing, since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

In her earlier days, after coming first under the power of Christian faith, the inevitable impulse to usefulness thence arising found exercise in visiting and relieving the poor, both at Earlham and in Norwich, especially the sick, reading the Bible to them, and instructing their children. Her school gradually increased from the small beginning of one little boy to so great a number that an old laundry had to be fitted up for it, where her scholars rose to seventy. In the severe light which, even at the age of eighteen, she scrutinized her heart and

life, she found many things that troubled her ; but even then she could say, " I believe I feel much for my fellow-creatures." At nineteen, she detects in herself a failing of intensely sympathetic natures, that leans to virtue's side. " I enter, as far as I can, into the character of those I am with, and unintentionally give up more than I should." The stern discipline which she exercised over herself brought this tendency into subjection ; and in her mature years she learned how to hold her own, yet show for others all the consideration with which her very ardent sympathy inspired her.

At the age of twenty, she married Joseph Fry. It did not turn out one of the most suitable of unions. Mr. Fry's sympathies with his wife do not seem to have been ardent, either as regards spiritual religion, or Quakerism, or philanthropy. Her domestic relations, indeed, became, in their highest aspect, a burden and an anxiety. Many a time her journals show a very depressed state of mind with reference to her family ; while her pleadings for them with God were cries of agony, as if she prayed in Gethsemane, or wrestled like Jacob at Peniel. This seemed to be the secret ballast for her spirit, provided by Him who appointed to Paul his thorn in the flesh, lest the wonderful success of her public labours, and the intense admiration with which she was regarded by high and low, should exalt her above measure. Mrs. Fry became the mother of a very large family, and even when her public duties were most engrossing, she strove hard not to allow them to interfere with her duties at home. It could never be said of her, even when success crowned her public work, and

when much less encouragement seemed to attend her at home, that she let down her sense of what was due by her as a mother and a wife. It was an intense affliction to her, hating war as she did, when one of her grandchildren entered the army and another the navy. It was also a great trial that some of her children did not accept Quakerism. We cannot suppose that this distress arose from sectarianism in its common form. It was, rather, the result of her conviction that Quaker ways were by far the best safeguards against the evil that was in the world. Her children seemed to be abandoning a place of comparative security for a place of very great danger. No heart was ever more dominated by spiritual considerations. Temporal prosperity or comfort was nothing to the well-being of the spirit before God. Personally, all that she ever sought was the tranquil, happy feeling arising from the conscious presence and love of God. As regards her labour, the only reward she desired was to see her fellow-creatures turning to God's ways. While extreme in some of her Quaker views, she was wholly devoid of the bitterness of fanaticism. Yet no woman ever did more for the temporal welfare of her race, or effected a greater change in the outward condition of the lowest order of her sex. From being, as it was expressively said, "a hell above ground," Newgate prison became a scene of comfort and order, and, to many, the gate of heaven.

But prison reform was not the first public sphere to which Mrs. Fry felt herself called. Not long after she was married, she began to be exercised with the question, whether she was not called to the ministry

among the Quakers. Her feelings were wholly against it, but there were certain mysterious stirrings of her spirit on the subject that seemed not unlike the movements of the Spirit of God; and with the intense tenderness of conscience of a true Quaker, she felt that of all sins to be guarded against, the greatest was, resisting the Holy Ghost. When she was twenty-nine, her father died, and on that occasion she broke silence at the meeting. Having taken this step, she thereafter experienced extraordinary "incomings of love, joy, and peace"—the somewhat precarious Quaker test, or rather confirmation, of the rectitude of her decision. Soon after, she was recognized as a minister, and the results of her ministrations were wonderful. She had a marvellous gift of persuasion, and her mastery over the fountain of tears was unsurpassed. The tones of her voice were quite melting, and in the prisons the most hardened and reckless of female criminals were often absolutely melted under her; they would break down and burst into tears.

Her connection with prisons began in 1813, when she was thirty-three. "From her early youth," says one of her biographers, "her spirit had often been attracted in painful sympathy towards those who, by yielding themselves to the bondage of sin, had become the victims of human justice. Before she was fifteen years of age, the House of Correction at Norwich excited her feelings of deep interest, and by repeated and earnest persuasion, she induced her father to allow her to visit it." This was really the origin of her interest in prisons. The circumstance that rekindled her interest in 1813 was a visit paid

by some of her Quaker friends to some persons in Newgate, who were about to be executed. The representations of these friends, and particularly of Mr. William Forster, induced her personally to inspect the state of the women, with the view of alleviating their sufferings, occasioned by the inclemency of the season. At that time, all the women, nearly three hundred in number, besides their children, were confined in two wards and two cells, comprising about one hundred and ninety superficial yards. Persons tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons, without classification and without employment, were huddled together, sleeping on the bare floor, without night-clothes or bedclothes, cooking and washing in the same dismal den. When any stranger appeared among them and gave them money, they purchased drink from a regular tap in the prison. It was too terrible a place even for the Governor to enter with safety; and when the Quakers proposed to visit it, he advised them (but they did not take his advice) to leave their watches behind.

When Mrs. Fry entered into this place, and witnessed its combination of Babel and Pandemonium, her spirit sank within her. At first, nothing more was done than to supply the most destitute with clothes. Nor was it for some years that she was able to begin that effort for the systematic and permanent cure of the evils of prison life with which her name is associated. A conviction had gradually been formed by her that He to whose service she had dedicated herself now called her to labour for the moral reformation, but especially for the spiritual

conversion and sanctification, of the wretched class of criminal women. It was by the spirit of loyalty to God and love to Christ that all the resistance of the heart to such repulsive work was overcome; and the path was entered on, not merely under a sense of duty to imitate the example of Jesus, but also because the tender compassion of the Saviour toward herself impelled her to go and do likewise.

The dreadful proceedings that went on in the female department of the prison were thus referred to by Mrs. Fry, in her evidence before the House of Commons: "The begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing-up in men's clothes, were too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us."

The first step was to establish a school. This was attended with great encouragement and success. A young female prisoner took the general superintendence, while the visiting ladies taught. Next, a matron was appointed; but the great means of reformation were the personal ministrations and influence of Mrs. Fry. The reading of the Scriptures, which she constantly placed in the forefront of her remedial measures, was always done with a degree of reverence and solemnity which in itself was very impressive, and in those touching tones of voice of which she was a mistress. The cases that had to be dealt with were often most trying. It was the days of indiscriminate hanging, especially for the crime of forgery, and for many kinds of theft that in our more merciful age meet with comparatively

lenient treatment. No difference was made in executing the law between the case of the most hardened villains and that of some thoughtless boy or girl who might be induced, in a moment of weakness, to pass a forged note at the request of some more cautious veteran in vice. The country had been becoming more civilized and softened; yet the laws continued unrepealed that had been enacted in its fiercest time of disorder and violence. "The people," said Sir James Mackintosh, "have made enormous strides in all that tends to civilize and soften mankind, while the laws have contracted a ferocity which did not belong to them in the most savage part of our history; and to such extremes of distance have they proceeded, that I do believe there never was a law so harsh as British law, or so merciful and humane a people as the British people. And yet, to this mild and merciful people is left the execution of that rigid and cruel law!" Early in the course of her labours, Mrs. Fry found a woman surrounded by her four children, and expecting hourly the birth of another, waiting only for that event to pay the forfeit of her life, as her husband had done for the same crime a short time before. Another sad case was that of a young woman,—simple, confiding, affectionate creature, with no hardened feelings, who had been induced by a man she loved to pass some forged notes. She was quiet and orderly in prison, and was one that might have been expected to have her sentence changed, but unexpectedly she was ordered for execution. Mrs. Fry exerted herself to the uttermost on her behalf: appealed to Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State; interested the Duke of Glou-

cester; but all to no purpose. Lord Sidmouth was inexorable, and the poor creature was brought to the gallows.

One of Mrs. Fry's first steps was to form (in 1817) "An Association for the Improvement of Female Prisoners in Newgate." Its object was "to provide for the clothing, the instruction and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety and industry which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it." Of this Society Mrs. Fry was the heart and soul. The authorities were very hopeless of the scheme being carried out, but they gave it their cordial sanction. A letter to Mrs. Fry, written in 1820 from New South Wales, by a convict who was in prison at the time, will show the kind of results that were produced. "In the month of April, 1817, how did that blessed prayer of yours sink into my heart! and as you said, so have I found it, that when no eyes see, and no ears hear, God both sees and hears; and then it was that the arrow of conviction entered my hard heart; and in Newgate it was that poor Harriet Skelton, like the prodigal son, came to herself, and took with her words, and sought the Lord; and truly I can say with David, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word,' O Lord. . . . Believe me, my dear madam, I bless the day that brought me inside of Newgate walls, for then it was that the rays of Divine truth shone into my dark mind. . . . Although I am a poor captive in a distant land, I would not give up having com-

munion with God one single day for my liberty ; for what is the liberty of the body compared to the liberty of the soul ?”

Her work was thus described by the American Minister of the day to a friend, Mr. Harvey :—“ Two days ago I saw the greatest curiosity in London, ay, and in England, too, sir,—compared to which Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Somerset House, the British Museum, nay, Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance. I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, and I have witnessed there the miraculous effects of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings ! And yet the wretched outcasts have been tamed and subdued by the Christian eloquence of Mrs. Fry ! I have seen them weep repentant tears while she addressed them ; I have heard their groans of despair. Nothing but religion can effect this miracle ; for what can be a greater miracle than the conversion of a degraded, sinful woman, taken from the very dregs of society ? It was a sight worthy of the attention of angels !”

Even criminals in distant places, whom she saw for the first time as she travelled from place to place, became monuments of her power. In the Penitentiary at Portsea, on one occasion, two young women were pointed out to her as being peculiarly refractory and hardened. Without noticing this at the time, she addressed some words of exhortation and advice to all ; but when she arose to go away, she went up to these two, and extending her hand to each of them, said, in a tone and manner quite indescribable, but so touching, “ I trust I shall hear better things of thee.” The hearts that had been

proof against words of reproach and exhortation softened at those of hope and kindness, and both burst into tears.

The success of Mrs. Fry and her friends was such, that, after their plan had been tried for a month on one part of the prisoners, they invited the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen, to inspect their work. On this occasion, the usual order was followed: the ladies read a portion of the Bible, and then the females proceeded to their various avocations. "Their attention," says Mrs. Fry's biographer (Susanna Cordes), "during the time of reading, their orderly and sober deportment, their decent dress, the absence of everything like tumult, noise or contention, the obedience and respect shown by them, and the cheerfulness visible in their countenance and manners—conspired to excite the astonishment and admiration of their visitors." Many of them had seen the prison, a few months before, in the very depths of disorder and misery. They immediately adopted the plan for all the prisons, enlarged the powers of the ladies, and loaded them with thanks.

Queen Charlotte soon heard of the wonderful effects of Mrs. Fry's labours, and, in 1818, requested her attendance at a public examination of children, where persons of rank—bishops, and other distinguished men and women—were present, much interested in Mrs. Fry; and when the Queen went up to her and addressed her, a murmur of applause ran through the company. At a later period (1831), she visited the Duchess of Kent "and her very pleasing daughter, the Princess Victoria."

Among all ranks, Mrs. Fry's work, and the wonderful transformation wrought at Newgate, had become the subject of universal interest, and visitors of all kinds were in the habit of coming to the prison to hear her addresses. The upper classes were especially interested. Writing to his wife, Sir James Mackintosh said :—" I dined, Saturday, June 3rd, 1818, at Devonshire House. The company consisted of the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Lansdowne, Lauderdale, Albemarle, Cowper, Hardwicke, Carnarvon, Sefton, Ossulston, Milton, Duncannon, etc. The subject was Mrs. Fry's exhortation to forty-five female convicts, at which Lord —— had been present on Friday. He could hardly refrain from tears in speaking of it. He called it the deepest tragedy he had ever witnessed. What she read and expounded to the convicts, with almost miraculous effect, was the fourth chapter to the Ephesians."

In the same strain, a young lady, daughter of an admiral, wrote, many years later, of a scene on board a convict-ship lying off Woolwich, where Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Fry addressed from two to three hundred women, and prayed with them. So memorable a scene could not but live in her memory. But the lapse of time had obliterated all that was said on the occasion, either by the one or by the other. But no lapse of time could ever efface the impression of the reading of the 107th Psalm, as done by Mrs. Fry, "with such extraordinary emphasis and intonation that it seemed to make the simple reading a commentary; and as she passed on from passage to passage, it struck my

youthful mind as if the whole series of allusions might, have been written by the pen of inspiration in view of such a scene as was now before us."

Crabbe's characteristic testimony ought not to be forgotten:—

"One, I beheld, a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place;
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light.
Yet she is tender, delicate, and nice,
And shrinks from all depravity and vice;
Shrinks from the ruffian gaze, the savage gloom,
That reign where guilt and misery find a home;
Guilt chained, and misery purchased, and with them
All we abhor, abominate, condemn;
The look of scorn, the scowl, th' insulting leer
Of shame all fixed on her who ventures here.
Yet all she braved; she kept her steadfast eye
On the dear cause, and passed the baseness by;
So would a mother press her darling child
Close to her breast, with tainted rags defiled."

Though set thus on a hill, honoured and admired by all, Mrs. Fry kept her simplicity and humility unimpaired, never failing to do all as to her great and gracious Lord. The fall of the women she ascribed to two great causes—drink, and undue freedom with men. Among the true means of reclaiming, she constantly insisted on the reading of the Scriptures. Subordinate to this, the indispensable necessity of employment was constantly enforced. On one occasion, in Paris, amid much sympathy and approval from most, she was somewhat surprised to find a decided opponent in the

Archbishop of Paris. It was because the reforms which she recommended were all based on Scriptural authority, and because she lost no opportunity, in all companies and on all occasions, when it could be done with propriety, to urge the perusal and general circulation of the Bible.

It was not merely in the prison that the condition of female convicts demanded attention and aid. Their removal to the ship in which they were to be conveyed to New South Wales had hitherto been very unseemly; on board ship they were herded together without classification, and during all the long voyage they were without instruction and without employment. To remedy all these evils required much tact and care. But Mrs. Fry applied herself diligently and laboriously to all these details, and her success was wonderful. Then she ascertained that at New South Wales, for which the convicts were destined, things were in an unsatisfactory state. When there, they got sufficient rations of food, but there was no sleeping accommodation, and no provision of clothing for themselves or their children. It seemed impossible for them to live by honest means, and the very training they had received in moral and spiritual attainment seemed only to increase their misery when they found that they could not live an honest life. To induce the Government to provide a suitable home and proper employment for these exiled convicts, much renewed exertion was entailed on her and her companions in the work.

Much though Mrs. Fry laboured in the cause of prisoners, her philanthropy was not limited to that

sphere. We find her, during the rigorous winter of 1819-20, much impressed by the miseries of homeless wanderers in London, and anticipating some of the efforts which have been put forth in our day on a larger scale. The annals of modern refuges and shelters contain no more touching case than the one that seems to have spurred her to decided action : that of a little boy, who, having in vain tried to get under cover, was found frozen to death on the step of a door. An asylum was provided, "A Nightly Shelter for the Houseless," soup and bread were given to the refugees, as well as a bed. The scheme prospered greatly, having, for its ulterior object, to procure employment for the destitute, and was under the charge of a committee of ladies, with Mrs. Fry at their head.

Another charitable effort was connected with Brighton. During occasional visits there, she was much concerned for the multitude of beggars, migratory and resident, who were continually imploring assistance from the visitors. It was hardly possible to know whether the cases were suitable for relief; and, in order to investigate applications, and guide the community regarding them, Mrs. Fry instituted a District Visiting Society, which had for its object to encourage industry and frugality among the poor, by visits to their houses, to relieve real distress, and to prevent mendacity and imposture. The idea was the same as that of the Charity Organization Society, and similar organizations recently called into existence. Observing the dreary service which had to be rendered by members of the Blockade or Preventive Service, she exerted herself to procure for

them a supply of Bibles and useful books. In due time she had the satisfaction of knowing that libraries had been supplied to all the Preventive Stations. Many other benevolent works were greatly aided by her influence. In 1822, a lady opened a Refuge, afterwards called "The Royal Manor Hall Asylum," for receiving some of the most hopeful of the discharged prisoners. It owed its origin to a remark of Mrs. Fry: "Often have I known the career of a promising young woman, charged with the first offence, to end in the condemned cell. Were there but a refuge for the young offender, my work would be less painful!"

But by far the largest development of Mrs. Fry's philanthropy lay in the spread of the work throughout the Empire, and its extension to several countries on the Continent of Europe. Prison Visiting Societies became the order of the day. And Mrs. Fry was much in request to confer with the ladies in various places, and give them an impulse in their work. So early as 1818, she made a tour which embraced Scotland, accompanied by her excellent and like-minded brother, Joseph John Gurney, and found the prisons generally to be in a most disgraceful state, and the hardships and even cruelty endured by the prisoners harrowing in the extreme. On many foreign countries, too, Mrs. Fry exerted a great influence. So early as 1820, she corresponded with the Princess Sophie Mestchersky of Russia, and a great improvement took place there. The Dowager Empress becoming deeply in earnest in the cause, her son Nicholas placed the matter in her hands, and a royal palace was turned into a palace-prison!

But we hear nothing of Siberian prisons, or other dreary places of bondage in the Russian Empire. We may say, in passing, that this Russian palace-prison, with its two miles of pleasure grounds, and fair stream meandering through them, appears to us to mark the weak point of the system. It was not unnatural that a tender heart like Mrs. Fry's, contemplating the barbarities and miseries of the jails, should be filled with compassion for the wretched inmates, and count that no amount of kindness could do more than restore the balance of justice in their case. There was some tendency to forget that, after all, criminals were offenders against the law, and that their real state was one of punishment. Some colour was given for the outcry of Mr. Carlyle, in his "Model Prisons," and for the sore feeling that haunted the breast of many an honest struggling man, whose industry had to provide for the subsistence of his own family, and was taxed, moreover, for the comfortable maintenance of rogues.

France was an interesting country for her work. Louis Philippe received her kindly, and so did his Queen; while the Duchess of Orleans appeared entirely to sympathise with her, in her earnest religious spirit. The King of Prussia and his family were also much interested. Pastor Fliedner received her at Kaiserswerth with uncommon pleasure; for "of all my contemporaries," he said, "none has exercised a like influence on my mind and heart." Fliedner, too, exercised an influence on her; she became impressed with the advantage of having sisters to attend the sick, and instituted an order of

“Nursing Sisters,” whose aid has been sought and valued by persons of all classes, from royalty to the most destitute.

We are to remember that, during all these labours, Mrs. Fry was acting as a minister among the Quakers, always attending, and often addressing, the weekly meeting, taking an active part in the annual meetings, sometimes making tours of inspection throughout the country, and sometimes going from house to house, to encourage feeble travellers on their way to Zion. Her family cares and labours, at the same time, were of no ordinary weight. In 1822, her youngest child was born, being the eleventh, and, on the same day, her eldest grandchild. For all her children and grandchildren, as we have said, she felt the most intense solicitude. On one occasion, when an emigrant ship was about to sail from Deptford, she had to leave a sick child, hurry to Deptford in a very tempestuous afternoon, get at once to the ship, and by the time she returned on shore it was quite dark, and the wind and rain she had encountered seemed to call for rest and refreshment. The admiral and his family besought her to remain with them; but she resisted all their entreaties, as she could not bear to be absent from her sick child. For many years she enjoyed health and comfort; but in 1828 there came a crash in her husband's business, and they were bankrupt! It was a great trial: anxiety for themselves, and suffering brought upon others, and inability to help the needy as she had done in her days of plenty! She bore up in a fine Christian spirit; yet, along with other trials, this told upon her. But she intermitted none of her labours. She

had that active and systematic habit which seems always able to do the more, the more one gets to do ; and that large, ever-glowing heart which can give its warmest and inmost chamber unreservedly to one's own kindred, but has ample room in its outer courts for all the suffering family of mankind. Nothing could have been more tender than her prayers for her family : " O dearest Lord ! Thou hast granted the petition of Thine handmaid for her brothers and sisters ; she now sees in them, in a great measure, the travail of her soul, and is satisfied. Reject not her prayers for her husband and children ; bring them by any ways or by any paths that Thou mayest see meet, but let them also come to the knowledge of the ever blessed truth as it is in Jesus, that they may be saved with an everlasting salvation. And, O gracious Lord, be with Thy poor servant to the end ; and through the continued extension of Thy grace, Thy help and Thy mercy, let nothing ever be permitted to separate her soul from Thy love in Christ Jesus, her beloved Lord, and all-sufficient Saviour."

Her most beloved and congenial sister, Priscilla, thus wrote to her, in 1820, from her dying bed : " What a support and stay and refreshment—in short, what a mother hast thou been to me and our brother Joseph ! I must confess my heart often turns towards thee with joy and thankfulness ; though thy path hath been strewed with many crosses and many afflictions, yet so in proportion has, I firmly believe, been the victory which has been given thee through Christ our Saviour, to the great comfort and encouragement of many, as well as to thy own present, and, may we not humbly trust, eternal peace

and salvation ! How fervently do I desire that the blessing which has so eminently attended thee may be in all things thy crown, thy rejoicing—that it may prosper thee in all thy ways ! ”

Large though her prison constituencies were, her philanthropy was not a wholesale feeling, it was eminently and characteristically individualistic. In her Continental journeys she seemed to care for every one—postillions, housemaids, wayside travellers—all. Once when sailing on the Lake of Brienz, a poor boy who rowed the boat pointed out his home, where, he said, his mother lay sick. On returning, she landed, and with some difficulty reached the cottage, and cheered and helped the afflicted woman. Persons persecuted for righteousness' sake awakened her warmest sympathy, and sometimes she was able to serve them. On one occasion, when a woman and her daughter, who had turned pietists, were violently persecuted at home, Mrs. Fry drove to the house, brought all the family to tears, and left them weeping and kissing.

The remarkable pinnacle of fame on which she stood does not seem to have made her giddy. At one time we find her entertaining at dinner the King of Prussia ; another day she is drinking tea with a poor Methodist shoemaker, who had procured for her entertainment, as the only luxury, a little fresh butter.

She died at Ramsgate, on the 12th of October, 1845.

We cannot better sum up her life and express the estimation in which she was held by the best of her contemporaries than by quoting an inscription placed

by Hannah More on one of her books, which she sent to her as a gift, in 1818 :—

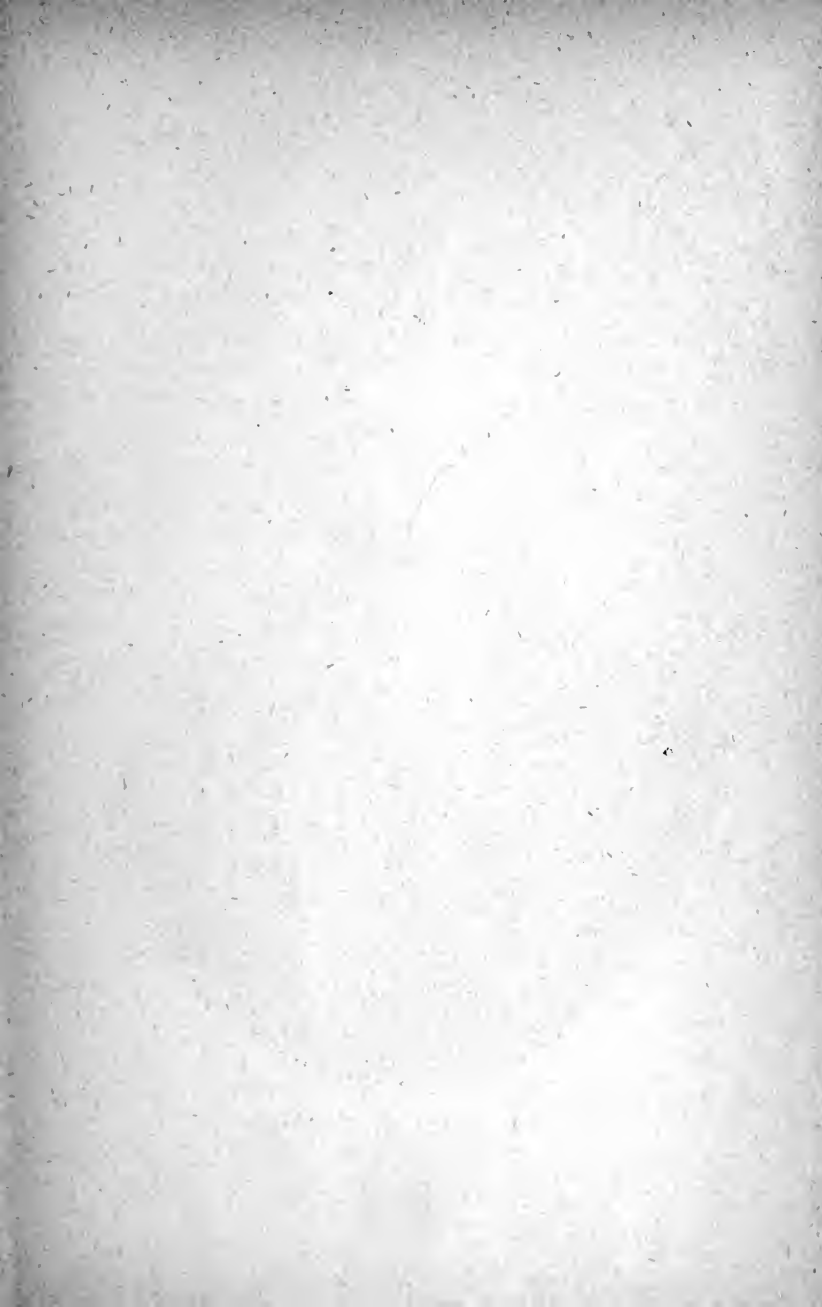
TO MRS. FRY,

Presented by HANNAH MORE,

As a token of veneration of her heroic zeal, Christian charity, and persevering kindness, to the most forlorn of human beings.

They were naked, and she clothed them ; in prison, and she visited them ; ignorant, and she taught them :

For *His* sake ; in *His* name, and by *His*
Word, Who went about doing good.





THOMAS CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

No life ever showed a more remarkable change from one line to another than that of Thomas Chalmers. Hardly even the Apostle Paul underwent a more remarkable conversion. On the line on which Chalmers spent the first thirty years of his life, we find no trace of experience that could be called Christian, or of effort that could be called philanthropic. At thirty, there occurred a complete change of views; and from that time to the close of his life we see him consumed by a burning zeal for the welfare of his fellows, and incessant in labours, by pulpit, chair, press, and platform, to promote their good.

It was on the 17th of March, 1780, that Thomas, the sixth of a family of fourteen children, was born to John Chalmers, merchant in the town of Anster, in Fife. Both his parents were of godly character, the father apparently more so than the mother, or, at least, of a more powerful nature and demonstrative habit. As a child, Thomas was joyous, vigorous, and humorous, ready for all manner of fun and frolic. As a student at the University of St. Andrews, he was boyish and volatile, but of somewhat idle habits

and undisciplined mind. On the other hand, when any pursuit was relished by him, he was enthusiastic and persevering in following it out. For mathematics he showed a very earnest regard, and in that and cognate branches of science he made great progress. The religious feeling prevalent at St. Andrews at the time, and shared by him, was, to use his own words subsequently, that of "positive contempt for all that was properly and peculiarly Gospel, insomuch that our confidence was nearly as entire in the sufficiency of natural religion as in the sufficiency of natural science." At one time he seemed on the edge of adopting the materialistic views of Mirabeau; but, through Professors Beattie and Robinson, he was rescued from the position that accounts for the world without a God.

It must have been with very mingled feelings that the father of Thomas Chalmers witnessed his course as a student of theology; for though he had ardent feelings of reverence toward the God of Nature, he was too evidently destitute of that grace that, in his father's view, was the first essential for a true minister of the Gospel. The levity with which he evidently regarded the work of the ministry must have been distressing to one who took so different a view. Even after he was appointed minister of Kilmany, a country parish in Fife, and on the very eve of his ordination, we find him elaborately defending himself to his father for preferring to spend a few intervening days on a visit among literary and scientific friends, rather than at home in devout meditation on his solemn work. Hardly is he settled, when he arranges to spend the winter in the neighbouring town of

St. Andrews, teaching classes in mathematics and chemistry all the week, hurrying to Kilmany on the Saturdays, and returning on the Mondays. He has already acquired a great facility of composition, and, in the short-hand character which he often uses, he can write a sermon at a push on the morning of the day on which it is to be delivered. He seems to have no other idea of the work of the ministry than as a means of keeping alive the truths of natural religion in the minds of the people, and keeping up, on their part, a becoming habit of reverence. He is indignant at the idea that the clergy of Scotland have not abundant leisure for literature and science, and cannot be expected to have as eminent attainments in these subjects as any. He publishes a pamphlet in which he deliberately affirms that two days in the week are abundantly sufficient for all ministerial duties. Some time after he is ordained, he declares that only once had he been called, as a minister, to perform on a week-day any duty of importance. He thinks the course of a clergyman's life is "dull and unvaried," and deems it cruelty to cut him off from the opportunity of adding to it some more lively pursuit. He bends over the pulpit and tells his people, with a strong emphasis of dislike, many books are favourites with them which are no favourites with him. "When you are reading Newton's 'Sermons,' and Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John go to?" For five or six years after he was ordained, this continued to be the tone of his ministry.

It was in 1807-8 that an event occurred in his

family that began to give a new colour to his thoughts. His brother George, three years older than himself, who had been a sailor, came home to die. He was a fine, frank, generous youth, a favourite in the family, and his illness and premature death made a deep impression on them all. Part of the time, when consumption was doing its sad, weary work, was spent at Kilmany. The serenity and peace which marked the close of his life, in conjunction with his calm trust in Christ, could not but impress his brother. Every evening at Anster he had one of Newton's sermons read to him—one of the books which had been denounced from the pulpit of Kilmany. His brother was in the room when he was heard to say, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." With the rest of a weeping household, he bent over him, and from his dying lips heard the words rise calmly: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." George's death was the first that had occurred in the family, and it was the first step that led at length to his brother's conversion to God.

But it was not at once that Thomas Chalmers entered into the peace and joy of the Gospel, nor does it appear that for some time the character either of his experience or of his preaching underwent much change. He had been wont to teach his people that it was not revealed to us in what way the death of Christ effected the remission of our sins, or why it was made a condition of that remission. The tenets of those whose gloomy and unenlarged

minds were apt to imagine that the Author of Nature required the death of Jesus merely for the reparation of violated justice, were rejected by all free and rational inquirers. What we were taught was, that through the death of Christ there was hope to the sincere and devout penitent who wished to forsake the evil of his ways. The deficiencies of our imperfect virtue would be supplied by the merit of Christ. The cant of enthusiasm was odious, and so was its doctrine of faith and grace; the rewards of heaven were certainly attached to the exercise of our virtuous affections. We were to show ourselves worthy of the Divine goodness, by directing our efforts to the cultivation of our pious affections, and to the improvement of our social conduct. Thus we should exemplify the real nature of the Christian service, which consisted in gratefully adoring the Supreme Being, and in diffusing the blessed influences of charity, moderation and peace.

The more immediate effect of the death of his brother George, followed by that of his sister Barbara, and by a severe illness of his own, was to set him, with greatly increased earnestness, to endeavour to realize a higher moral and spiritual life. The eternal world had come home to him as a great reality, and what he felt and condemned in his own past life was, his exclusive regard to what was seen and temporal. He determined that he would no longer live here as if he were to live for ever. He would remember his immortality, and, regarding this fleeting pilgrimage as a scene of trial, a place of probation, he would dedicate himself to the service of God, and live with the high aim and purpose of

one who was in training for eternity. With all the ardour of a nature which never could do anything by halves, says his biographer Dr. Hanna, with all the fervour of an enthusiasm which had at length found an object worthy of its whole energies at their highest pitch of effort, he gave himself to the great work of setting himself right with God. He had begun to hold more serious views of man's sinfulness than before, and he was prepared to go further than he had gone in recognizing the death of Christ as a true and proper sacrifice for sin. Yet he believed that even after he had been forgiven through the death of Christ, it lay with him directly to approve himself to God, and work out his title to the heavenly inheritance.

In this direction he struggled during the year 1810. While the struggle was going on, he began to entertain the purpose of abandoning mathematics, and devoting himself wholly to theological studies and ministerial work. Even political economy, though it touched on religious establishments, and thus had an ecclesiastical side, was a somewhat doubtful pursuit. What finally drew him out of the vain struggle after goodness through his own efforts, in which, like Luther, he had been engaged, and introduced him to the actual doctrines and privileges of the Christian scheme, was the perusal of Wilberforce's "*Practical View of Religion*." The result was, as he expresses it, a great revolution in all his views on Christianity. "I am now," he afterwards said, "most thoroughly of opinion, and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system 'Do this, and live,' no peace,

and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. The righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves eludes our impotent grasp, and never can a soul arrive at true and perfect rest in the pursuit of this object. The righteousness which by faith we put on, secures our acceptance with God, and secures our interest in His promises, and gives us a part in those sanctifying influences by which we are enabled to do with aid from on high what we never could do without it. We look to God in a new light; we serve Him as a reconciled Father; that love to Him which terror scares away re-enters the heart, and with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Christ our Lord."

The change of life and labour that followed was wonderful. The half-resolution formerly made to give up mathematics as a regular branch of study was confirmed. The work of the parish now became the great occupation of its pastor, and every parishioner seemed to have acquired new value and new interest in his eyes. "From a place of visible subordination, the spiritual care and cultivation of his parish was elevated to a place of clear and recognized supremacy. To break up the peace of the indifferent and insecure, by exposing at once the guilt of their ungodliness, and its fearful issue in a ruined eternity; to spread out an invitation, wide as Heaven's own all-embracing love, to every awakened sinner to accept eternal life in Jesus Christ; to plead with all, that instantly and

heartily, with all good will and with full and unreserved submission, they should give themselves up in absolute and entire dedication to the Redeemer; these were the objects for which he was seen to strive with such a severity of conviction as implied that he had *one thing to do*, and with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, looked like insanity." (*Hanna's Life*.)

It is interesting, especially in any search for the source of true philanthropy, to find how, with the intensified interest in the spiritual welfare of his people, there came likewise a kindred interest in certain departments of temporal benefit; for the two things are vitally connected, and can never be thoroughly separated. Even in this springtime of spiritual effort, the question of compulsory poor-rates excited his lively interest. Mr. Morton, his brother-in-law, had told him that in Somersetshire, where he resided, the parish of Kingbrompton required £1,260 per annum for the maintenance of its poor, whereas Kilmany, with almost the same population, needed but £24. The conviction was already strong that a compulsory poor-rate would always require more and more money; that, in fact, increase of pauperism would grow by what it fed on; and that, by-and-by, the spirit of industry and independence would collapse, and the readiness which relatives showed to maintain their aged and infirm connections would die away. On such grounds, and especially on the last, Dr. Chalmers all his life was the inveterate opponent of a compulsory poor-rate.

A more interesting opportunity occurred, in connection with the Moravian Mission, for vindicating

the tendency of the earnest evangelical spirit to advance the civilization of communities. A recent article in the "Edinburgh Review" had affirmed that it was the practice of the Moravian Missionaries to begin by civilizing their pupils, educating and instructing them in the useful arts. "It is by this kind of practical instruction alone," said the "Review," "that those in a state of ignorance and barbarism are to be gained over to the truth; and till a similar course is followed, our missionaries and our Bible Societies may expend thousands and ten thousands to no purpose but to manifest the goodness of their intentions and their total ignorance of the means which ought to be pursued." In a paper written in reply to this article, in the "Eclectic Review," Chalmers showed the ignorance of the reviewers of the means which had been actually pursued by the Moravians, and framed an argument to prove that the true order was first to Christianize and then civilize. People, he said, had been obliged to notice the pictures of peace and order which the Moravians had evoked out of the wilds of barbarism. People could not but admire neat cottages, with honeysuckle clambering over their doors. They were right there, but they were utterly wrong about the principle. It was simply not true that the missionaries had trained the people to justice, morality, and labour in the first instance, apart from any instruction in the doctrine of the Christian faith. In fact, they had at first tried this method, and found it an utter failure. For years they had tried to civilize them, and instruct them in general religious truths, withholding from them the more

special mysteries of the Christian faith ; but no sensible effect had followed. "But one day, as a missionary was writing out a fair copy of a translation of the Gospels, a crowd gathered round him, curious to know the contents of the book. He read to them the history of our Saviour's sufferings and death. 'How was that?' said one of the savages, stepping up to the table at which the missionary was sitting, his voice trembling with emotion as he spoke ; 'How was that? Tell me once more, for I, too, fain would be saved.'" "These words," writes the missionary, "the like of which I had never heard from any Greenlander, pierced my very soul, and affected me so much that, with tears in my eyes, I related to them the whole history of Christ, and the counsel of God for our salvation." The Greenlander who put the question was the first convert to the truth. Then it was that the foundations of the civilizing process were laid. Dr. Chalmers was profoundly impressed by this experience, and, in all his subsequent plans and operations, the Gospel was his first agency for raising the fallen, and healing all manner of social disease.

Before the change in his views, his pulpit addresses had not been interesting, nor had they made much impression on the people, though they were often marked by great eloquence and force. But as soon as the change occurred, and the great truths of the Gospel became his themes, the pulpit of Kilmany became a wonderful power. The people hung on his lips ; deep impressions were made ; the foundation of a great spiritual change was laid. Both at Kilmany

and in the General Assembly he was fast acquiring the position of a great Christian orator. Translated in 1816 to the Tron church of Glasgow, he entered on quite a new phase of labour. The intense pastoral interest in each of his people which he had acquired in his later years at Kilmany, and the intense desire for the highest good of each, were transferred to Glasgow, where his parish not only presented thousands of population for the hundreds of Kilmany, but disclosed a feature entirely new—a very large proportion of the people attending no church, and making no profession of religion. But the great soul of Chalmers, however appalled by the spectacle, shrunk not from the task. Had his old feeling about the ministry still prevailed, how little would he have thought of the wynds and closes of the Trongate! With the new spirit with which the Gospel had inspired him, all its people were precious in his eyes. To the congregation that crowded to his church, he preached magnificent sermons; and to the general community of Glasgow he would address himself on week-days in such splendid compositions as the *Astronomical and Commercial Discourses*; but the people of the parish were his special charge. For every one of them he desired to care as a shepherd cares for his sheep. How to elevate them, how to instruct their children, how to supply the wants of the poor in a Christian way, so as not to demoralize and further degrade them, were the problems that occupied his mind by day and by night. Deacons, to attend to the poor; elders, to superintend each district; teachers of Sabbath schools and day schools, for the young; district visitors, to watch over all the

families, and bring to bear on them every species of right Christian influence—rose as by enchantment around him, and, taking fire from his burning enthusiasm, plunged eagerly into their work. A new method of caring for the poor reduced the outlay from £1,400 to £280 per annum, without lessening their comfort, and most certainly without tending to degrade them.

But Dr. Chalmers' mind was occupied with far more comprehensive problems for the benefit of the working classes than that of pauperism. He had not the vestige of a wish to coddle them, or to bestow on them, under the sufferings which they were enduring after the end of the war, the compassion that would relieve them for the moment, while it plunged them into a worse plight for the future. He believed strongly in the evil effect of the Corn Laws, and was greatly distressed at the passing of the Act which made the price of wheat at which foreign corn might be brought in, not sixty, as before, but eighty shillings the quarter. He felt very strongly that no measure could have been devised better fitted to excite the discontent of the working classes, and did what he could among correspondents like Mr. Wilberforce, to show the peculiar injustice which this caused to Scottish operatives. While they suffered as much as the English from the depression of wages which high prices caused, they had no benefit from the Poor Law, which, in England, gave to the workman an additional sum. He contended strenuously against a poor law for any but the infirm and helpless, as he contended, likewise, against all restrictions of Free Trade, and against duties levied on the necessities of life, except for the

purposes of revenue. But his longings for the good of the working class were far from exhausted by measures that would tend only to feed and clothe them better. He wished them to be educated, and well educated; not in order to raise a few of them above their class, but in order to raise the whole class together. "My object," he said, addressing the working classes,—“My object in pouring the light of education through the mass, would not be to kindle up a diseased ambition among you after the high places of society. This, some of you, by perseverance and industry and good fortune may attain. . . . My object . . . is to turn an ignorant operative into a learned operative; to stamp upon him the worth and the respectability of which I contend he is fully susceptible, though he rise not by a single inch above the sphere of life in which he now moves; to transform him into a reflective and accomplished individual; not to hoist, as it were, the great ponderous mass of society up into the air, where it could have no foundation to support it; but supposing that mass to rest and be stationary on its present basis, to diffuse through it the light both of common and of Christian intelligence.” The great soul of Chalmers heaved with the desire to effect this great elevation of the whole mass of his hard-working countrymen. It was amid endless toils and worries, hopes and fears, alternations of success and disappointment, that he fought his battle. If we look into his private diary, to learn what sustained him in a conflict where the very highest success could have brought him no atom of personal benefit, we find that it was his religion. What he was

incessantly aiming at was a closer walk with God, a more constant sense of His presence, a more entire surrender to His will. "Cannot say much of my walk with God: do not burn with love to man." Such entries constantly occur; showing that his efforts for the welfare of his fellows sprang from no independent fountain of beneficence in his nature, but were the direct and blessed fruit of his fellowship with God.

After eight years of a city parish, Dr. Chalmers retired to the calm and leisure of a professor's life in the little town of St. Andrews. But the energizings of his great philanthropic soul were far too earnest to be set at rest by a change of employment. Lecturing on moral philosophy, he was not content to search out the origin and operations of our moral nature, but was continually contemplating the highest moral health and welfare of the individual, and of the social body which individuals constitute. When, for example, the scepticism of Hume, and that of the French school of Materialism was under review, he was alike eloquent and powerful in exposing the poverty of their foundation, as contrasted with that of faith; and he had peculiar pleasure in recalling the lines in which Cowper contrasts Voltaire with the humble Christian cottager, who

"Knew, and knew no more, her Bible true."

Hardly were the labours of the first session over, with its daily complement of elaborate preparation, than he was back to the scene of his parochial labours. A new chapel had been erected in the parish of St. John's, and to give it a

fair chance of success he devoted to it at its opening, six weeks of as hard and incessant labour as any man could have bestowed. Passing through Edinburgh, he was asked by Mr. Leonard Horner to attend a meeting on behalf of the newly-formed School of Arts there, and to make a speech on its behalf. He enlarged on the benefit which such an institution was fitted to confer, in the way of bringing the upper classes in contact with the lower, a thing which he greatly longed after; and he dwelt on one of his favourite thoughts—the advantage of culture to the artisan, not because it was fitted to raise a few to a higher position, but because it was fitted to raise the status and character of the class generally, to make them more intelligent and moral, more rational and orderly, better satisfied with themselves, and better members of society. Sir Walter Scott, who seconded the motion, expressed himself as much impressed by his views. In the course of a tour of visits, he goes to New Lanark, and is interested in the efforts of Mr. Robert Owen, although he can have no trust in a scheme which does not lay its foundations on a firmer rock than Mr. Owen sought for. At St. Andrews, besides having much devotional exercise and devotional reading, in order to help his personal religion and benefit the town, he marks out a district near his house, visits its families, gathers the children on the Sabbath evenings to his house, and teaches a little class of waifs, for whose benefit his preparations were as carefully made as for his class in the University. Then he gathers a few students together, at first only five, instructing them and dealing with their

souls, giving them books for Sabbath reading, and examining them on their contents as if they had been his own children. That combination of vast comprehensive designs and minute care of details, which is the characteristic of great minds, was finely exemplified. He was completing his three-volume book on the Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, and preparing a work on Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments, and another on Political Economy, and at the same time thinking of the welfare of the poor fisherman's child, or the raw student from the country, as earnestly as if they had been the sons of kings. Meanwhile the country rung with his fame as the greatest pulpit orator of the age; princes and premiers rushed to hear him when they had the opportunity; and lords and lairds eagerly courted his society, and, while awed by his commanding enthusiasm, were delighted with his brightness of spirit and genial manners, with his simple-hearted enjoyment of life, and with the humour that played and sparkled so freely in the intervals of his labour.

From St. Andrews he goes to Edinburgh as Professor of Divinity in the University. The survey of the great field of theology, and the preparation of Lectures covering the whole, is no easy task; but even under this new burden the spirit of Christian philanthropy cannot be suppressed. The same feeling that weighed on him so strongly in Glasgow, arising from the neglect of the working classes in great towns, and that had roused him to such prodigious efforts to visit, gather in, instruct and Christianize the inhabitants of a limited territory,

—moved him to undertake a church extension scheme for the whole country, the purpose of which was to secure the erection of two hundred churches and schools in needy localities, and the vigorous application of the parochial machinery to gather in the people to the House of God. It was one of the leading features of the plan, that while the buildings should be erected by voluntary subscriptions, an endowment for the churches should be provided from the National funds. In this part of the undertaking Dr. Chalmers entirely failed; but in all other respects the plan was eminently successful, and the two hundred new churches, some of which were served by men like Robert M'Cheyne, Horatius Bonar and William Arnot, formed one of the greatest monuments of his Christian energy and zeal.

But a new trial was in store for Scotland. The National Church was about to be rent in two, and the Evangelical party, with whom Dr. Chalmers had always been in hearty fellowship, were called to sever their connection with the State. Dr. Chalmers looked at the question more from a practical than an ecclesiastical point of view. But his impression was very profound. The submission insisted on as the condition of alliance with the State, he was certain, would fetter and hamper the Church in her efforts for the Christian good of the people; while the people, too, fettered and hampered in the appointment of their ministers, would lose all heart for the work of Christ. It was a paralyzing and worldly influence to which it was sought to subject the Church, all the more mischievous because she was just arousing herself to some sense of her duty

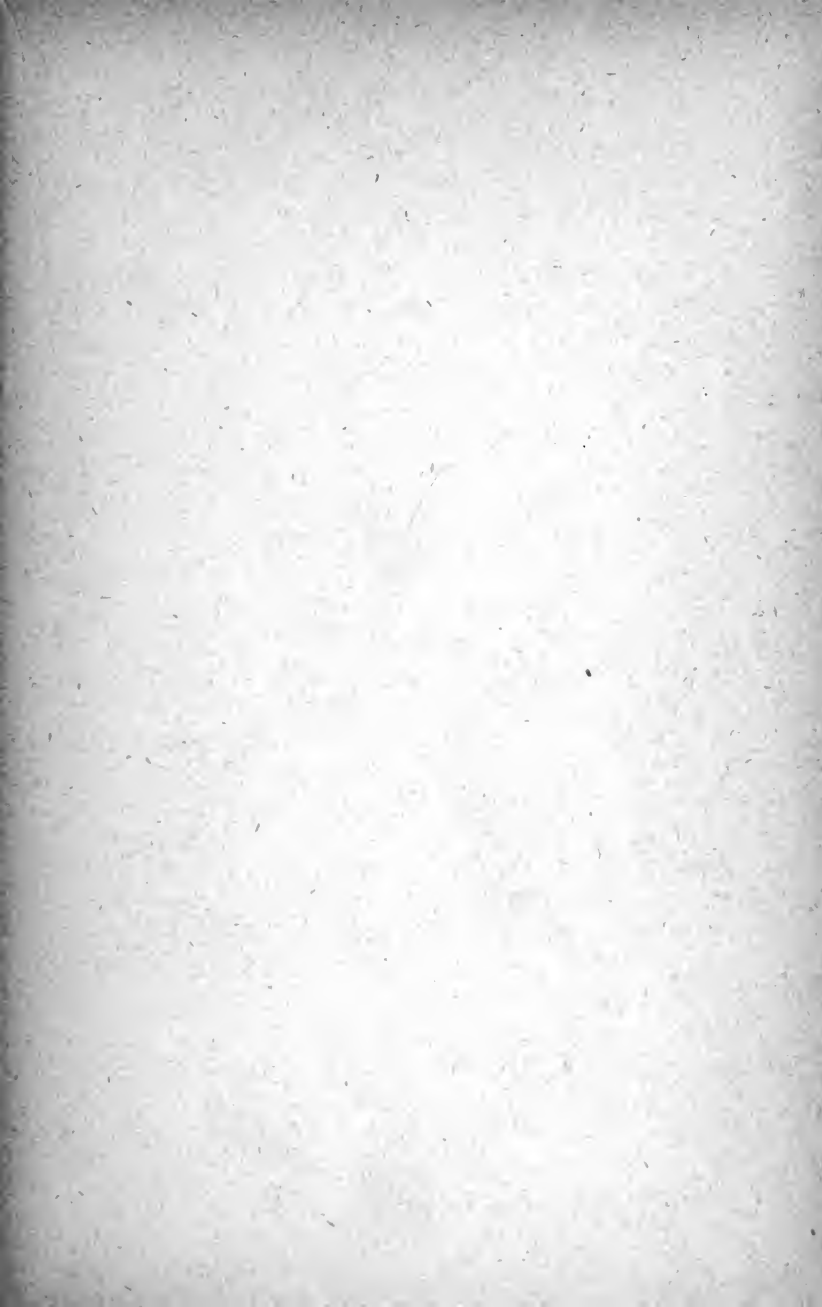
to the masses, whom hitherto she had been so sinfully neglecting. Conservative though he was, all Dr. Chalmers' instincts—patriotic, philanthropic and spiritual—were roused to deadly antagonism against those who sought to restrain the Church while girding on her armour for the great spiritual enterprise that demanded her energies. It was his earnest hope that in her disestablished state, she would yet grapple with the giant evils which had been allowed to spread themselves unnoticed and unconquered. The heart of Chalmers never faltered in the conviction that, if they were only willing, the people were abundantly able to overtake such an enterprise. In this conviction, the Sustentation Fund was devised by him, not in the interest of the ministers, but in that of the people. The vision that for ever floated before his eye, was that of a people living in the fear and love of God, training their children to His service, growing steadily in Christian worth and intelligence, peacefully and calmly discharging all their obligations both to God and to man, strong in the righteousness that exalteth a nation.

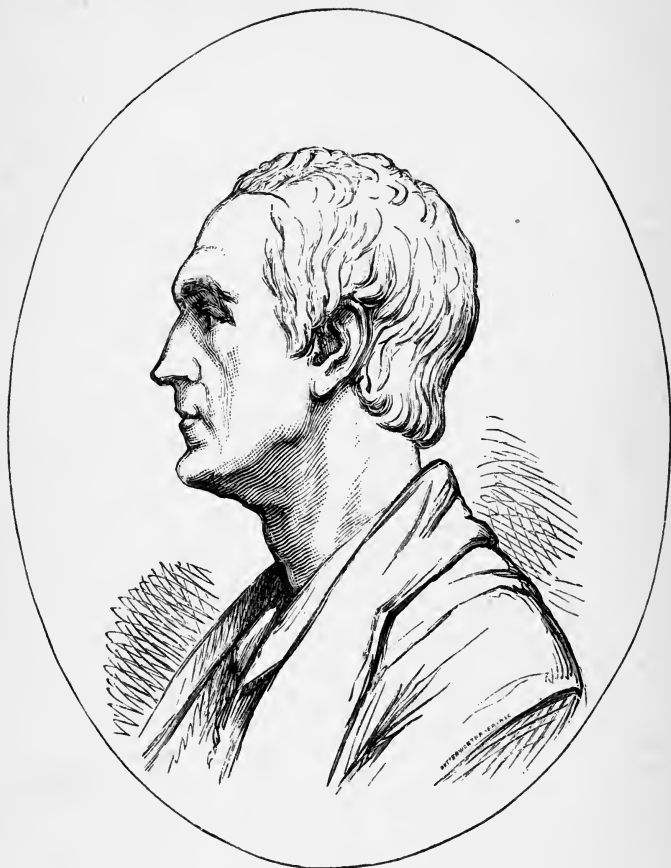
So the Free Church of Scotland was organized ; but the Free Church was not an end, but only a means to an end—the Christian good of Scotland. And to accomplish this end in the sphere which needed most to be attended to, among the lapsed masses, Dr. Chalmers girded himself for one more effort. He selected one of the worst districts in the old town of Edinburgh, hired a malt-barn as a mission-room, engaged a missionary, gathered round him a band of volunteer workers, and, with all the enthusiasm and energy of his best days, flung himself

into the enterprise of turning this waste into the garden of the Lord. In his happy imagination, the ragged waifs and wanderers of the Westport were already transformed, under the magic power of the Gospel of Christ, into honest and industrious citizens, praising God in His courts for the blessings of redemption, and rejoicing with their children in having been turned from the path of the destroyer to ways that were ways of pleasantness, and paths that were paths of peace. His fancy multiplied the speck where his efforts had been so successful, till all Scotland appeared to be rejoicing in the transforming influence of the Gospel, and the whole platform of labour appeared to be elevated, its children delivered from the degradation of ignorance and vice, and transformed into intelligent, Godly, companionable men. The only drawback to his satisfaction was his fear that his countrymen, and especially his Church, would not rise to the height of the glorious enterprise to which he beckoned them. With such hopes and fears chasing each other across his imagination, the call came to him suddenly, "Come up hither;" it was found one morning that his spirit had slipped away from the confinement of his body, and the General Assembly of his Church, as it waited for him below, learned that he had been translated to the General Assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven.

The life of Chalmers was a life of manifold and most important service. He was one of the chief instruments in the revival of evangelical religion in Scotland—that same religion that had proved to himself the power of God unto salvation. He was

the means of clothing it in a somewhat more modern and acceptable dress than the good men who preceded him had been wont to present it in. He formed a sort of connecting link between science and religion, personally devoted to both, and showing how both might have a place side by side in the kingdom of God. He roused the Church to grief and shame for the state of the neglected and ignorant at home, and showed how practicable it was, with God's blessing, to reclaim them. Beyond the sphere of home-missions, his sympathies extended to the foreign field, and right cordially did he wish God-speed to the men who were toiling and triumphing there. Though baffled in his efforts to obtain a poor-law that would not foster the pauperism of the country, he succeeded in putting all Christian workers on their guard against methods of labour among the poor that, by fostering a spirit of dependence, would do more harm than good. He gave to the earnest religion of Scotland a more practical direction, a wider scope, and a healthier tone than it had often shown. While he raised the standard of the pulpit, he taught the ministry of his country how to combine extraordinary pastoral diligence with extraordinary pulpit earnestness. Little could it have been imagined that the frolicsome student of St. Andrews, who excited so much the apprehensions of his father, was destined to such a career. Nor can it reasonably be doubted that the spring of this noble life of philanthropy lay in the memorable change that took place in the manse of Kilmany, when Chalmers came to see in Jesus Christ the Divine Saviour of sinful men.





ZACHARY MACAULAY.

ZACHARY MACAULAY.

THE book-reading world enjoyed a great treat when the *Life of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P., appeared in 1876. The nephew had caught something of his uncle's charm of style and happy treatment of biographical materials, and produced a book which will long rank among our best-written biographies. And in many points, Macaulay, as drawn in this book, ranks higher in public estimation at this day than he did before. The deep family affection which then came to light, his love and reverence for his parents, and his almost romantic attachment to his younger sisters, gave warmth and colour to a character that formerly seemed cold and hard. His conscientious industry and thoroughness in work; his constant endeavour to act fairly; his abhorrence of all wrong, falsehood, and selfishness; his deep interest in the welfare of mankind, and sense of obligation to do all he could to promote it,—revealed a higher and nobler character than the outer world knew of. On one point of awful interest—his personal relation to God and the character of his unseen life—no light was thrown in this biography. Christian readers closed

the book with a chill on their hearts ; we left his body in Westminster Abbey, but were shown no bright vista opening beyond.

There is another figure conspicuous in these volumes, which attracts many an eye, and, wherever it is studied, leaves a profound impression. It is Zachary Macaulay, the father of the peer. His name was already familiar as one of the Clapham Sect, one of the noble band whose labours gave the death-blow to slavery in the dominions of the British Empire. Sir James Stephen, in his well-known volume of *Ecclesiastical Biography*, had devoted two or three pages to him among the other members of the "Clapham Sect," but they were of such a kind as to stimulate curiosity rather than satisfy it. It is from the *Memoir of Lord Macaulay* that, for the first time, we learn somewhat fully what manner of man this Zachary Macaulay was. No common man, certainly. Not particularly attractive, as regards his natural character—perhaps we should say the opposite of attractive. Hugh Miller used to say of the national Scottish character that, apart from religion, it was ungainly and uninteresting. The remark might very fairly have been made of Zachary Macaulay. And with equal truth it might have been said that religion made him a philanthropist, a hero, a patriot, a dear friend, a beloved and honoured parent. Many of his qualities reappeared in his son, but, strange to say, in the son they appeared dissociated from that profound spirituality which in the father was the fountain of them all.

Zachary Macaulay was born at the manse of Inveraray, in Argyllshire, in the year 1768. His

father was then minister of Inveraray, and subsequently of Cardross, and was the father of a numerous family, of which Zachary was a younger son. All that we know of his early training is contained in three lines of Sir James Stephen's Essay. "Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek." The religious instruction seems to have been carried by Divine power with great force to the centre of his being. While yet a boy, he was sent to the West Indies as book-keeper on an estate, where he soon rose to be manager. From the first his soul was intensely grieved by what he saw of slavery, a system which the instincts of his heart, as well as his reading of the Bible, showed to be inconsistent with the will of God. He tried for a while to mitigate the evils which he could not prevent, but by-and-by he felt his position unendurable, and in his twenty-fourth year, abandoning a pursuit which promised him early wealth and distinction, he returned home to commence the world anew. His next situation was in the deadly climate of Sierra Leone. It had been resolved to establish there a city of refuge for slaves—a colony of emancipated negroes; and young Macaulay was appointed second member of the Council, where, soon after his arrival, he succeeded to the position and duties of Governor.

It turned out to be the very place for him, as he proved to be the very man for the place. All the more, that the colony had enemies without and troubles within: slave-traders without, who were

enraged at the spoiling of their business ; and within, a motley company of negroes from Jamaica, London, and Nova Scotia, excellent at eating, but miserable at working. Extraordinary patience, self-control, and courage were needed for such a post. "His very deficiencies," says Mr. Trevelyan, "stood him in good stead ; for in the presence of the elements with which he had to deal, it was well for him that Nature had denied him any sense of the ridiculous. Unconscious of what was absurd around him, and incapable of being flurried, frightened, or fatigued, he stood as a centre of order and authority amidst the seething chaos of inexperience and insubordination. The staff was miserably insufficient, and every officer of the Company had to do duty for three in a climate such, that a man is fortunate if he can find health for the work of one during a continuous twelvemonth. The Governor had to be in the counting-house, the law court, the school, and even the chapel. He posted ledgers, he decided causes, he conducted correspondence with the directors at home, he visited neighbouring potentates, he preached sermons, and performed marriages. . . . He made a point of allotting the lightest work to the negroes who could read and write ; and such was the stimulating effect of this system upon education that he confidently looked forward to the time when there would be few in the colony unable to read the Bible."

The settlement was exposed to utter ruin in 1794, by a squadron of eight French sail, commanded by "Citizen Allemand," containing as villainous a set of *sans-culottes* as even the Republic could muster.

One Sunday morning, the squadron moored within musket shot of the quay, and swept the streets for two hours with grape and bullets; thereafter the apostles of liberty landed, plundered, hacked, shot, gutted on every side; the whole town was reduced to ruins; museum, library, philosophical instruments smashed and torn to pieces; books that had any resemblance to the Bible treated with especial contempt; poultry and pigs were wantonly slain; even a favourite musk-cat killed and eaten. Any ordinary man would have been filled with disgust and despair. Macaulay waited for help from home, and patiently set himself to build up the desolations. Happily, he did not starve; for his own people, infected with the spirit of plunder, had stolen a good share of the provision stores, and when the French departed they were compelled to disgorge.

A year after, he paid a visit to England for the benefit of his health. On this occasion he fell in love with a young Quaker lady, Miss Mills, who returned his affection, but whose friends positively refused to allow her to go with him to Sierra Leone. Macaulay returned alone early in 1796. He remained for three years and a half, till the colony had been set on its feet, and had begun to assume an air of prosperity. Returning to England, he achieved his marriage, and became secretary to the Company, continuing in this capacity his services to a people on whose behalf he felt that he had received his very being from God.

His eldest son, Thomas Babington Macaulay, was born on October 25th, 1800, at Rothley Temple, the house of Thomas Babington, who had married one

of the Cardross Macaulays. The interest of his life from this point divides between the career of his son, who, from his very infancy, was a prodigy of genius, and the campaign against slavery, in which he bore a most important part. Mr. Macaulay gave all due encouragement to his son for the cultivation of his unrivalled intellectual powers, but never eulogized him. On the contrary, in dealing with him, he rather depreciated him. If he had heard of him speaking loudly and confidently at school, he pointed out the unseemliness of such a tone. If he found him desultory, impulsive, romantic, careless of dress and appearance, and writing a horrible hand, he strove to make him orderly, thoughtful, business-like. Especially in his earlier years he sought to imbue him with his own deep religious convictions. No doubt, while highly pleased with the lad in many ways, he was disappointed with him in some. Young Macaulay had a deep reverence and even love for his father, but must have felt, as he grew up, that, in reference to his deepest convictions, there was a widening gulf between them. Evidently, too, Tom became more and more the real ruler of the house. By his brothers and sisters he was absolutely idolized. His influence led them to share his literary tastes, and especially his love of novels. To all novels his father was at first opposed. He came, however, to tolerate what he could not approve. But he warned his family very strongly against reading novels in the forenoon,—a practice which he likened to drinking drams in the morning.

Zachary Macaulay was editor of the "Christian

Observer," and on one occasion he inserted in his magazine an anonymous letter in favour of novels, especially those of Fielding and Smollett. He did not know at the time that the writer was his own son, then in his sixteenth year, otherwise he might have hesitated about inserting a communication which brought down on him the most violent remonstrances from scandalized contributors, one of whom informed the public that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames, and should thenceforth cease to take in the magazine.

It is a very common impression that earnest men, like Zachary Macaulay, were severe in their domestic rule, and very stern in their exactions. This is shown by Mr. Trevelyan to be a mistake, and as he sets himself in this particular to meet the misrepresentation of Thackeray in the "Newcomes," his words are all the more worthy of notice. "The method of education in vogue among the Clapham families was simple without being severe. In the spacious gardens and commodious houses of an architecture already dating a century back, which surrounded the Common, there was plenty of freedom and good-fellowship and reasonable enjoyment for young and old alike. Here, again, Thackeray has not done justice to a society that united the mental culture and the intellectual activity which are developed by the neighbourhood of a great capital, with the wholesome quiet and the homely ways of country life. Hobson and Brian Newcome are not fair specimens of the effect of Clapham influences on the second generation. There can have been little that was narrow, and nothing vulgar, in a training

which produced Samuel Wilberforce, and Sir James Stephen, and Charles and Robert Grant, and Lord Macaulay. The plan on which children were brought up in the chosen home of the Low Church party, during its golden age, will bear comparison with systems about which, in their day, the world was supposed never to tire of hearing, although their ultimate results have been small indeed."

Though Lord Macaulay never became a Claphamite himself, he showed a profound regard for the sect. Especially he showed his appreciation of them as men of great power in moving mankind. Writing to one of his sisters in 1844, he said, "I think Stephen's article on the Clapham Sect the best thing he ever did. I do not think with you that the Claphamites were men too obscure for such delineation. The truth is, that from that little knot of men emanated all the Bible Societies, and almost all the Missionary Societies in the world. The whole organization of the Evangelical party was their work. The share which they had in providing means for the education of the people was great. They were really the destroyers of the Slave-trade and of slavery. Many of those whom Stephen describes were public men of the greatest weight. Lord Teignmouth governed India at Calcutta. Grant governed India in Leadenhall Street. Stephen's father was Perceval's right-hand man in the House of Commons. It is needless to speak of Wilberforce. . . . Thornton, to my surprise, thinks the passage about my father unfriendly. I defended Stephen. The truth is, that he asked my permission to draw a portrait of my father for

the "Edinburgh Review." I told him that I had only to beg that he would not give it the air of a puff; a thing which, for myself and for my friends, I dread more than any attack. My influence over the "Review" is so well known that a mere eulogy of my father appearing in that work would only call forth derision. I therefore am really glad that Stephen has introduced into his sketch some little characteristic traits which, in themselves, were not "beauties."

As to Zachary Macaulay's life after his return to England, spent as it was in the cause of philanthropy, its most conspicuous feature was his wonderful laboriousness. All the sect were men of great perseverance and painstaking. Of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Babington it was often true that the slave-trade occupied them nine hours daily. Zachary Macaulay had business to attend to, a magazine to edit, and many other labours of love; but withal he was known as so thorough a man, that when Wilberforce was at a loss for a piece of information, he used to say, "Let us look it out in Macaulay." Moreover, he enjoyed the confidential friendship of many men of literary eminence. Lord Brougham, Francis Horner, and Sir James Mackintosh were among his correspondents at home; and in France, Chateaubriand, Sismondi, the Duc de Broglie, Madame de Stael, and Dumont. In the manses of Scotland he had friends not a few, and on one occasion, in 1817, when Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay took their son, then in his seventeenth year, with them on a Scottish tour, the youngster had a grievous complaint of the long prayers and expositions which they encountered in the manses. In

recording this circumstance respecting Lord Macaulay, his sister, Lady Trevelyan, says, "I think, with all the love and reverence with which he regarded his father's memory, there mingled a shade of bitterness that he had not met quite the encouragement and appreciation from him which he received from others. But such a son as he was! Never a disrespectful word or look; always anxious to please or amuse; and at last he was the entire stay and support of his father's declining years."

Zachary Macaulay proved unfortunate in business in the latter period of his life. Clouds seem to have gathered round him, and his religion seems to have wanted that element of radiance that would have kept a smiling sky. It was a painful circumstance that he died before his son's return from India in 1838, and that the detention of the ship beyond the usual period prevented the meeting which both very eagerly desired.

Sir James Stephen and Mr. Trevelyan concur in ascribing all that was noble in the life of Zachary Macaulay to the power of faith. Referring to his work at Sierra Leone, his grandson says, "The secret of his character and of his actions lay in perfect humility and an absolute faith. Events did not discompose him, because they were sent by One who best knew His own purposes. He was not fretted by the folly of others, or irritated by their hostility, because he regarded the worst or the humblest of mankind as objects, equally with himself, of the Divine love and care. On all other points he examined himself so closely that the meditations of a single evening would fill many pages of a diary; but

so completely in his case had the fear of God cast out all other fear, that amidst the gravest perils and the most bewildering responsibilities, it never occurred to him to question whether he was brave or not. He worked strenuously and unceasingly, never amusing himself from year's end to year's end, and shrinking from any public praise or recognition as from an unlawful gratification, because he was firmly persuaded that, when all had been accomplished and endured, he was yet but an unprofitable servant, who had done that which it was his duty to do."

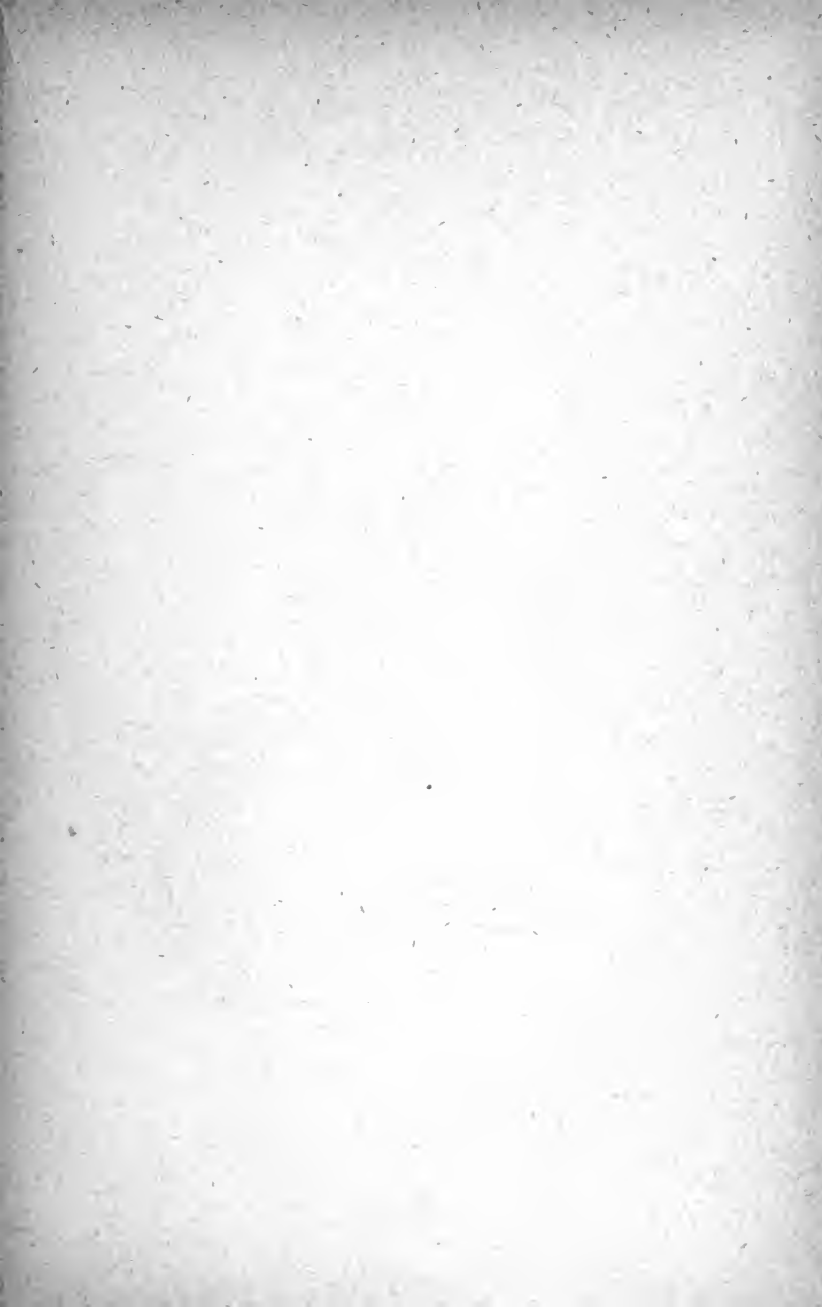
Sir James Stephen indicates more clearly how the deeper life of the man overcame his natural defects. He talks of a countenance earnest and monotonous ; of gestures not easy and flexible, but firm and deliberate ; of overhanging brows that ever appeared fatigued, and of a figure athletic but ungraceful. Nevertheless, there was an inward charm which awoke towards this man, in his own chosen circle, a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm. He talks of a mind not naturally imaginative, to which self devotion imparted an element of poetry ; of a commonplace aspect and demeanour which it made impressive ; of a phlegmatic temper which it fired with energy ; of a discursiveness which it brought to unity ; and of a physical languor to which it imparted dignity. " His earthward affections," says Sir James, " active and all-enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine

will, as raised him habitually to that higher region where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him."

It is all very well to eulogize the genial type of Christianity, of which recent years have given us some beautiful specimens. But there is something still higher in the earnest devotion and unbending principle of Zachary Macaulay, striving in every action of his life to do not his own will, but the will of Him that sent him.

Mr. Trevelyan tells us that his epitaph in Westminster Abbey is the only biography of Zachary Macaulay that has been written, or is likely to be written. We are sorry to hear it. The diary of Zachary Macaulay must be a document of singular interest. It would need to be dealt with by some wise but sympathetic spirit; but it would shed most interesting light on a career which will more and more command the admiration of Christian men. Yet even if Mr. Trevelyan's surmise shall prove true—and he has the fulfilment of his prophecy in his own hands—it will be much for Zachary Macaulay to be remembered as the man—

WHO, DURING FORTY SUCCESSIVE YEARS,
PARTAKING IN THE COUNSELS AND THE LABOURS
WHICH, GUIDED BY FAVOURING PROVIDENCE,
RESCUED AFRICA FROM THE WOES,
AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM THE GUILT,
OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE,
MEEKLY ENDURED THE TOIL, THE PRIVATION,
AND THE REPROACH,
RESIGNING TO OTHERS THE PRAISE AND THE
REWARD.





STEPHEN GRELLET.

STEPHEN GRELLET.

WHEN Etienne de Grellet du Mabillier was born in 1773, at Limoges, in what is now the department of Haute Vienne, in France, his family seemed as near the summit of worldly prosperity as could have been desired. His father was wealthy, and resided on his patrimonial estate. The owner of extensive porcelain works, he had greatly improved the manufacture, and for that and other services to his country he had received a title of honour from the king. At one time Comptroller of the Mint, he had been a member of the household of Louis XVI., and, as his intimate friend and councillor, had been accustomed to attend service with him in his private chapel. Though Etienne was his fifth child, he could have had little difficulty in finding for him some lucrative and honourable position. During his boyhood, nothing seemed more likely than that his life should be spent amid such pursuits as were held fitting for a member of the French *noblesse*, but characterised by a higher moral tone and a nobler purpose to be useful to his generation than unhappily prevailed in his class. His education was designed simply "to make him

accomplished in the eyes of the world," and direct religious instruction and training formed no part of it. But he was marked by a singular religious susceptibility, and at times was filled for a little with the liveliest spiritual emotions. If these should become so strong as to give a direction to his life, he might follow the example of several of his female relatives, who had renounced the world, and chosen the life of the *religieuse*. Even in his boyhood the thought of their privations would sometimes haunt him, and when he thought of them "rising three times in the night for prayer in the church, from the hard boards which formed their couch, even the luxury of a straw pallet being denied them," the thoughtlessness and carelessness of his own life seemed to him inexcusable, and filled him with shame and sorrow.

But, ere his boyhood had passed away, the French Revolution brought a change o'er the spirit of his dream. As his father was a member of the odious nobility, his estates were confiscated, and both he and his wife were afterwards thrown into prison. For himself, after various stirring incidents, he joined the army of the French princes, along with his brothers, and became a member of the corps of the King's Horse Guards, which consisted mostly of the nobility. Though often in the midst of battle, it so fell out that he never drew a sword or fired a gun, his corps being a reserve one—a circumstance to which in after-life, when, as a Quaker, he came to regard all war as sinful, and all shedding of blood as unlawful, he used to revert with peculiar thankfulness. It was not long ere the army of the princes

was obliged to retire from France, and was disbanded. After being at one time made prisoners of war, and ordered to be shot, he and his brothers found an opportunity of escaping, and reached Amsterdam. Soon after, Etienne and his brother Joseph resolved to emigrate to America. Demerara was their first place of abode on American soil. While there, the sufferings of the wretched slaves made such an impression on him, that in after years the sound of a whip in the streets would chill his blood, from remembrance of the agony of the slaves; and he felt convinced that there was no excess of malice or wickedness which a slaveholder or driver might not be guilty of. A rumour reaching Demerara that a French fleet was coming to take possession of the colony, he and his brother removed in 1795 to New York. From that time he may be regarded as a citizen of the United States, and was usually known under the Anglicised and plainer name of Stephen Grellet.

A number of remarkable proofs of religious susceptibility have been preserved of his early years. At the age of five or six, he had been almost driven to despair by a long Latin exercise; looking out of his window, the thought flashed on him that God had made all the wonders of Nature, and could not the same God give him memory too? He knelt down at the foot of his bed, poured out his heart to God, rose with fresh hope and energy, and mastered his lesson by a single additional effort. At another time, when living at Lyons, he fancied he saw a number of persons, or rather purified spirits, in one of those floating vessels on the Rhone which are used by

washer-women. They were washing linen. He wondered to see what beating and pounding was going on, but how beautifully white it came out of their hands. He was told he could not enter God's kingdom till he underwent such an operation. For weeks he was absorbed in the consideration of the subject—wondering greatly how such a regeneration should be needed by one who had been both baptised and confirmed. After he had gone to America, he was walking one evening in the fields alone, when he was suddenly arrested by what seemed an awful voice proclaiming the words "Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!" It reached his very soul, his whole frame shook, and it brought him, like Saul, to the ground. For weeks he continued in prayer, beseeching the Lord to have mercy on him. Falling in with a book of William Penn's, "No Cross, no Crown," he read it with great interest, with the aid of a dictionary. The English Bible also became his study, for he had none in French. In this state of mind, he heard of a Friends' meeting, which was to be addressed by two Englishwomen, on a religious visit to the States. He understood very little of what they said, but a gush of happy feeling filled his heart. The Lord whom he sought suddenly came to His temple. He felt like a new man, his heart was full of peace, and glowed with love to all. Of course, he became a Quaker. His experience seemed a Divine verification of the Quaker doctrine of the inward light.

Baptised into Quakerism under circumstances so spirit-stirring, his loyalty to its tenets became

unbounded. Constitutionally of a catholic spirit, he was nevertheless out-and-out a Quaker. Hardly any man ever combined such fervent loyalty to his sect with such open-hearted charity, and such readiness to recognize good wherever it might be found. We do not, of course, agree with him and his friends in the pre-eminent place assigned by them to that inner light from which his peace seemed to spring. We hold that it is not inwards to his own heart, but outwards to the Cross, the sinner is to look who seeks for peace. But when the light from the Cross, with all its blessed concomitants, is felt in a sinner's heart, making a kind of heaven there, the sensation is such, that we do not wonder at some persons fancying that if any would have peace, they must just wait till it is flashed in an instant by the Spirit into their hearts. Of Grellet, it must be said, that he did all his life most devoutly and earnestly revere Jesus Christ as the sole author of redemption, and the Holy Ghost as the only life-giving power in the heart of man. His attitude was ever one of humble, waiting expectancy, as the eyes of a servant are upon the hand of his master, or as the eyes of a maiden are upon the hand of her mistress. This goes far to explain his remarkable success as an evangelist; for very remarkable it was; although we believe at the same time that much of the emotion which his addresses occasioned was little more than the natural effect of one very susceptible temperament acting upon other temperaments of a similar kind.

It must be confessed that, as a whole, his autobiography is a tedious book. Its Quaker-slang

one might get reconciled to, but the chief defect is its sameness and monotony. He seems to have felt bound to chronicle every meeting he ever held, no matter how like it may have been to a thousand others, and to do it in a style as plain, unpicturesque, and unattractive as that of the coat he wore or the house he lived in. Yet very few books are so full of interesting passages. His experience of life was rich and wonderful, the kinds of people he came among embraced all classes, from convicts and slaves up to emperors and empresses. He had a marvellous *entrée* to all kinds of society, an "open sesame" that admitted him alike to cloistered cell and royal closet. An ultra-Protestant, he held religious meetings in nunneries, and preached the Gospel even in Catholic sanctuaries. He was the intimate acquaintance of Romish bishops and of Greek patriarchs. Though he could never be induced to uncover his head in the presence of royalty, he obtained friendly interviews with nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. With the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and several members of his family and court, he was on the most intimate footing. He obtained on one occasion a private interview with old Pope Pius VII., the Pope whom Napoleon imprisoned; but we suspect the interview was rather uncomfortable, not because the Pope was his interlocutor, but because one of the papal attendants had whipped off his hat, and compelled him to sit uncovered. Traversing Europe with the view of discovering, cherishing, and propagating vital religion, he was constantly meeting with interesting and prominent Christian men, such as

Lavater, Zeller, Gessner, Tholuck, Martin Boos, and the family of Oberlin. His notices of these men and of their labours are remarkably interesting. The facility with which he got access to all kinds of society was partly due to the fact of his being a Frenchman and at the same time a Quaker; for a French Quaker seemed as extraordinary a combination as a Mermaid or a Minotaur. The charm of his manner, and the persuasive tenderness of his addresses greatly deepened the interest he excited. As years passed over him, he became known as a privileged person, in whose case the standing-orders of society might be suspended, because no one else could take advantage of the precedent. His life is one of the most remarkable instances, in modern times, of apostolic devotion, industry, and self-denial. At what he believed to be the call of his Lord, he never hesitated to leave business, family, and country for years together, and to go wherever he felt that he was summoned, to call men to repentance and salvation.

It was not long before he felt called to become a minister in the Quaker communion; but, following the rule in that body, he laboured without remuneration, so that he continued in business, making such arrangements as he could for absences which, though short at first, sometimes extended over two or more years. First, the United States, then Canada, became the scene of his labours; then, crossing the Atlantic, he visited Europe, spending six or eight months in his native country; a longer visit to Europe occupied him from 1811 to 1814, a third and a fourth visit followed at later periods, and

between them he paid a visit to Hayti, and traversed large sections of the United States. The European visits embraced, though not always at the same time, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Austria, and Spain. Through the French language, Mr. Grellet was able to talk to a very large circle ; but sometimes, of course, he had to make use of an interpreter. His manner, like that of St. Paul, was to search out his own brethren, when there were any, wherever he went, and radiate outwards from them over a wider area. Religious meetings, conducted on the Quaker model, were held, often with comparatively few at first, but larger numbers came to successive meetings, until often the crowd was extremely great. He became a recognized centre, so to speak, of earnest Christian labourers, and his arrival at any place was a signal for those to gather round him who, in those cold times, desired encouragement and counsel in their difficult work. What proportion of those who were "contrited" or "tendered" under his warm appeals on the subject of Christ's love, continued steadfast in his doctrine and fellowship, it is impossible to tell ; but, whatever may have been the value of his labours in that direction, there can be little doubt that, in animating the members of the little flock, scattered over Europe, who were holding fast the truth, and earnestly trying to do their Lord's work, he rendered important service, for which his name deserves to be had in grateful remembrance.

A few samples of his labours, especially of his interviews and intercourse with remarkable charac-

ters will give the reader a better notion of the man and his work than any general description.

In early life he lived in the same village with Thomas Paine, the notorious infidel. Floating rumours of Paine's death have long been in circulation, but as doubts are apt to arise as to the authenticity of such accounts, it is well to have them authenticated by a respectable name. "On hearing that he was ill and in a very destitute condition," Mr. Grellet says, in 1809, "I went to see him, and found him in a wretched state, for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends, that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings." Mr. Grellet was obliged to leave home, but he procured a nurse for Paine, and a variety of comforts, and got a young Quaker lady, who had been staying with him, to visit him from time to time. Once when she was in his room some of his infidel associates came to him, and in a loud, heartless manner said: "Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived," and then went away. Turning to Miss Roscoe, Paine said: "You see what miserable comforters they are." Once he asked her if she had read any of his writings; she told him she had begun the "Age of Reason," but it made her so miserable that she flung it into the fire. "I wish all had done as you did," he said, "for if the Devil ever had any agency in any work, he had it in my writing that book." When going to carry him any refreshment, she repeatedly heard

him uttering the language, "O Lord! Lord God!" or "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" It was observed that during his illness he wrote a great deal; but as nothing was ever heard of these writings, it was presumed that his infidel associates had destroyed them, finding them not in keeping with his former views.

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Grellet was one of those who introduced Elizabeth Fry to prison visiting. He had paid a visit to the female department of Newgate prison under very affecting circumstances. The jailer had tried to dissuade him, telling him, among other things, that the prisoners were such a pack of termagants that if they did not tear him in pieces, they would at least tear his clothes from his back. But it was quite otherwise. The women were greatly pleased at his coming to see them, and hastily rolled up their hammocks and arranged their sleeping room so that he might address them together. The smell of the air was fearful, and everything base and depraved was so strongly depicted on the faces of the women who stood before him, with looks of boldness and wantonness that appalled him, that it seemed for a while as if he could not go on. But the more he beheld the awful consequences of sin, the more did he feel moved to speak of the love of Him who had come to seek and to save that which was lost. As he spoke of the love of Christ their countenances began to alter, they hung down their heads, their haughtiness and proud looks were brought low, and the tears flowed down over unaccustomed channels. On going to the hospital to visit the sick, his astonishment at

the woe and misery he beheld was overwhelming. He found many very sick lying on the bare floor or on some old straw, with very scanty clothing, though the weather was cold; and there were several children among them, almost naked, who had been born in the prison.

Here was a case for female succour: he went straight to Mildred's Court, the residence of the Frys, and appealed to Mrs. Fry. Touched with the terrible tale, she immediately sent for flannel and Friends, whose nimble fingers prepared a bundle of garments before next day, with which Mrs. Fry went to the prison for the naked children. When she saw the wretchedness prevailing in the prison, she was led to devise the plan, to which she devoted her life, for improving the condition of female prisoners, reforming their morals, and gaining them to Christ.

We have referred to the singular manner in which Mr. Grellet got access to Continental nunneries. Writing of a nunnery at the place where his mother resided (Brives, in France), he says, "I visited the nuns of the hospital, with whom I had such precious seasons of the Lord's favour six years ago. Their aged and venerable superior continued in the greenness of the Divine life, manifesting Christian meekness and humility. . . . On returning (from the hospital) to the aged superior, I found that, Cornelius-like, she wished that her household should share with her in the consolations she expected from my visit; she therefore had all the nuns collected. . . . My heart was enlarged among them in the love of Christ, who was preached to

them as the only Saviour, and the bread of life." Next day, a nun from another religious order accompanied him to the hospital, and entreated the prisoners to attend to the message of salvation thus brought to them. "There was something," says Mr. Grellet, "particularly pleasing to my mind in having a nun as my fellow-worker directing sinners to Christ, as the only hope of salvation." Many more of the nuns of the place were of a similar spirit; he was convinced that they were not far from the Kingdom of God, and that but for the ascendancy the priests had obtained over them, they might have become bright and shining ornaments of the Church of God. Unhappily the priests did not share their emotions, but lifted up their hands in token of their joy when they heard that Mr. Grellet had left the place.

On another occasion, when at Naples, Mr. Grellet was fearfully distressed at the amount and depth of the depravity he found among the inmates of the criminal prisons. Many of the prisoners, male and female, and even children, had committed atrocious crimes. Fifteen in one cell were condemned to death. Some boys, not above eleven years of age, had committed *several* murders! Every effort of Mr. Grellet to awaken a right feeling in any of them was utterly in vain. Next day he went to the Foundling Hospital. Passing the door of the chapel, about 400 girls were seen engaged in devotions to the Virgin. Mr. Grellet was asked by the priests and nuns who accompanied him to go in and see them at their devotions; he consented, on condition that if he felt moved by the Spirit to speak to the assembled girls,

the chief priest would interpret for him. He agreed. After they had sung a hymn, he pointed out to them the idolatrous and unprofitable character of their worship, which could never be acceptable to Him who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Then he spoke of Jesus Christ, as the only Saviour of sinners, the only hope of salvation, the way, the truth, the life; without whom no man can come to God the Father. The priest interpreted faithfully into Italian, as Grellet could perceive. The nuns and other priests said, several times, This is the truth. The countenances of the girls showed emotion.

“Thus,” says Mr. Grellet, “did my blessed Master enable His poor servant, in a Popish church, assisted by priests, to bear testimony to His blessed truth, and against the superstitious worship that those poor girls were offering to a piece of carved wood. After we came out, some more of the nuns collected about us, and in answering some of their questions, I further expounded to them wherein acceptable worship consists, and also what is the only hope of salvation. After opportunities of this sort, I sometimes marvel that they do not lay their hands on me; but here, on the contrary, they parted from me in tenderness, and with expressions of their satisfaction with my visit. Surely this is the Lord’s doing!”

His interview with the Pope, in 1819, was more curious than impressive. The Pope, a spare old man, of a mild and serious countenance, wished to be agreeable to his Quaker visitor, who had done much good work in his prisons, and had suggested to him many useful reforms, especially the abolition

of the Inquisition. But, as in the case of Pio Nono, when pressed pretty hard to make the reforms, the reply was virtually, "*Non possumus.*" Proceeding to more vital topics, Grellet began to describe the character and duties of a minister of Christ, a priest of God—to all of which the Pope gave an amiable assent.

"Finally," says Grellet, "as I felt the love of Christ flowing in my heart towards him, I particularly addressed him. I alluded to the various sufferings he underwent from the hands of Napoleon; the deliverance granted him by the Lord; and queried whether his days were not lengthened out to enable him to glorify God, and exalt the name of Jesus Christ, as the only Head of the Church, the only Saviour, to whom alone every knee is to bow, and every tongue is to confess; that such a confession from him in his old age would do more towards the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the promotion of His glory, than the authority of all the popes his predecessors was ever able to do; moreover, that thereby his sun, now near setting, would go down with brightness, and his portion in eternity would be with the Sanctified One, in the joys of His salvation. The Pope, while I thus addressed him, kept his head inclined, and appeared tender; then rising from his seat in a kind and respectful manner, he expressed a desire 'that the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I went.' On which I left him."

The singularly sanguine nature of Grellet was never more apparent; even an inclined head and tender look were encouraging tokens for good.

A much more congenial listener was found in the Emperor Alexander of Russia : several of Alexander's courtiers were also persons of decided piety. Mr. Grellet was thoroughly assured of the reality of the Emperor's profession. He himself gave him an account of his conversion. Trained up in the Greek Church, he had been taught to repeat prayers without praying ; and yet often, when he lay down, his convictions of sin were so strong that he had to rise from his bed, and with tears entreat the Lord's forgiveness, and strength to act with greater watchfulness. In 1812, he had been recommended by a pious man, Prince Alexander Galitzin, to read the Bible, which he had not seen till this nobleman presented him with a copy. He devoured it with eagerness, and through the teaching of the Holy Spirit its truths were firmly fastened on his heart. It was a practice of the Princess Metchersky and the Emperor to read the Bible at the same time, one chapter of the Old Testament in the morning, and another of the New Testament in the evening. As they corresponded, and the Emperor in his letters often alluded to the religious impressions made on his mind by the chapter of the day, she knew that he continued the practice. His mind was full of schemes for the benefit of his subjects, and it is one of the mysteries of Providence that one so full of Christian views and aims should have been removed so early from the important post he had been called to occupy.

We have left ourselves hardly a line to note some of Grellet's visits to those excellent champions of Divine truth and love who were working, often

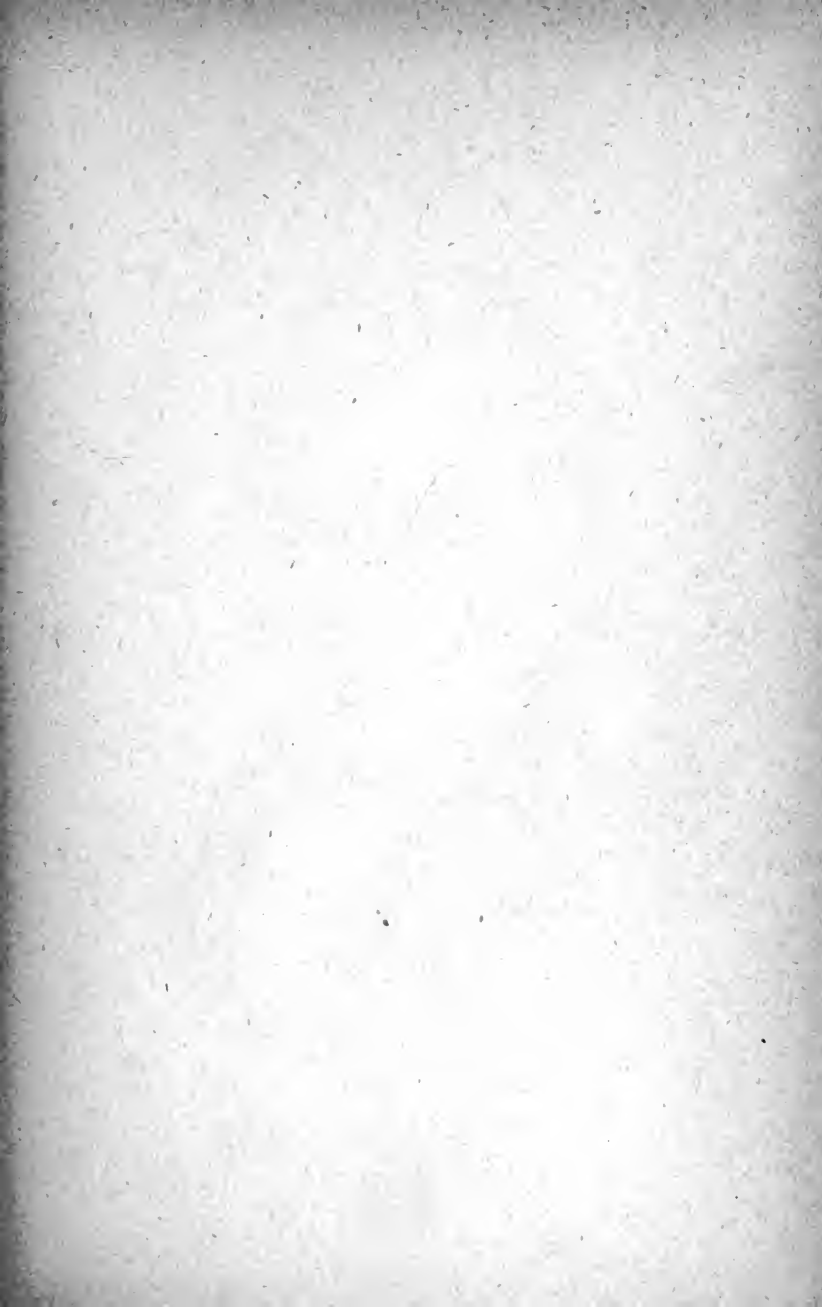
alone and unsuccoured, in various parts of Europe. Speaking, in 1832, of Dr. Tholuck of Halle, and of the persecutions endured by his pious students, he says: "He has an arduous path to tread, but the Lord supports him amidst his numerous difficulties; his enemies, like those of Daniel formerly, can find no occasion against him, except concerning the law of his God. He has two or three hundred young men, steady attenders of his lectures at the University. He has the consolation to hope that every year from thirty to forty of these young men go from the University to various parts of Germany, thoroughly established in sound Christian truths, giving evidence also that they love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

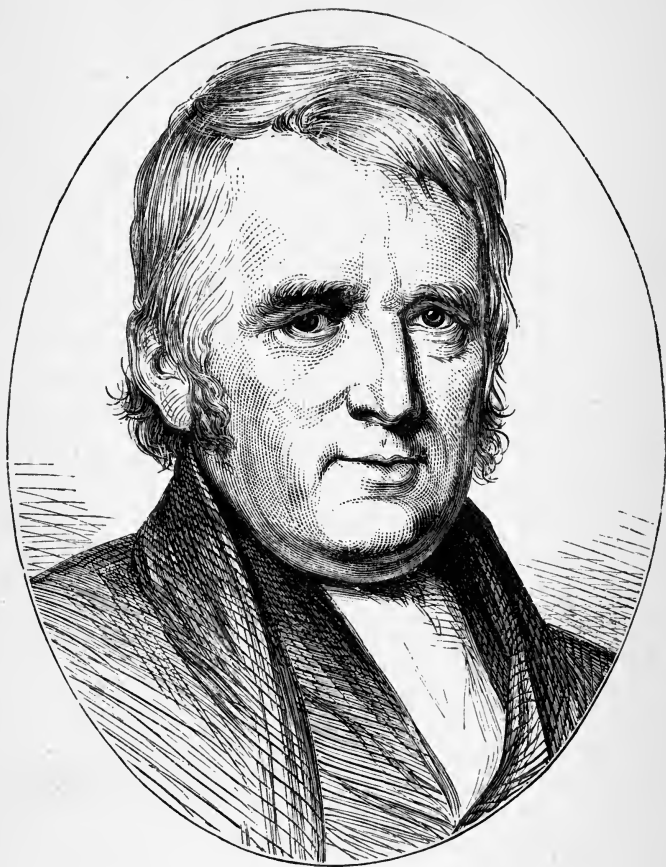
One other notice in this department must suffice. We select the visit to Zeller, himself one of those godly men whose faith leads them to many interesting and important labours. "Accompanied by two friends, we went to Bueggen on the Rhine, to see an interesting establishment for eighty poor orphans of both sexes, and for twenty-four young men, who are educated for schoolmasters, in institutions where the pupils support themselves by manual labour of various sorts. Zeller and his wife, who are the superintendents of it, are persons of rare piety; it is from an apprehension of religious duty that they occupy their stations; Christian love and kindness are very conspicuously appearing in their hearts, by those they govern. The same love seems to flow back from the young people towards them. . . . I could but compare this house to that of Obed-edom, on which the Lord's blessing

rested. The wife of Zeller devoted herself in very early life to the Lord, and to this day she appears to be faithful in endeavouring to perform her solemn vow. When about five years of age, she was playing on some of the rocky hills of the country. One of their large eagles saw her, and darted down upon her head; a man with a gun, not far distant, watched the motions of the eagle, but did not see the child: he fired, and killed the bird at the very moment of its darting on the child's head. Great was his surprise, on coming to the spot, to find the dead eagle by the side of the child. The deep wounds made by his talons on her head show what a narrow escape she had from the voracious bird, and from being wounded or killed by the gun. This dear woman considers that her life, thus spared, is to be wholly devoted to the service of God."

As years multiplied on the head of Stephen Grellet, he of course had to contract the sphere of his activity. But till his death, in 1855, at the age of eighty-two, he continued more or less engaged in the labour of love. His later years were clouded by a schism in the Quaker body, and by the spread of views which he deemed destructive of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, views which he did all in his power to check and overthrow. But the inward peace gladdened his heart to the close. His life, like that of the patriarch Joseph, is a singular proof how good may be brought out of evil. Had no French Revolution and no Reign of Terror ever been known, Etienne de Grellet du Mabillier would of course never have become Stephen Grellet. He might have carried on the porcelain business at Limoges,

and become rich and powerful; but, so far as we can know, he would never have reached that higher sphere which entitles him to have for his motto: "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."





JOSEPH STURGE.

JOSEPH STURGE.

JOSEPH STURGE was one of those genuine Christian Englishmen of whom England may well be proud. Very seldom has a man of the people done so great a work. If there were nothing else to remember him for, his services in the cause of anti-slavery would entitle him to an honourable place in the gallery of distinguished Englishmen. But, in addition to this, there was hardly any philanthropic cause to which he did not render most valuable aid. He was not a man of brilliant gifts. His broad, honest English face shows no poetry, no imagination, no idealism, not much of scholarly culture, and nothing of aristocratic refinement. But there is a compact solidity about it that indicates the man of work and industry; there is a compression of the upper lip that speaks of strength of purpose, and a kindly twinkling in the eye that lets out the sunshine of a loving heart. Set firmly on the shoulders, the head is evidently that of a man of power. Its owner is one who knows what he is about, and will let no fair opportunity pass of achieving his purpose. Men that have to deal with him must feel that he is a

man of power, invaluable as a friend, most formidable as a foe. But his portrait can hardly reveal the Christian principles and feelings that moulded his character and guided his life. Without Christianity, Joseph Sturge would have been simply the successful merchant or the shrewd politician. Christianity made him the fearless advocate of the oppressed, and unwearied champion of truth and love. Many will question the propriety of some of the objects for which he struggled, but none will deny the purity of the motives by which he was impelled.

His ancestors were in the rank of yeomen-farmers, and had been Quakers from the days of George Fox. He himself was the sixth in a direct line that had borne the name of Joseph Sturge. Brought up under thorough Quaker influences, he drank in with his mother's milk that abhorrence of oppression and that spirit of universal philanthropy which have always been honourable characteristics of the Friends. From them, too, he derived much of that very enviable composure of mind, and that indifference to conventional usages, which, if they have exposed the Quakers to some drawbacks, have also procured for them great advantages. In fact, it seems to us not easy to exaggerate the value of that atmosphere of calm self-possession in which most Quakers appear to live and move. The control they are thus enabled to get over all their faculties is wonderful, and is, perhaps, the reason why in that small body one finds so large a number of what may paradoxically be called "uncommon common men." The *quality* of their gifts may be

common enough—it was so in the case of Sturge; but there is such a free and healthy development of them, they grow to such strength and firmness, like well-sheltered evergreens, especially when under the influence of living Christianity, that practically they are giants. The elements of Mr. Sturge's character were common enough; but all were so fully developed and well combined that he stood out from his fellows—taller by head and shoulders than most of his contemporaries. We owe the materials of the present sketch to the interesting Biography published soon after his death by his friend Mr. Richards.

His conversion to God does not seem to have been a very marked or outstanding event. But at an early period of his life he appears to have come under the influence of the love of Christ, and to have been taught, as a lost sinner, to place all his dependence on the sacrifice of the Cross. On some occasions, too,—particularly on the death of his first wife within a year of their marriage,—he seems to have experienced a great deepening of the spiritual life, although, in looking back afterwards on the result, he could only lament his great shortcomings. But he was among those good men in whom conscience or the sense of Christian duty is far more developed than religious emotion or sensibility. His religion was much more that of action than of feeling. To the very last, he seems to have wanted the unclouded view—the sure sense of acceptance with God; yet all through life he felt the constraining power of Christianity, and grudged no sacrifice in the cause of Christian duty. He

was no stranger to prayer, or the Bible, or holy meditation, regularly devoting to these objects the first part of the day—watering his garden, as Dr. Trench says, “before the morn is hotly up,” and securing it from the scorching influence of the sun “till evening and the evening dewes return.” On the very last night of his life he had gone to the chamber of one of his little children, praying fervently beside his bed, and closing with the petition for his family, “that in heaven not one of them might be missing.”

His birth occurred in 1793, and his early youth was spent in Gloucestershire. Circumstances that might be termed accidental, if such things as accidents entered into the scheme of Providence, led to his abandoning farming and entering on the business of corn-factor, which he continued to prosecute, partly at Gloucester, but chiefly at Birmingham, during the remainder of his life. He was on the whole highly successful in business, suffering at times very deeply through the fluctuations of the corn-market, and from commercial losses; nevertheless, the business which he established became one of the first in the world, and the means placed at his disposal were consequently very large. Of these means he made so liberal a use, that before his marriage it was his custom to give away half, and afterwards, a third of his income.

It was in 1826 that he came to be closely connected with the Anti-Slavery Society. In that year, he became secretary to the branch society at Birmingham, and, in that capacity, a frequent

correspondent of Zachary Macaulay, then the mainspring of the Anti-Slavery cause in London. The councils of the Abolitionists were not then very harmonious. One section were somewhat slow and cautious, and, trusting more to diplomatic action on the Government than to the direct expression of the people's voice, were somewhat disposed to compromise and concession. The other section, with whom Mr. Sturge warmly sympathised, were utterly opposed to compromise, and wished to rally the country to the cry of the total and immediate abolition of slavery throughout all the territories of Great Britain. Without breaking entirely with the parent society, this section obtained a separate agency, by means of which they roused the whole country. Soon after this, in 1832, the Reform Bill passed, a Reform Parliament was chosen, and as the question had been put to the candidates whether they would support a motion for immediate abolition, and the answer had usually been in the affirmative, an Anti-Slavery House of Commons was the result. Still there were difficulties: the Government was stiff, and the cause of Abolition was again imperilled. But a fresh agitation of the country, and the assembling of 339 Anti-Slavery delegates in Exeter Hall in 1833, gave a new impulse to the cause. At last Mr. Stanley brought forward the Government proposal. It was saddled with conditions, —two, in particular, that were very obnoxious to Mr. Sturge and his friends. One was, that the state of slavery should be succeeded by an apprenticeship of twelve years (afterwards cut down

to seven); the other, that a loan of fifteen millions, afterwards changed into a gift of twenty millions, should be made to the planters as compensation for their lost property. Mr. Sturge and his friends held that nothing was due to the planters, that the wrong had been done by them, and that if a debt was to be paid, it should be to the slaves. Sir Fowell Buxton, who at this time conducted the Anti-Slavery cause in Parliament, attempted in vain, by conceding the gift of twenty millions, to secure the abolition of the apprenticeship proposal. The only concession obtained was the shortening the duration of the apprenticeship. The Abolitionists out of Parliament were most indignant at the course which had been followed by their Parliamentary allies. Their satisfaction at the abolition of slavery was greatly clouded by the conviction that the nation had been cheated out of twenty millions, and the poor negroes out of seven years' freedom.

Mr. Sturge's brief year of married life diverted his attention for a little from public matters. But when he began to recover from the blow which the loss of wife and child inflicted, the form in which, under the gentle guidance of a pious and most like-minded sister,* he resolved to improve his chastening, was that of increased devotion to duty, and especially to two public objects, the cause of the African, and the prevention of Sabbath-travelling on the London and Birmingham Railway. Suspicious from the first of the apprenticeship

* This sister died in 1845. After her death, Mr. Sturge married a second time.

system in our West India Colonies, he watched it very closely. But when he and his friends sought to expose the abuses which they had good cause to believe prevailed, they found it most difficult to procure trustworthy evidence. The evasion of the Act was carried on in such a crafty manner, and there was so much intimidation practised by the planters, that the true state of things could only be learned on the spot by some keen, fearless, independent witness. With great self-denial, Mr. Sturge resolved himself to cross the Atlantic and see the state of things in the West Indies with his own eyes. This resolution was so admired by his townsmen that they presented him with an address of sympathy and encouragement; and there is extant a letter from Mr. Angell James, pouring out a very heartfelt of benedictions on the head of the poor captives' friend. The results of his careful inspection were published in a book, "The West Indies in 1837." He visited the different islands, found much that was unjust and disgraceful, the situation of the slaves under the apprenticeship being in few things better, and in some things worse, than before. He arrived at the conclusion that there had been a great violation of the solemn compact with the British people; and that it was his duty to seek redress, by an appeal to the public and the Parliament of the country.

A new and very arduous campaign in the Anti-Slavery cause then opened before him. Even the old champions of Anti-Slavery were very averse to re-open the question. This reluctance was at first shown by Lord Brougham; but when he

examined Mr. Sturge's evidence he changed his opinion, and in 1838 moved that the period of apprenticeship should come to an end on the 1st of August of that year. But so little sympathy could he command, that only seven peers supported the motion. The country was again appealed to. Meetings were held in every direction. Three hundred and sixty-four delegates met in Exeter Hall, and brought all their influence to bear on the members of the House of Commons. A most animated debate ensued, but the result was the defeat of the enemies of apprenticeship by a majority of 269 to 215. But the party were undaunted. A new attempt was made in the same session of Parliament. In spite of the Government, it was carried by a majority of three. The Government were still, however, immovable. The House of Commons, by a new vote, virtually annulled the last. But deliverance came from an unexpected quarter. The Colonial Legislatures themselves saw what was coming, and, by their own act, declared the apprenticeship at an end on the 1st of August, 1838. The rejoicing both at home and in the Colonies was intense. In the West Indies "the people crowded the chapels on the evening of the 31st July, and remained there engaged in exercises of devotion until within a few minutes of twelve o'clock, when they all sunk into profound silence, waiting with breathless expectation the striking of the hour that was to proclaim that the day of freedom had dawned, and then burst into a loud and long-continued shout of triumphant joy. 'Never,' says Mr. Knibb, 'did I hear such a

sound. The winds of freedom appeared to have been let loose. The very building shook at the strong yet sacred joy.' The following day was of course devoted to holiday festivities. On the morning, all the places of worship were again thronged, while the faithful missionaries, who had suffered and laboured so much during the dark days of slavery, led the devout thanksgiving of their emancipated flocks, and addressed to them earnest words of mixed congratulation and counsel. No one act of riot or disorder disturbed the harmony of the scene. No law was broken. No social decorum was violated. No white person was insulted by word or gesture. 'Thus the period,' says the Rev. Mr. Philips, speaking of Jamaica, 'from which the worst consequences were apprehended, passed away in peace, in harmony, and in safety. Not a single instance of violence or insubordination, of serious disagreement or of intemperance, so far as could be ascertained, occurred in any part of the island.'"

In many other ways Mr. Sturge continued to befriend the negro. Among his projects, that of a new society, called "The World's Convention," was formed in 1839. In the intense excitement of feeling which characterised the active opponents of slavery, there could hardly fail to be instances of uncharitable thoughts and intolerant words towards those who did not go along with them. But the opening of the World's Convention presented a beautiful scene, which has been delineated by the pen of Haydon the painter, with a vividness unsurpassed in his picture. He

describes the aged and venerable Clarkson advancing with tottering steps to the chair.

“Aided by Joseph Sturge and his daughter, Clarkson mounted to the chair, sat down in it as if to rest, and then, in a tender feeble voice, appealed to the assembly for a few minutes’ meditation before he opened the Convention. The venerable old man put his hand simply to his forehead as if in prayer, and the whole assembly followed his example: for a minute there was the most intense silence I ever felt. Having inwardly uttered a short prayer, he was again helped up; and bending forward, leaning on the table he spoke to the great assembly as a patriarch standing near his grave, or as a kind father who felt an interest for his children. Every word he uttered was from his heart; he spoke tenderly, tremulously, and in alluding to Wilberforce acknowledged just as an aged man would acknowledge his decay of memory in forgetting many other dear friends whom he could not then recollect. After solemnly urging the members to persevere to the last, till slavery was extinct, lifting his arm and pointing to heaven (his face quivering with emotion), he ended by saying,—‘May the Supreme Ruler of all human events, at whose disposal are not only the hearts, but the intellects of men, may He in His abundant mercy guide your counsels and give His blessing upon your labours.’ There was a pause of a moment, and then, without an interchange of thought, or even of look, the whole of this vast meeting, men and women, said in a tone of subdued and deep feeling,—‘Amen! amen!’

“To the reader not present it is scarcely possible to convey without affectation the effect on the imagination of one who, like myself, had never attended benevolent meetings, had no notion of such deep sincerity in any body of men, or of the awful and unaffected piety of the class I had been brought amongst. That deep-toned AMEN came on my mind like the knell of a departing curse. I looked about me on the simple and extraordinary people, ever ready with their purse and their person for the accomplishment of their great object; and if ever sound was an echo to the sense, or if ever deep and undaunted meaning was conveyed to the soul by sound alone, the death-warrant of slavery all over the world was boded by that AMEN.

“I have seen the most affecting tragedies, imitative and real, but never did I witness in life or in the drama so deep, so touching, so pathetic an effect produced on any great assembly as by the few unaffected, unsophisticated words of this aged and agitated person.

“The women wept, the men shook off their tears, unable to prevent their flowing; for myself, I was so affected and astonished, that it was many minutes before I recovered sufficiently to perceive the moment of interest I had longed for had come to pass, and this was the moment I immediately chose for the picture.”

We have no room to speak of Mr. Sturge's next voyage across the Atlantic, in 1841, undertaken in the same great cause, to stir up the somewhat paralyzed Society of Friends in the States in the cause of Abolition, and generally ascertain the

condition of the slaves, and find out how the cause of freedom might be best advanced among them. The results of this visit, as of that to the West Indies, were published in an interesting volume. In the States Mr. Sturge made the personal acquaintance of the Quaker-poet and Abolitionist, Whittier, so well known in this country for his beautiful lyrics, several of which were composed in immediate connection with events in the life of Mr. Sturge.

We must advert, however, to his efforts on behalf of the Day of Rest on the Birmingham Railway, of which, at the time, he was a Director. It was not on high Sabbatarian grounds that his opposition rested. The views of the Society of Friends on the sanctity of the Sabbath are well known to be peculiar, and it was in accordance with them that Mr. Sturge opposed the running of trains on Sunday. While rejecting the notion of a special sanctity in any day, under the Christian dispensation, they earnestly maintain the duty of setting apart some portion of our time for religious purposes, and they hold that the day which is fixed on in practice by the community is the best and the right one. Mr. Sturge objected to Sunday trains on the ground that they would deprive a large number of the company's servants of their day of rest, of the means of Christian worship and instruction, and of the opportunity of enjoying intercourse with their families, and promoting their religious instruction. He deprecated, too, the notion of the company inducing any of their men to trifle with their religious convictions, or subject-

ing them to the alternative of having to give up their employment. And he attached great value to the moral effect on the character and habits of the people of a day of rest and religious observance, and strongly deprecated whatever tended to break down so salutary a custom. At first, in 1836, he proposed at the Board of Directors "that the company's engines and carriages should not be used on a Sunday, during the partial opening of the railway." The motion was lost by a majority of one. The same question being submitted to the shareholders in 1837, while 1,500 voted with Mr. Sturge, a larger number opposed the motion. In 1838, when it was again discussed, the vote was 3,621 for, and 7,486 against. The vote was so decisive as to forbid any attempt to renew the discussion. Mr. Sturge retired from the Board, intimating that "he could not be the representative of a body who had decided upon a course which he conceived to involve an incalculable extent of moral evil, while he fully acknowledged the courtesy he had received, even from those Directors whose opinions had differed from his own." The question will naturally occur to the reader, Why did Mr. Sturge not throw himself into this movement as energetically and resolutely as into the other? To his sagacious mind it could hardly have failed to be apparent that the system of Sunday trains, in full development, would entail an enormous amount of virtual slavery on that hard-working class with whom he sympathised most cordially. The great principle of "Prevention better than cure" might have called forth greater efforts in this important direction.

The "Peace Society" found in Mr. Sturge one of its most zealous, unwearied, and self-denying advocates. Besides all the journeys undertaken and speeches made in England on its behalf, he undertook two memorable Continental journeys to further its ends. One of them was the celebrated journey to St. Petersburg, to present to the Emperor Nicholas and his ministers the memorial of the Society of Friends, about the time of the commencement of the Crimean War. The other was a mission to Denmark, a few years earlier, to mediate between the Danes and Schleswig-Holstein. Unfortunately, neither mission succeeded in its immediate object. We do not see our way to the extreme position which the Society of Friends occupy on the subject of war, and we are not sure whether even in old age, if Mr. Sturge had been personally attacked, he would not have made the instinct of self-preservation harmonise with his Quaker principles in much the same way as his biographer tells us he did as a boy. He made a solemn resolution with himself never to fight, however sorely provoked; but he found it difficult to keep his resolution, and in one or two instances avoided direct boxing only by closing with his antagonist, and throwing him on the ground! But no candid person will deny that the world owes much to the Quakers and the Peace Society for drawing earnest attention to the barbarous character of war as a means of settling the disputes of nations, and that whatever increased disposition may now prevail to adopt arbitration instead, it is to them that no small share of credit

belongs. It would seem as if, in the imperfect state of society among us, no great cause, exposed to strong resistance, could be advanced without some exaggeration of its principles.

On the subject of Mr. Sturge's more purely political movements, we will only quote the remarkable testimony borne to him by the Rev. Charles Vince, the pastor of a large Christian congregation in Birmingham:—"Years ago, I held all the same principles in politics which Joseph Sturge held, but then I did so, not in his spirit, but in the spirit of the infidel Sunday newspaper. Presently, I came in contact with his writings, and those of his co-adjutors, and found them contending on Christian principles for those very things which I had sought as being destructive of religion and priestcraft. I found that priestcraft was not religion. The discovery opened to me a new world. I found that Joseph Sturge, and others like-minded with himself, saw the Polestar of Truth, and had followed it, and that, in the whole range of human affairs, the following out of God's will is the true line of our interest and duty."

We can but glance at the remarkable interest which Mr. Sturge, as an extensive employer of labour, took in the welfare of his people. Though residing upwards of fifty miles from Gloucester, where a large portion of his business lay, he visited his workmen at their homes—to the number of seventy or eighty families; talked to their wives and children, entered with them into their struggles and trials, and, without destroying their independence or self-respect, aided them in every suitable

way. He was fully alive to the charm of a *personal interest* in each. A friend who accompanied him on a visit to a sick child in an uninviting cottage, speaks with great admiration of the exhibition on this occasion of the Christian gentleness of his character. Strikes were unknown, as might be supposed, among his workpeople, and a very happy relation prevailed between master and men.

Nor can we speak at large of any of his other efforts on behalf of the working classes. He was a liberal friend of education, and an active promoter of the Quaker Sunday School. He presented the town of Birmingham with the remainder of his lease of a park, suitable for the recreation of the people. He fitted up a house as a hydropathic establishment for the benefit of the poorer classes. He established a juvenile reformatory, and purchased an estate in the country which he devoted entirely to the work of juvenile reformation. Busy as he was, he visited the Stoke Reformatory frequently, and came personally into contact with the children, talking to them separately, inquiring into their history, and exhorting them by words of gentle warning and counsel to fear God and love the Saviour. His private charities were very generous. A decayed gentleman of fine character had once a fifty-pound note put by him into his hand, with the quiet remark, he had been thinking it might be useful. A worthy tradesman, who laboured under a chronic and painful malady, he sent, at his own expense, to a hydropathic establishment, from which he returned, after some months, comparatively well, at a cost to his benefactor of sixty pounds.

The end came suddenly, though not quite unexpectedly. On the 14th of July, 1858, he rose at his usual early hour. Though attacked by a distressing fit of coughing, he retired as usual to read the Scriptures and pray. The coughing continued unabated, he was lifted on the bed, and the pain was succeeded by the faintness of death. Before his brothers could be summoned to his bedside, he was dead.

Mr. Whittier wrote a poem "In remembrance of Joseph Sturge." We copy its closing stanzas:—

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a larger faith in God's Word he cherished,
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests: his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife;
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble
His dust to dust is laid;
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing ;
 Beneath its smoky veil,
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging
 Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
 And the sweet heaven above—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
 Transfigured into love !





ANDREW REED.

ANDREW REED.

THE name of Dr. Andrew Reed is familiar to every one that knows anything of modern philanthropy ; and those who have never heard it have but to look at the outside of the book which records his Life* to see that there must have been something extraordinary about the man. What is the meaning of this? First, we have a Grecian palace, with portico and columns, and underneath the name of "Clapton;" then a larger Elizabethan palace, and underneath "Wanstead;" then a handsome Norman structure, and underneath it "Reedham." What can these palaces have to do with the life of an Independent minister? Has the bookbinder made a mistake? Was the publisher bringing out the Life of an eminent architect at the same time; and have the vignettes intended for its cover been transferred by mistake to the Life of Dr. Reed? You open the book, and you find the same palaces, and other beautiful buildings, reproduced in elegant engravings. The addition of a few words to the

* "Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D., with Selections from his Journals." Edited by his Sons. London: Strahan & Co: 1863.

name of each clears the mystery. The building at Clapton is the "London Orphan Asylum;" that at Wanstead is the "Infant Orphan Asylum;" that at Reedham is the "Asylum for Fatherless Children." Another beautiful Elizabethan structure is the "Asylum for Idiots," at Earlswood, Surrey; then we have the "Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots," Colchester; and, to crown all, the "Royal Hospital for Incurables," Putney, Surrey. And the connection of the Independent minister of New Road Chapel with these commanding structures is simply that he founded them all; roused the sympathy that appreciated the objects, and secured the patronage that reared the structures; was for many years the life and soul of all of them, worked for them as secretary, and as director, and as visitor, and adviser, and public orator, and private correspondent, during a term of years that, if added together, in the case of each, would amount altogether to upwards of one hundred; and did all this without ever costing one of them, or taking from one of them, a single farthing in any shape whatever. Sir Christopher Wren's motto has often been appropriated; but we know no one so well entitled as Dr. Reed to the use of it—"*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

He was born in the City of London, in the year 1787, of an ancestry so strongly Puritan that it seemed hardly possible for him to have missed their type of character. Maiden Newton, in Dorsetshire, had been for many years the seat of a family of honest yeomen, one of whom, Lieutenant-Colonel John Reed, an officer of the Parliamentary army, had firmly held the town of Poole in the days of the

Commonwealth against all comers. A century later, the family was represented by a John and Mary Reed, who loved the Gospel so well that when it ceased to be proclaimed in the pulpit of Maiden Newton, they took their family over the hill to a cottage meeting; while John Reed would gather a few neighbours at night to his house to hear him read and expound the Scriptures. One of his sons, Andrew, formed at Bridport, eight miles off, a congenial meeting, and thither, after a time, Sunday after Sunday, walked a company which included his father, his five brothers, and some others—nick-named “the Newton Gospellers.”

Andrew Reed became active in diffusing the knowledge of the Gospel as best he could through the neighbouring parishes in Dorsetshire, but after a time removed to London, where he began business as a watchmaker. Engaging heartily in labours of love, he was visiting a dying man one Sunday in one of the low courts about Drury Lane, when he overheard in a neighbouring room a female voice offering prayer. The visitor was a young lady, an orphan, who had been fraudulently deprived of her property, and who, while teaching a dame’s school for her living, devoted her spare time to works of charity and piety. By-and-by, this lady became the wife of Andrew Reed. In a part of the great Beaumont House, near Temple Bar, Reed pursued his trade as watchmaker; while his wife, in another apartment, taught her school. It was here that, after the loss of three children in infancy, their fourth child, Andrew, was born.

Mrs. Reed was a woman of remarkable self-reliance,

who, on losing a patrimonial provision, and being persecuted by a stepmother, had supported herself by teaching; and afterwards, when she wished her husband to take to study, and pull an oar in the Gospel boat, set up a stoneware business of her own, and relieved him greatly of secular toils and cares.

The father and mother being so thoroughly of one mind, their example told powerfully on their son. "I recollect nothing at this period," he afterwards said, "that gave me such an elevated idea of my father's goodness as his acts of prayer; and my mind returns to few things in childhood with more pleasure than to many of our Sabbath evenings." He used to be taken by his father to hear eminent preachers, and to be present at remarkable scenes. On the 10th of May, 1799, he was taken to Paul's Coffee House, to be present at the beginning of the Religious Tract Society; "an occasion," say his sons, "which perhaps prompted him to send, in 1805, one of his earliest compositions for publication as a tract."

At the age of nine, in 1796, he might have been seen with his mother visiting the newly-erected statue of John Howard in St. Paul's, and, it may be, overheard asking questions, the answering to which may silently have given a direction to his own life. It was not long before the son abandoned watch-making, and proceeded to study for the ministry of the Independent body, at their Hackney College.

As his intellectual character was developing, the anxiety of his mother lest his spiritual state should receive damage from his studies was very great. If he was to be a minister of the Gospel, she wished

him to be one after the type of Whitefield ; and on one occasion she pushed a *Life of the great preacher* into his drawer of books, in order that it might come under his notice. In his diary he says that he read it twice, and, the sequel showed, not without deep impression. His mother wrote that "she would rather see him sweeping the street than preaching without due acknowledgment of the blessed Spirit ;" adding, "O Thou adorable Spirit, suffer my dear boy to depend on no learning or ability, but on Thyself alone !"

Little more needs to be narrated of him prior to his becoming, in 1811, at the age of twenty-four, minister of the chapel in the New Road. This charge he retained for the long period of fifty years, indeed, to the very time of his death. A handsome new chapel, built through his own exertions, and termed (in honour of the morning star of the Reformation) *Wicliffe Chapel*, to which he and his congregation transferred themselves in 1831, constituted the only external break in the uniformity of his ministerial charge. The congregation under his care appears to have prospered greatly, both outwardly and inwardly.

The remarkable thing about him is his double life. There were two Dr. Reeds—Dr. Reed of *Wicliffe Chapel*, and Dr. Reed the great philanthropist. At first, the two were one ; but latterly, Dr. Reed the philanthropist diverged, as it were, from Dr. Reed the pastor, and seemed to work in a different sphere. His first efforts were closely connected with his flock. He desired them to be an active people—active in every good work. No book had made a greater impression on his own mind than the "*Life of Whitefield* ;" it was one of those that first led him

to religious earnestness, and to the profession of the ministry ; and Whitefield's great efforts on behalf of orphans had much effect in rousing him to similar activity. But as soon as he began to form a plan of an orphan asylum, he saw the necessity of giving it the broadest possible basis. To avoid all appearance of sectarianism, he associated with himself a clergyman of the Church of England, and it was resolved that the worship of the hospital should be according to Church of England forms. In 1814, a small house was taken, and *four* orphan girls were nominated as the first inmates. From this humble beginning the institution gradually grew to great dimensions.

A great stroke of business was done when H.R.H. the Duke of Kent became a visitor of the institution, presided at its annual dinner, and attended the first sermon on its behalf. Dr. Reed seems never to have omitted the dinner. Once he was offered a ball in support of his Charity, under the lady patronesses of Almack's ; but dancing on behalf of orphans was not like dining. By-and-by, the Charity gets the favour of the Stock Exchange, then of the Press, then of the Governors of the Bank of England, the Docks, the East India Company, the City of London—and, finally, of Royalty itself. In 1821, it had grown to such dimensions that 3,500 guineas were spent in purchasing a site for an asylum at Clapton. In two or three years more, no less than £25,000 had been spent in building the house ; which, however, had been estimated to cost but half that sum. The Duke of York laid the foundation stone. The greater part of this money was raised through the personal exertions of Dr. Reed. In addition to this, he per-

sonally superintended the erection of the building. The anxiety and labour involved in this were enormous, especially when added to the labours of his congregation. For six weeks he did not dine with his family oftener than once a week. Besides the special labour devoted to the construction of the new house, the internal management of the Charity occupied continuously a large share of his time. As regularly as Saturday came round, he might be seen with his sons standing, at one o'clock, at the head of the dining-room, to hear the grace sung, and passing along the tables to cheer the inmates. He was always there to receive the newly-elected children, there to give suitable counsel to those who were leaving, and there to receive those who came once a year with suitable certificates to claim a stipulated reward. He aided many a widow in getting her orphan child elected, he visited the sick in the infirmary, and he regularly kept holiday with the whole establishment, when Wanstead Forest rang with sounds of glee. For twelve years the Institution received more than half his time. His own personal contributions in money were considerable, and his correspondence was immense. In the course of a few years, the income of the Charity became £10,000 a year. In 1858 there were 410 in the house, and 2,228 orphans had been provided for.

No infant under seven years of age was received into the London Orphan Asylum. Many distressing cases of refusal, and these the most necessitous of all, resulted from this arrangement. Failing to get the consent of his colleagues to open their doors to infants under seven, Dr. Reed, in 1827, announced

the "Infant Orphan Asylum" as a separate Institution. It was not so difficult to get this asylum started as the other. At the first public meeting, widowed mothers with infants in their arms besieged the way and silently pleaded the cause of the orphan. Next year, the Duchess of Kent promised her help, "and that of her little orphan daughter Victoria, to a cause which, had he lived, her father would have espoused." We find Dr. Reed, in regulations for this Institution, showing a wise regard to the natural wants of little children. The nursery must be constantly supplied with fresh air. The children must never be allowed to weep without an effort to ascertain the cause. "Remember the eye needs agreeable objects on which to gaze, the ear needs sweet harmony, and the heart seeks human sympathy, as surely as the stomach requires suitable food. Children love birds and flowers. Birds, flowers, and children love light and air. Those who love children love also birds and flowers, and such are fitted by Providence to become their best nurses. Let them be sought out, and let none other be employed in this important duty." After the Institution had got established in rented premises came the labour of giving it a local habitation. A family of 103 infants needed space, and Dr. Reed was determined that, when once about it, they should build for 500. The outlay was very heavy. One of his proposals was, that twenty gentlemen should each place £100 on the foundation-stone (he himself being one of them), and that a hundred ladies should each deposit a purse of £5 or upwards. When the day came the gentlemen were all ready, but instead of 100 ladies there were 400! In 1841,

Prince Albert laid the foundation-stone at Wanstead.

But the connection of Dr. Reed with this building was very short. Unable to agree with the directors as to the propriety of teaching the Church of England Catechism to infants of so tender years, he withdrew from the directorship in 1843. In the following year he adopted the same course in regard to the London Asylum. These separations cost him great pain, but he now deliberately thought that they were not constituted on a proper basis. His energies were then devoted to a third object—the rearing of an Asylum for Infants which should be open to all, irrespective of tests, either of sect or party, and based upon the most liberal foundation. Particular cases had occurred in which infants had failed to obtain the benefits of the other asylums from conscientious difficulties of their surviving guardians. The new movement prospered greatly. Lord Dudley Stuart and other influential men gave it their hearty support. “The Asylum for Fatherless Children” advanced apace. In the course of time, the usual steps had been taken for purchasing land and raising a building-fund; and, by-and-by, the sound of axe and hammer was heard on a suitable piece of ground near Croydon, which received the name of Reedham, in honour of Dr. Reed. The first stone was laid in August, 1856, and the Institution was placed on a permanent footing.

We pass by the Hackney Grammar School and the East London Savings Bank, in the establishment of which Dr. Reed had a principal share, in order to dwell a little on the history of the Asylum for Idiots.

Grieved by what he felt to be misconception of his motives, and even personal injury, in other undertakings, Dr. Reed exclaimed in 1846, "Now I will go to the lowest!" He had, personally, a shrinking from infirmity and deformity, amounting almost to a loathing. It was not taste nor inclination, but stern duty, that led him to espouse the cause of the idiot. The field being unbroken in this country, he endeavoured to obtain all the light which visits to Institutions in foreign countries could give him before he entered on his new task. Having satisfied himself that the idea of instructing and improving a large class of idiots was feasible, he resolved to set about it. His first meeting was held in July, 1847. Thereafter he threw himself into the old toilsome work of arousing the sympathies of the public. Day by day he paid visits and wrote letters to men of all ranks. In October, the Institution was opened. Its first home was on Highgate Hill, and here he spent many weeks preparing for the reception of the first inmates, which took place in April, 1848.

By-and-by, in 1850, by arrangement with Sir Morton Peto, the friends of the Charity were put in possession of Essex Hall at Colchester, and, distant though it was, Dr. Reed was a constant and regular visitor. There he would spend his Christmas, and there he would find his enjoyment in promoting the enjoyment of the hapless inmates. It was now almost time to set about building. A suitable site was purchased at Earlswood, Surrey, and Dr. Reed, to be near it, purchased an adjacent property for himself. By-and-by a magnificent building was reared at

Earlswood, the foundation-stone being laid by Prince Albert on the 16th of June, 1852, and the house opened in 1855. But Essex House was not abandoned. Many of the directors wished it to be given up, but Dr. Reed thought there was room for it also, and through his great exertions it was continued on a local footing, as the "Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots." Many were the touching incidents in connection with these Institutions. A mother one day comes in and asks to see her child. The child is brought. She looks earnestly, and says with emphasis, "This is not my child." She looks again and bursts into tears. It was her child, in measure restored from death to life. A boy lies dying, but looking calm and patient, in one of the beds. He is asked what makes him so comfortable, and in whom he trusts, and he replies quietly, but with evident emotion :

"My Saviour."

"What did He do for you?"

"Died for me."

"Why did He die for you?"

"For my sins, that I may go to heaven."

Things hid from the wise and prudent, revealed to babes.

Once Dr. Reed had been asked if idiots had souls. When dying, he referred to this and said, "I remember that little fellow that said, 'I love God.' Nothing that loves Him shall perish. No, they shall not die. I shall meet them soon in heaven. Amen."

One other labour yet awaited the old age of this Hercules of philanthropy. Passing through Paris, he had once been struck by the name placed by the

Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld upon his Hospital for Lunatics—"L'Hôpital des Incurables." Incurables! He was soon surprised to learn that the word included only mental affections; and then it seemed to strike him that an Institution for the hopelessly incurable was yet a desideratum in English charity. It was in 1854 that the new scheme was launched. He took great pains to show that it was not designed to interfere with other charities, but only to supplement them by supplying a great defect. We need not detail the steps which led to the success of the new charity. These were crowned, in 1855, by the purchase of a site; but, in consequence of keen opposition to his views by some of the directors, an angry controversy followed, which delayed proceedings for a long time. Before he died, he had the satisfaction to see the controversy ended, and arrangements made for rearing a permanent building; but it was not given him to see his latest charge in a home of their own. To the last he continued to take a deep interest in the Institution; and some of his latest acts were in connection with its affairs. His death occurred in February, 1862.

The six Institutions which Dr. Reed founded cost in all £129,320. The number of persons for whom they contained accommodation was 2,110, and the actual inmates 1,760. The total receipts connected with these charities was £1,043,566 13s. 1d. Dr. Reed's own contributions in money amounted to nearly £5,000. The years of gratuitous service given to them were respectively 33, 16, 18, 15, 8, 12,—in all 102. Of one of them he says that in four years he was at Earlswood 400 times; and as each visit

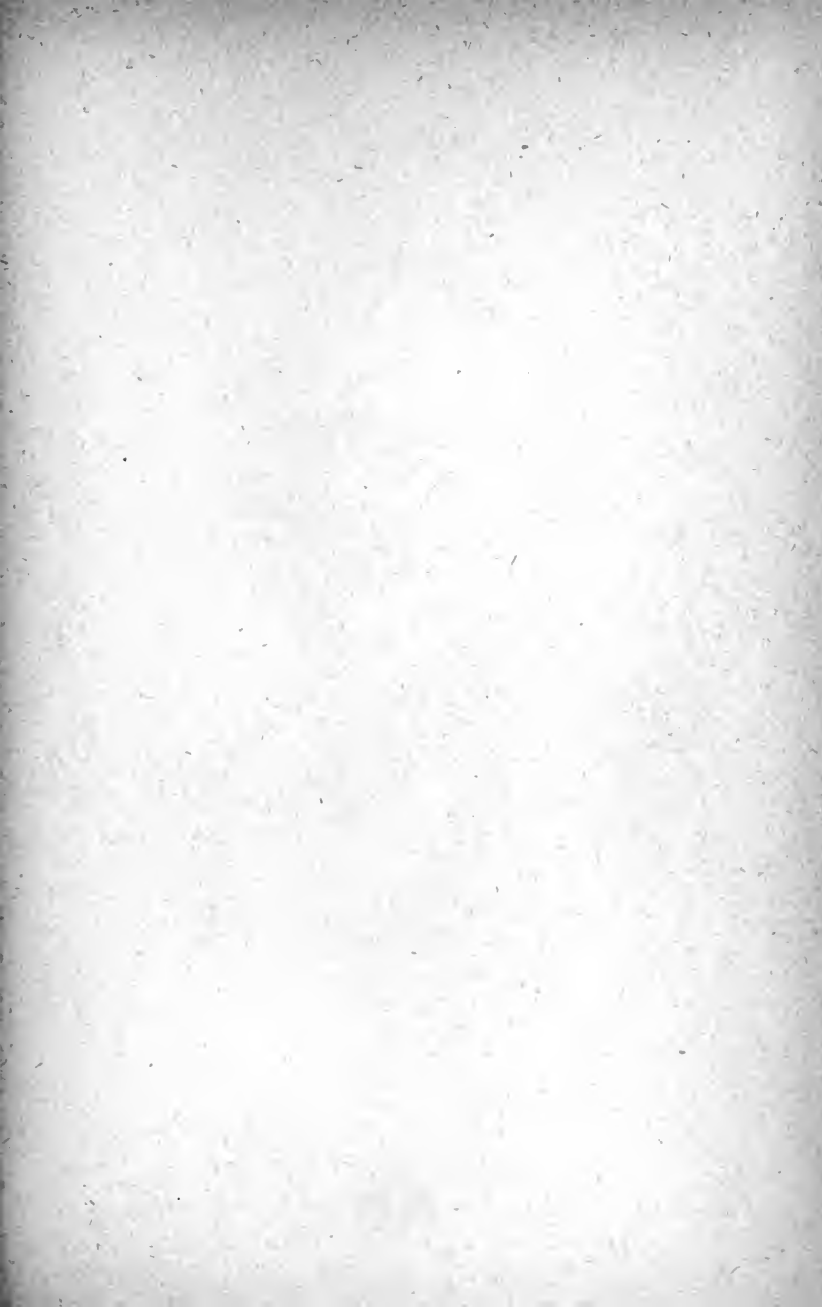
occupied about a day, he had given it fully a year of his time. It is difficult to believe that all the while Dr. Reed was sole minister of a flock of 1,100 members, and was taking an active share in public and ecclesiastical movements.

It must not be thought that Dr. Reed encountered no difficulties in carrying out his undertakings. A bare list of the casualties and disappointments that befel him would be a long document. In the case of his first building, the contracts fell into bad hands, the contractors became bankrupt, and everything seemed falling into confusion. In another case, in the course of two years, he says, "We have been burnt out, blown down, and robbed." Sometimes a great man, apparently secured as chairman of a meeting or president of a dinner, failed at the eleventh hour. The greatest and most crushing trial of all was when some trusted official proved unfaithful, and embezzled the means of the Charity. But it was Dr. Reed's principle, that without difficulties no great enterprise could be carried on, and that sometimes the greatness of the undertaking was evinced by the greatness of the difficulties. Adopting as his crest and motto a cross with "Nil Desperandum" under it, he went on through difficulties and trials of every kind. As for collecting money, he had no scruple whatever. Having some patrimonial provision himself, he always set a liberal example, and he stuck rigidly to the rule of appropriating any surplus of income at the end of the year to Christian and charitable purposes, never accumulating more. When his people were building a new chapel, at large cost, instead of weakly lamenting the expense to

which they were put, he calmly remarked that they were all the better for it. His energy and persistency were remarkable to the end. The only sign of inconsistency he showed was in abandoning some of the Institutions of which he was the founder—a step justified, no doubt, by reasons that, to his conscience, were quite sufficient, but which others may regard as in some degree the unconscious fruit of a restless temperament.

How much his Charities occupied his mind and his heart need not be said.

Straws show how the wind is blowing; and sketches for buildings occurring in his note-books—dried flowers preserved in them connected with some touching incident in an orphan's life—and mottoes intended for panels and doorways, showed how the current of his thoughts and feelings ran. The appeals he was accustomed to make in public showed a sublime sense of the grandeur and dignity of charity as a nation's highest glory. This view he was accustomed to urge strongly in addressing the nobility and Royalty itself: artificial honours became dim and worthless before the spirit of Christian charity; crowns and coronets were not worth the wearing, unless they reflected the lustre of works of love.





THOMAS GUTHRIE.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

THE name of Guthrie, like that of Argyll, is a name consecrated in the martyr-history of Scotland. In the same week in which the Marquis of Argyll was beheaded (May and June, 1661), James Guthrie, an eminent minister of the Church of Scotland in Stirling, was hanged. He met his death with singular composure, commending Christ with all his heart to the people, and appropriating the *Nunc dimittis* in his closing prayer. According to the barbarous custom of the times, his head, severed from his body, was fastened to the gate of the Nether Bow, in Edinburgh, where it remained a long time; and a story was current, that on one occasion, as the King's Commissioner was passing through the gate, some drops of blood from the martyr's head fell upon the carriage, which could by no means be wiped out. He is the "great Guthrie" of the Martyrs' Monument in the Greyfriars' Churchyard of Edinburgh; and both before and after Thomas Guthrie was minister of the Greyfriars' Church, he often referred with a glow of triumph to the martyr, who, if not his ancestor, was of the same stock with himself.

There was another Guthrie in these martyr times

in the ministry of the Church of Scotland—William Guthrie, minister of Fenwick, in Ayrshire, but a native of Forfarshire, where his family owned a small landed estate, Pitforth, near Brechin. He was the author of “The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ,” and other books that were long extremely popular among the devout people of Scotland. He was probably the greatest preacher of the day, so popular, indeed, that people used to build dwelling-houses on his glebe, that they might enjoy the benefit of his ministry. His devotion to the Christian ministry was shown by his giving up the estate of Pitforth to a younger brother, that he might give his whole time and strength to his pastoral work. There seemed to be no branch of that work in which he did not excel. It was believed that more souls were converted under his ministry than under any other, and the very face of the parish underwent a marvellous change. With all these spiritual attributes he was a man of extraordinary humour, who would often set the table in a roar; he was fond of fishing and fowling, and would sometimes, in sportsman’s dress, accost some of the wilder people of the parish, and get a promise from them to come to the church, where, it turned out, to their amazement, their sportsman friend was the minister. William Guthrie, like his namesake Thomas, had that power which belongs to men of genius, of passing at a bound from the comic to the tragic, from the airy realms of humour to the solemn region of the Divine presence. On one occasion when a number of ministers were assembled, Mr. Guthrie, after keeping them during the afternoon in the highest glee, was

asked to offer the customary evening prayer. He did so with so much solemnity and earnestness, that his friend, James Durham (author of many excellent religious works) thus accosted him: "Oh, William, if I had laughed so much as you have done to-night, it would have taken me eight-and-forty hours to get such a spirit of prayer." William Guthrie was expelled from his charge on the restoration of Charles II., and died soon after (1685), at the early age of forty-five.

The Guthrie of the nineteenth century was so like this Guthrie of the seventeenth, that one is strongly tempted to believe that he must have been his descendant. Anyhow, the spirit of the older Guthrie survived in Forfarshire, and was reproduced very remarkably in the subject of the present sketch. The best traditions of the Covenanting period were preserved, not merely as traditions, but as the fruits and tokens of a living earnest godliness. His mother was a woman of rare godliness and earnestness. "It would be impossible," say Dr. Guthrie's sons, in their Biography, "to exaggerate the influence of his mother on her son's future career. He never spoke of her but with the profoundest reverence; and to her prayers, her piety, and her precepts, he undoubtedly owed more than to any other human influence. To use the quaint expression employed by an old retainer in the family, when speaking of his earliest days, 'he drank in the Gospel with his mother's milk.'" Of like tenor were his own words in a speech to the General Assembly: "With my mother's milk I drank in an abhorrence of patronage; and it was at her knees that I first learned to pray;

that I learned to form a reverence for the Bible as the inspired Word of God ; that I learned to hold the sanctity of the Sabbath ; that I learned the peculiarities of the Scottish religion ; that I learned my regard for the principles of civil and religious liberty, which have made me ever hate oppression and resist the oppressor."

Dr. Guthrie was born at Brechin, in Forfarshire, on the 12th of July, 1803. His early years were spent in his native town, where his father was a merchant, and afterwards provost of the burgh. Not much is known of the history of his inner life. It is not supposed that his conversion was of the marked or vivid type, but rather such as he once described as the experience of many, if not of most. "Unconscious of the change when it began, they know not when or how it happened. And thus, with many, the dawn of grace resembles, in more respects than one, the dawn of day. It is with the spiritual dawn of many—with the breaking of their eternal day—with their first emotions of desire and of alarm, as with that faint and feeble streak which brightened and widened and spread, till it blazed into a brilliant sky."

Dr. Guthrie's family were members of the Established Church of Scotland, and from an early period his mind was set on being a minister. At Edinburgh he underwent the usual preparation ; and after completing the long curriculum of study, he was licensed to preach in 1825. He had a high idea of the office: he said it was one which the angels might covet; this exalted opinion being closely connected with what he ever held to be

the chief object of the ministry: "to beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God." His views were evangelical to the backbone, and they were adopted and maintained to the end, first, as being Scriptural; then, as being confirmed by his own experience; and still further, as being in harmony with the experience of the godly everywhere. For five years no door opened for him, and he employed a considerable part of the time in his father's banking office. Nor did he regret afterwards what at the time had appeared an irksome necessity, for the knowledge of business and of human character which he thus acquired was found by him to be a most useful help even in the work of the ministry.

At length, in 1830, he obtained a presentation to the church of Arbirlot, near Arbroath. This parish, as described by himself, "hung on a slope that gently declined to the sandy slopes of the German Ocean. There was wood enough to ornament the landscape, but not to intercept the fresh breezes, that, curling and cresting the waves, blew landward from the sea, or swept down seaward from heights loaded with the fragrance of mown hay, or blooming beanfields, or moors golden with the flowers of the gorse." It was a purely agricultural parish, with a population of about one thousand, so well educated that but one grown-up person could not read; so regular in religious duty that but one person did not attend church; and so free from intemperance that the one public-house depended chiefly for its customers on the neighbouring town. "The moral aspects were much in harmony with

the physical, of a scene where the fields yielded abundant harvests, and the air, loaded with the fragrant perfume of flowers, sung to the song of larks and woodland birds, and long lines of breakers gleamed and boomed upon the shore, and ships with white sails flecked the blue ocean, and the Bell Rock Tower stood on its rise, to shoot cheerful beams athwart the gloom of night: a type of that Church which, our guide to the desired haven, is founded on a Rock, and fearless of the rage of storms."

Though there appeared to be little call for earnest work in such a parish, where the previous incumbent was a good and able preacher, there were many things connected with the rise of the evangelical spirit to which a young minister was called to give his energies. There were Sabbath schools, and Bible classes, and libraries to be organized and prosecuted, and to these Mr. Guthrie gave earnest attention. The temporal as well as the spiritual interests of his people engaged his attention, for from the first he bore in mind that godliness has promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. His incumbency at Arbirlot, however, was signalized chiefly by a growing conviction of the importance of cultivating the art of effective preaching. Observing the tendency of some of the people to drowsiness, he resolved that, whatever else he might do, he would compel them to attend. For this purpose he taught himself to look them right in the face, and go through them, as it were, with his eyes. Watching to see what parts of his sermons were most interesting to them, he found it was the illustra-

tions, and he determined to cultivate that department with the utmost care. How thorough a master he became in it, all who ever heard him preach in after years can readily testify.

But it was his Edinburgh ministry that drew out the man to the utmost, and especially called into activity those powers of evangelical philanthropy which became so conspicuous. In Edinburgh, he was two things—a great preacher, and a great philanthropist. Translated in 1837 to the charge of Old Greyfriars, he found in the church a highly respectable congregation, while the parish to which it nominally belonged was in the lowest condition of neglect and degradation. The younger evangelical ministers of the time were in full sympathy with the views of Dr. Chalmers on the value of a well-wrought parochial system—views which Chalmers had been for years urging, and likewise carrying out with all the enthusiasm of his nature. For many a long year, while the spirit of Robertson and Blair was in the ascendant, the parishes as such had been sadly neglected, and a population had been suffered to grow up in them among whom church-going habits had been entirely abandoned, and the very profession of religion had become unknown. Dr. Guthrie entered most cordially into the views of Dr. Chalmers, and set himself with a noble alacrity and zeal to reform his parish.

But it was not an easy task. The Cowgate of Edinburgh was a very different sphere from the well-aired, sunny fields of Arbirlot.

In a paper in the "Sunday Magazine" he tells how, one gloomy day, in the fall of the year, he stood on

the South Bridge, looking down on the foul crowded closes that stretch like ribs down into the Cowgate. "The streets were a puddle; the heavy air, loaded with smoke, was thick and murky; right below lay the narrow street of dingy tenements, whose toppling chimneys and patched and battered roofs were apt emblems of the fortunes of most of its tenants. Of these, some were lying over the sills of windows, innocent of glass, or stuffed with old hats and dirty rags; others, coarse-looking women, with squalid children in their arms or at their feet, stood in groups at the close mouths; here with empty laughter, chaffing any passing acquaintance; there screaming each other down in a drunken brawl, or standing sullen and silent, with hunger and ill-usage in their saddened looks. A brewer's cart, threatening to crush beneath its ponderous wheels the ragged urchins who had no other playground, thundered over the causeway, drowning the quavering voice of one whose drooping head and scanty dress were ill in harmony with song, but not drowning the shrill pipe of an Irish girl who thumped the back of an unlucky donkey, and cried her herrings at three a penny. So looked the parish I had come to cultivate; and while contrasting the scene below with the pleasant recollections of the parish I had just left—its singing larks, daisied pastures, hedges of hoary thorn, fragrant beanfields and smiling gardens; decent peasants, stalwart lads and blooming lasses, and the grand blue sea rolling its lines of snowy breakers on the shore—my rather sad and sombre runinations were suddenly checked. A hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round to find

Dr. Chalmers at my elbow Contemplating the scene for a little in silence, all at once, with his broad Luther-like face glowing with enthusiasm, he waved his arm to exclaim: 'A beautiful field, sir; a very fine field of operation.' "

In this "very fine field" Mr. Guthrie set nobly and very assiduously to work, and for several years his labours in these dingy closes were unceasing. The earnestness of his work in the Cowgate was the more remarkable that the Greyfriars Church soon became crowded with admiring hearers, comprising many of the *élite* of the New Town of Edinburgh. But his heart lay with the poor. To elevate them from their degradation was constantly his aim; and as Greyfriars was a collegiate charge, and his services in its pulpit were needed but once a day, he opened the old and venerable Magdalene Chapel in the Cowgate—the place of worship of the French Embassy, and the place of meeting, it is said, of the first Protestant General Assembly. Here he preached to the very poorest of the poor. By-and-by, an additional parish church was erected, and by its constitution the area was allocated free to the parishioners, while the ladies and gentlemen of the New Town were placed in the galleries, in pews for which a seat-rent was exacted. It was a fine moral testimony to the value of the souls of the poor, conceived in the spirit of St. James, giving the good place to the poor man, and bidding the gold-ringed gentry get away to the remoter corners.

But the experiment was short-lived. Hardly had Mr. Guthrie taken possession of St. John's Church, when the shadow of the impending Disruption of the

Scottish Church began to fall. In the controversy that preceded that event he took a most lively interest, and a most active and decided part. His sympathy for the people and his regard for their souls roused his opposition to the high-handed patronage which was trying to inflict unacceptable ministers on resisting congregations. Not less was he distressed at the attempt of the civil courts to interfere, as he believed, with the freedom of the Church, and to prevent them from giving effect in civil matters to what he believed to be her Master's will. In fact, no man was more conspicuous or hearty than Dr. Guthrie in standing up for the rights of the people and the freedom of the Church. He felt himself called to do so, not merely as representing the Guthries and other Covenanters of the olden times, but as a minister of Jesus Christ, the true and only Head of the Church, and as a patriotic Scotchman, the foe of all arbitrary power, and especially of the efforts of worldly men to overbear the honest convictions and the spiritual instincts of the Christian people. In 1843, he was one of the most enthusiastic leaders of the Free Church exodus, gave up his church and stipend, and gathered his congregation into the Methodist Chapel, worshipping there at such hours as could be arranged. In platform work, on behalf of the Free Church, his singularly rich vein of humour and power of popular eloquence made him a most effective advocate. Two years later, he set himself to traverse Scotland, hold meetings everywhere, and collect a sum of £100,000, as the foundation of a manse fund to build houses for the ousted ministers.

The sum actually raised was £116,000 ; but this great service to his Church was performed at the sacrifice of that robust health which he had hitherto enjoyed. The heart was affected under the strain and pressure of such constant effort, and he never again recovered that rude health which had previously made him sit so easy under all his toils and burdens.

Meanwhile, the fame of Dr. Guthrie in the pulpit was rising higher and higher. Never deviating from his original purpose to make the way of salvation by grace his leading theme in the pulpit, Dr. Guthrie was able to invest that, and all related topics, with a wonderful freshness and interest, more especially by the faculty of illustration which he cultivated so copiously and so successfully. "In listening to him," says his colleague, the late Dr. Hanna, "scenes and images passed in almost unbroken succession before the eye, always apposite, often singularly picturesque and graphic, frequently most tenderly pathetic. But it was neither their number nor their variety that explained the fact that they were all, and so universally, effective. It was the common character they possessed of being perfectly plain and simple, drawn from quarters with which all were familiar; few of them from books, none of them from 'the depths of the inner consciousness,' supplied by ingenious mental analysis; almost all of them taken from the sights of Nature or incidents of human life; the sea, the storm, the shipwreck, the beacon light, the lifeboat, the family wrapped in sleep; the midnight conflagration, the child at the window above, a parent's arms held up from below, and the child told to leap and to trust. There was

much of true poetry in the series of images so presented; but it was poetry of a kind that needed no interpreter, required no effort either to understand or appreciate, which appealed directly to the eye and heart of our common humanity, of which all kinds and classes of people, and that almost equally, saw the beauty and felt the power."

Not less remarkably was Dr. Guthrie rising as a platform speaker. He was acknowledged to be one of the greatest humorists of the country. The restraint under which he placed his humour in the pulpit, never allowing even the faintest ripple to play on the faces of the people, while speaking as dying to dying men, was balanced by a very free and hearty indulgence of it on the platform. This faculty made him likewise very charming in society. "With heart and hand open as day to every sentiment and deed of kindness, he went abroad among his fellow-men, and open, hearty and joyous was the greeting that everywhere he got. His bright smile, his cheery laugh, his varied information, his store of anecdotes, his readiness and felicity of phrase, his broad and genial human kindness, his conversational gifts made him a great and general favourite in society, as welcome in the *salons* of the noble as in the dwellings of the poor."

It was impossible for a man of such warm human sympathy—a sympathy which belonged to his very nature, but had been greatly purified and intensified by his Christianity—to have such an intimate acquaintance with the sunken population of Edinburgh, and not be intensely interested in all feasible projects for their amelioration.

“It had been long apparent to him,” says Dr. Hanna, “that the one great opprobrium which lay upon the Christianity of our country was the degraded and debased condition of such large masses of our city populations; the ignorance, the drunkenness, the debauchery, the crime, the godlessness, simmering and seething, boiling up and running over, within those half-lighted, half-heated, defiled and uncleansed dwellings in which thousands upon thousands of our fellow-creatures are living and dying within arms’ reach, but comparatively uncared for.” Dr. Guthrie believed that the only thorough instrument of elevating them was the Gospel, when proclaimed in devout earnestness and made effectual by the power of the Holy Spirit. But many things came between these poor people and the Gospel, and many things needed to be changed, to give them a fair opportunity of profiting by it. In Dr. Guthrie’s case, as in that of so many others, the special line into which he was led to direct his philanthropy was determined by providential indications. The care of neglected children took a strong hold of his heart. A circumstance occurred so early as 1848 that quickened his interest in this class. On a visit to Anstruther, the birth-place of Thomas Chalmers, he happened to see a picture representing a cobbler’s room; the cobbler was there, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; the massive forehead and firm mouth indicated great determination of character; while from beneath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, all busy at their lessons

around him. It was a picture of John Pounds, cobbler, Portsmouth; and for the first time Dr. Guthrie learned how the good man had taken pity on the ragged children for whom no man cared; how he had gone forth to lure them in, sometimes with a potato, to his shop; and how, "looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved for society no fewer than five hundred children!"

"I confess," he says, "that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment—and in my cooler and calmer hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it—'That man is an honour to humanity.'"

But the Disruption came, and for a time Dr. Guthrie's energies were absorbed with other work. Still the old yearning remained to do something in the line of John Pounds. It would occasionally ooze out in scenes by the way. One day, strolling with a friend about Arthur's Seat, they come to St. Anthony's Well, and sit down "to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their *tinnies* were ready with a draught of the clear cold water, in hope of a halfpenny. We thought it would be a kindness to them, and not out of character in us, to tell them of the living water that springeth up to life eternal, and of Him who sat on the stone of Jacob's Well, and who stood in the Temple and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.'" The idea of a Ragged School was in Dr. Guthrie's head, so he asked the boys, Would you

go to school if, besides your learning, you were to get breakfast, dinner and supper there? "It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as, hearing of three sure meals a day, the boy leapt to his feet: the boy exclaimed: 'Ay, will I, sir, and bring the hail land too;' and then, afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed, 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir.'"

Dr. Guthrie's first idea was to have his Ragged School in the large schoolroom below St. John's Free Church. His office-bearers, however, alarmed at the additional money responsibility, discouraged the undertaking. It was a vexation and disappointment to Dr. Guthrie at the time, but a gain to the cause and a gain to the public; for it led him to lay the foundation of his undertaking on a broader basis, and it led to the preparation and publication of his "Plea for Ragged Schools,"—the first *brochure* he ever published, and a noble monument alike to his genius and his Christian philanthropy. A standard was unfurled under which many good men who had parted company in their Church connection were encouraged to meet; a great platform of Christian co-operation was brought into prominence, and the ecclesiastical atmosphere was manifestly sweetened. On Dr. Guthrie himself the effect was great. Henceforward, whilst quite loyal to his own Church, he became more catholic—the common property, as it were, of the whole evangelical community.

Dr. Guthrie says he published his "Plea" with fear and trembling; but the printer's ink was hardly dry

when letters of thanks and laudation began to pour in upon him, along with many substantial tokens of the interest which he had excited. A letter from the prince of Scotch reviewers, Lord Jeffrey, was particularly pleasing. "I have long considered you and Dr. Chalmers," said the great critic, "as the two great benefactors of your age and country, and admired and envied you beyond all your contemporaries, though far less for your extraordinary genius and eloquence than for the noble uses to which you have devoted these gifts, and the good you have done by the use of them. In all these respects, this last effort of yours is perhaps the most remarkable and important; and among the many thousand hearts that have swelled and melted over these awakening pages, I think I may say that none has been more deeply touched than my own."

The Ragged School of Edinburgh proved a great success. But there was one stormy passage in its history. From the first it had been proclaimed that the education to be given was to include instruction in the Gospel, and the whole "Plea" was based on the principle that no power short of the power and love of God, as there revealed and applied, could suffice to reclaim these miserable outcasts. This proved a rock of offence to some. They thought that the children ought all to be brought up in the religion of their parents. Dr. Guthrie maintained that, when he and others came to be *in loco parentis* to the children, they were bound to instruct them as they would instruct their own families. A great battle ensued. The arena was the Music Hall, and Dr. Guthrie delivered one of his noblest and most

thrilling orations in support of his position. "A ship has stranded on a stormy shore. I strip, and plunging headlong into the billows, buffet them with this strong arm till I reach the wreck. From the rigging where he hangs, I seize and save a boy; I bear him to the shore, and through the crowd who watched my rising and falling head, and blessed me with their prayers, I take him home. What happens now? Forth steps a Roman Catholic priest, and, forsooth, because yon ship contains its Irish emigrants, claims the child—the half-drowned boy that clings to his preserver's side; he would spoil me of my orphan, and rear him up in what I deem dangerous errors. I have two answers to this demand. My first is, I saved the boy; the hand that plucked him from the wreck is the hand that shall lead him in the way to heaven. My second is, to point him to the wreck, and to the roaring sea. I bid him strip and plunge like me, and save those that still perish there." Dr. Guthrie was completely successful in this appeal. He carried the whole meeting with him, and those whom he opposed just did as he bid them: they reared a school of their own, and arranged the religious teaching in their own way.

The success of his Ragged School, and of the whole movement, was one of the great joys of Dr. Guthrie's life, and one of the things that contributed to make his heart so radiant and happy. Everything about such movements charmed him. To read the statistics of the jail, and find how much juvenile commitments had dwindled; to survey the streets, and observe how comparatively free they were of

young beggars and wandering *gamins*; to follow the history of some boy or girl to Canada or Australia, and learn how well they were doing; to get letters from them, quaint and queer, but full of gratitude and sound principle; to hear the story of a death-bed, of the "bairn's hymns" the little sufferer sang, and the hope in Jesus that brightened the departing spirit; to receive calls from well-to-do people, and have cheques for fifty or a hundred pounds placed in his hands; to get letters from maid-servants, or from soldiers or sailors, enclosing the Money Order equal to a month's pay, or a half-year's wage, for the maintenance of a destitute child, —such occurrences were like streams from Lebanon, like cold waters to a thirsty soul. The Ragged School was indeed a "very fine field of operation," —it was "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

But the cause of Ragged Schools was not the only form of social improvement that engaged the interest of Dr. Guthrie. Among other good works, Temperance reform occupied a conspicuous place. In this great movement, now so popular, he was one of the pioneers, and in those days it needed no little moral courage to be a total abstainer. He used to tell a story of an Irish car-driver that first drew his thoughts seriously in this direction. About the year 1840, this man was driving him and some friends from Omagh to Cookstown on a cold day of pouring rain. About halfway, they reached a small inn, and rushing in, the travellers ordered hot water and whisky. Considering that the driver was in as great need as they, they offered him a share of their tippie, but he would not taste it.

“Why?” Dr. Guthrie asked. “Plaze your riv’rence, I am a teetotaler, and I won’t taste a drop of it.” “Well,” said Dr. Guthrie, “that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart. Here was a humble, uneducated, uncultivated Roman Catholic carman, and I said, ‘If that man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister?’ . . . That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaler.”

In 1850, some Edinburgh ministers resolved to fire off a series of tracts or pamphlets in order to rouse attention to the dreadful intemperance of the time; and Dr. Guthrie led off with “A Plea for Drunkards and against Drunkenness.” Another contribution to social reform consisted of a series of sermons, published in 1857, in a volume entitled, “The City: its Sins and Sorrows,” in which intemperance had a prominent place, and none of his publications excited more interest or was more widely useful. For the Scottish Temperance League he wrote two New Years’ tracts: “A Word in Season” (1859), and “The Contrast” (1860), which were circulated to the number of 450,000. He was a great supporter of national education, going before many of his brethren in his desire that, instead of the churches, the State should take that cause in hand, and carry it out with the thoroughness and efficiency of which it alone was capable.

It was somewhat late in life before Dr. Guthrie appeared as the author of a book. We have room here only to state that the “Gospel in Ezekiel,” dedicated to his colleague, Dr. Hanna, appeared in

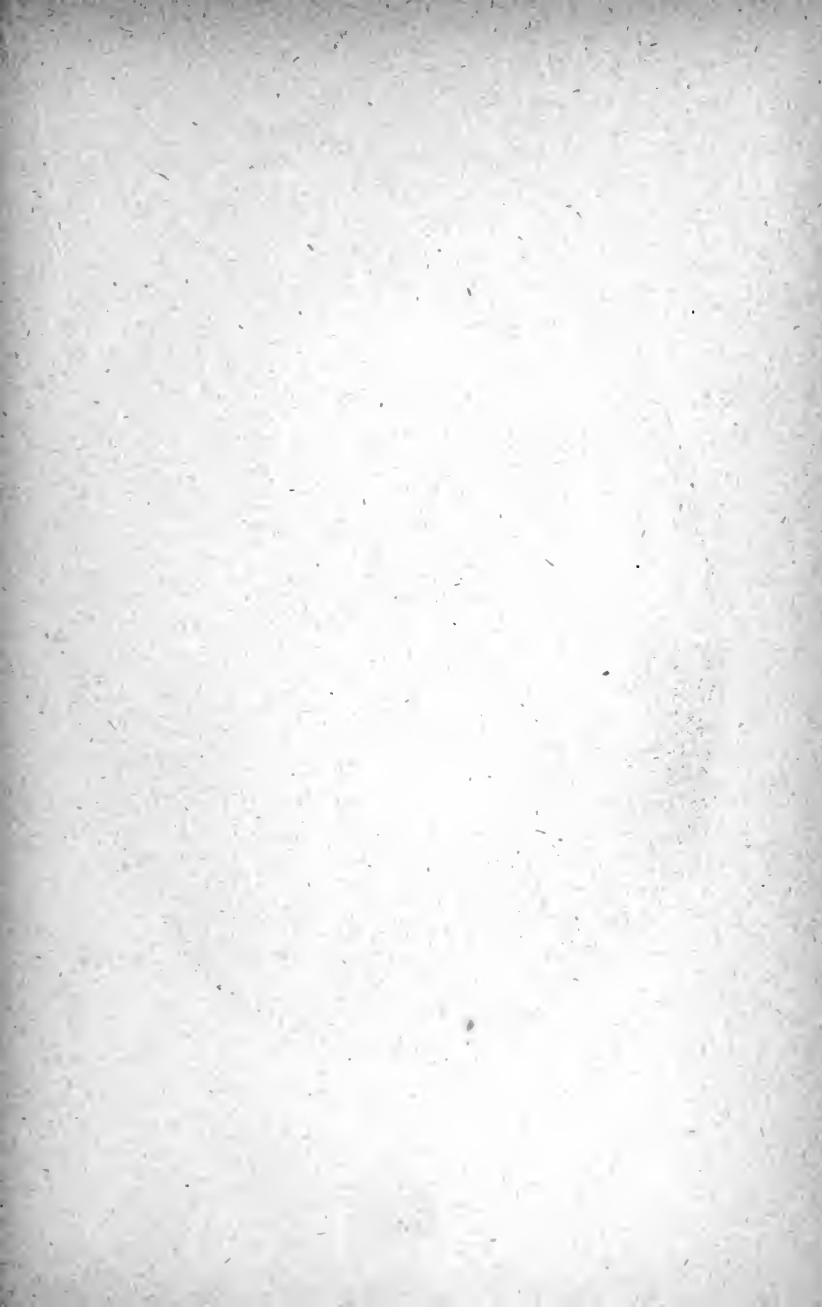
1855, followed, in 1858, by "Christ, and the Inheritance of the Saints," dedicated to his friend Lord Panmure, afterwards Earl of Dalhousie. The list of his publications embraces nearly twenty volumes. In 1864, he was obliged, through increasing weakness, to retire from the duties of his pastoral charge. Between that time and his death in 1873, he was editor of the "Sunday Magazine," and a constant contributor to its pages. The more burdensome duties of editing, however, were devolved on other shoulders. His papers in the "Sunday Magazine," like everything he said and did, were thoroughly based on evangelical doctrine, but had more of the human and the catholic elements than many writings of the same class. Many of his papers were gathered into volumes and published separately.

Of Dr. Guthrie in private, those who, like the present writer, were honoured with his friendship and had much intercourse with him, cannot speak too highly. The high-toned Christian always was seen, the delightful companion, and the faithful friend. His friendship was very remarkable. His genuine interest in those whom he loved, and in all their concerns; the pains he took to advance their interests; the care he showed not to hurt their feelings; his forbearance, his generosity, his warmth and tenderness, must always live in the remembrance of those that were much about him. His wife and life-long companion was the daughter of the Rev. James Burns, long one of the ministers of his native town of Brechin. A family of ten children grew to manhood and womanhood under

their nurture; and it has seldom happened that any family has furnished so many members animated by their father's spirit, and treading honourably in his steps.

His last days were spent at St. Leonards, whither he had gone in search of strength. The week between the 16th and 24th of February was one of great suffering and great struggle. It was a fight between a strong frame and a powerful disease. On his death-bed, the expressions of affection for his family and friends, and of his hope and trust in the Saviour, were exceedingly touching and beautiful. A little grandchild of four years coming into the room, he insisted on having her in his arms, and kissed "the bonnie lamb." He was often soothed by psalm and hymn singing, and of none was he more fond than children's hymns. "Give me a bairn's hymn," he would say to his children; and when they sang "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," or "There is a happy land," his spirit was refreshed. He often thanked God that he had not left his preparation to a dying hour, and spoke of the unutterable folly of those who do so. To those absent he sent loving messages, bidding one of them "stand up for Jesus in all circumstances." The peace and confidence of his death-bed completed and crowned that testimony to the saving power of Jesus, which, in his words and works alike, had been borne during his life. At length, early in the morning of Monday, the 24th of February, 1873, the long-desired haven was reached. At twenty minutes past two the breathing ceased. He entered the "house not made with hands."

The funeral in Edinburgh—in the classic ground of the Grange Cemetery, where the ashes repose of Chalmers, Hugh Miller, and many more of his friends—amid a concourse of some thirty thousand spectators, was a marvellous testimony of public regard and affection.





DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

IF Scotland deserves credit for anything, it is for the many splendid men she has sent into the world from the homes of her pious, hard-working, horny-handed peasantry. Men earning a few shillings a week, and struggling in the sweat of their brow from morn to dewy eve to get for their families a modicum of the plainest food and the roughest clothing, with a fund over and above to pay the schoolmaster, and buy, now and then, a "Scots Worthies" or a "Fourfold State," have bred sons of a higher nobility than dukes and earls—men who have conferred on their country a purer lustre than the greatest conquerors, or even the most conspicuous statesmen. It is not always that the sons have equalled their fathers in moral and spiritual worth. Robert Burns never came near the moral stature of that honest, grave and godly William Burns who sat for his portrait in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." In religious character, Thomas Carlyle was far behind the devout Burgher Elder whom he loved and honoured with such filial piety. It was otherwise with David Livingstone. While surpassing his father as much as Burns and

Carlyle surpassed theirs, in the place he won for himself as a great man, he shared all his moral and spiritual convictions, and stood on the same high level of character. Old Neil Livingstone, tailor and tea-dealer, was a man of well-knit character, with a grand ideal of life. To the highest Puritan principles he joined a kindly nature, a cultivated intellect, an open heart, and a spirit of Christian enterprise that longed intensely for the greatest of all moral revolutions over the face of the earth. Agnes Hunter, a bright, lively, kindly little woman, ever "eident," and withal nice and dainty in her ways, was the like-minded partner of his home. In that home, life, though not dull, nor even prosaic, was very real and earnest. Real and earnest to young David, when, at the age of ten, he had to turn out to the Blantyre Spinning Mill at six in the morning, and toil on till eight at night. Real and earnest, too, on Sundays as well as other days, for though it was the day of rest from ordinary pursuits, it was anything but a day of idleness; it had its own employments and associations, the church and the Sabbath-school, and the religious book and the missionary journal: nothing frivolous, nothing dissipating; all stamped with the word that marked the moral aspirations of the family—EXCELSIOR.

Early in his childhood "the thoughts that travel to eternity" had begun their course in David's soul; but at first he found no rest for the sole of his foot. He was getting on to be twenty, when Dick's "Christian Philosopher" seemed to throw a sunbeam into his heart, revealing the freeness and richness of the grace of God, and encouraging that

exercise of trust in the Saviour which continued to the end of his life to be the leading characteristic of his piety. Already he was full of the spirit of a missionary, for his heart was warm and glowing, and from the first he liked to share with others all the good things that he knew of. His soul was overwhelmed with the grandeur of the Divine salvation, and he could not think of any more urgent Christian duty than that of trying to get men to accept the offers of grace. The first duty of every Christian was to lead his fellows to Christ. But it was only after reading an appeal of Gutzlaff for missionaries to China that he resolved to become a missionary himself. Not a "professional," however; not a "dumpy sort of man, with a Bible under his arm," as he afterwards said, but an independent, earnest, genuine labourer, earning his bread by medical practice, and devoting his entire energies to building up the kingdom of Christ. The love of Christ, the sense of obligation to Him who died for him, was his great inspiring motive.

It was not easy to get a medical education; but what with evening classes at Blantyre, working hard at the mill all summer, and studying hard at college in winter, he hoped to achieve his object. He tried for a time, but it was physically impossible. So he was induced to offer himself to the London Missionary Society, and his offer was provisionally accepted. China was the field on which his heart was set, but as the opium war closed that door, it was necessary to turn to some other country; and the visit of Robert Moffat paid at the time to England, and the account he gave of the South

African field, turned Livingstone's attention to Africa. From 1840, to his death in 1872, Africa was the field of his labours, and the apple of his eye.

It is seldom we find the picture of a purer home, or a purer and nobler youth, than Livingstone's. How readily he fell into the ways of stern self-control, of patient toil, of quiet domestic living, and of happy contentment with the sober joys of an honest, godly, yet intellectual and happy home! How true he showed himself to the highest conceptions of the spiritual life, nobly striving to raise himself up to the highest ideal, to devote himself without stint or reserve to Christian labour, and fling from him all the secondary inducements and recommendations of a foreign missionary's life! How earnestly he strove to be thorough in his qualifications, amid all the disadvantages by which he was surrounded! The first mark of true greatness he shows is his unflinching gaze at the highest style of Christian life, the highest standard of Christian consecration. Already he is like the eagle gazing at the sun. No consideration for the infirmities of "poor human nature," as far as *he* was concerned (and not a great deal at this period of his life, though very much afterwards, as far as *others* were concerned). If he is to be a servant of Christ, he is to serve Him out and out. If he is to be a soldier, he is to be a thorough soldier. No conferring with flesh and blood for David Livingstone. His motto might have been the same as Tholuck's—"He, and only He." Here we have true Christian greatness, the secret of all his future life; no sliding-scale in Christian duty; no dream of ease for the Christian

soldier; from first to last he *must be* about his Father's business.

It was an interesting and important fact that, from the outset, he had a passion for science. This kept him from a certain narrowness of view to which many good men are liable when their souls are absorbed with the spiritual aspect of life. It helped him to entertain that wider conception of the kingdom of God which was so apparent in his after-life, as the kingdom that "ruleth over all," and that embraces all agencies, temporal and spiritual, for the grand consummation towards which they work together. In one sense, "faith and science" were antagonistic forces in Livingstone, as they have been in so many others; in another sense, they were in harmony. Each drew him somewhat in a different direction, though they never were in collision; rather, they were like the two forces that produce a diagonal motion; but, as time went on, the scientific force gained somewhat on the other. But all through life Livingstone was a remarkable example of the real harmony of the claims of faith and science. The revelation of God's grace to men was ever to him matter of faith; and lay at the foundation of all his bright hopes for the future. But the solid globe under his feet was material for science, science exploring and bringing to light Divine arrangements and Divine laws, which it was the part of wisdom to receive with reverence and to apply to the amelioration of human life. He firmly believed that all was one great plan, and that men of various sorts, spiritual and secular, were consciously or un-

consciously working out the same great ends. And it was one of the joys of his heart when he got glimpses of the unity of the Divine plan, and of his own part in working it out, although this might not be without disappointment to him in some respects ; as when he found that, to prepare the way for the Gospel, it was necessary for him to become less of a working missionary and more of an explorer ; and then, when the full horrors of the Slave-trade burst on him as an explorer, he saw that he must concentrate his whole energies on proclaiming its enormities, and urging the civilized world to put it down.

His personal qualities were of a very attractive kind. Though reserved to strangers, he was frank, genial, and kindly among his own people, and had thus a charm which few could resist. In his father's house he was greatly beloved by his family. When he was about to leave for Africa, his younger brother was so overwhelmed by the thought of never seeing him again on earth, that he began to seek God, in the hope of meeting him in heaven. His love of wife and children was intense, and, as he used to say, to leave them was like tearing the very heart from his bosom. Few things in human biography are more touching than his letters and journals after the death of his wife at Shupanga on the Zambesi, in 1862. How wistfully he gazes after her as she is taken up ! How fondly he cherishes the thought that, all unseen, her spirit may be hovering near him ! Afterwards, when his daughter Agnes had nearly crept into her mother's place, what priceless value he set on an expression of her feeling, that, much though

she longed for his return from Africa, she would rather that he stayed to complete his work. Never did sentence in girl's letter do better service, for it cheered him, like a lonely star in a midnight sky, when all else was gloomy, and carried him on, through long, weary toil and suffering, in the hope that he would yet finish his task, and turn homewards with an easy mind.

His gratitude for any act of kindness to himself, and still more for kindness shown to his wife and children, was most intense and unfailing. Often has Professor Owen told the story of the elephant's spiral tusk, a curiosity which Livingstone found in the heart of Africa, and which he caused to be dragged from its far-away bed, over hill and dale, through forest and jungle, past flooded stream and roaring cataract, until one day he appeared with it at the British Museum, to fulfil a promise which he had made, on leaving, to the friend and benefactor of his youth. When he published his books, he showered them like leaves in Vallambrosa among all who had the faintest claim on his friendship. More substantial presents would often come, to the surprise of friends, who could hardly account for his generosity. At the very thought of men like Mr. Oswell, who had given him substantial help in his early journeys, and by his generosity extricated him from a thousand troubles, his heart went up to heaven in fervent thanksgivings and benedictions. On leaving a house where he had been kindly entertained, he was careful to express, even to the servants, his sense of their attention.

Not less remarkable was his self-denying spirit. In his earlier days as a missionary, he would ride

through long, dark forests, exposed to lions, rhinoceroses, and other savage beasts, if there was the chance of saving even a black man's life. In the times of his utmost peril and want, he would suffer any fate, however terrible, rather than give up any of his men to slavery. From all stain of greed and self-seeking he was wonderfully free. When the means of prosecuting his work were withheld by others, he cheerfully gave the profits of his books; and rather than abandon his last enterprise, he was prepared to sacrifice every penny of his private means. A character with less of the stain of selfishness has rarely appeared among men.

When Livingstone began work as a missionary in Africa, several remarkable features showed themselves in full bloom. The first was his intense spiritual earnestness, his eager longings for the conversion of souls. For this he toiled and prayed incessantly, but it can hardly be said with much visible success. The intensity of his feeling burst out from time to time, when sudden death had ended the career of any one with whom he had had to do. His wail over Sehamy, a poor black servant, and over Sebituane, a mighty chief on the Zambesi, have all the depth and pathos of "In Memoriam," and much more definiteness of Christian feeling. Another feature was his marvellous spirit of enterprise. Of all intolerable ideas that of squatting down at an old missionary settlement was the most obnoxious. He panted for "fresh woods and pastures new." His ambition was to proclaim Christ to ears that had never heard His name. He wished mission work to be conducted so that native converts

might be planted everywhere, and Africa might hear the Gospel as rapidly as it was heard through all the Roman Empire in the days of the Apostles. What though he had to move on from station to station, to abandon home and garden as soon as they were made comfortable, and pitch his tent in some spot untrodden by the white man's foot, and hundreds of miles away from civilization? It *was* moving on, and that was enough. At the very beginning he was ready to move on from Kuruman to Abyssinia, along the whole length of the African continent. Many thousand miles he tramped in Africa, through fever, famine, and bodily fear. Yet even when his body was literally tired to death, his soul was still bent on moving on.

A third feature of his missionary character was his way of managing the natives. Here, from the very first, he seemed to possess the charm of a magician. Yet there was no magic about it. His first object was to show them that he trusted them. He went up to them frankly, pleasantly, unsuspectingly, and generally they fell at once. He was exceedingly careful to keep his word, and never to practise the slightest deceit. "Good principles, good conduct, and good manners" were his sheet-anchor. The one prescription he used ever to give for acquiring influence among the natives was "patient continuance in well-doing." He knew the power of humour, and often used it in order to place strangers at their ease. He used to say that he had never any fear of a chief when he saw a merry twinkle in his eye. This kindly vein of humour ran to the end of his life. It was grim enough sometimes, as when in the

far-away wilds, on his last journey, he described himself to his daughter as a toothless old foggy, like a he-hippopotamus, whom she could kiss only through a speaking-trumpet. But his humour was a valuable helper in the art of making his way, as was also his medical skill. It was a happy idea, going among these savages with all the resources of the healing art. At a single bound he mounted, as a physician, to a position of remarkable influence. He was credited even with power to raise the dead. He was supposed to have medicines of a virtue to which Morrison and Holloway never aspired. A chief demanded a medicine that would change his heart. Livingstone spoke of prayer, and faith in the Son of God, and of the work of the Holy Spirit; but all that would not satisfy the chief; it was pills and powders that he wished for, to cure a heart that was "bad, bad." Poor man, he was a sample of a class—numerous enough even among whites—that prefer mechanical appliances and ritual observances to pure spiritual force.

Livingstone was a thorough believer in special Providence; and well he might be so, for his own life had been wonderfully shaped and ruled by an invisible Power. Not to dwell on the earlier indications of this—his falling in with Dick's "Christian Philosopher;" his exclusion from China by the Opium War; his coming into contact with Dr. Moffat, his getting Africa as his sphere of labour—we cannot but mark the hand of Providence determining the subsequent course of his life. The repeated droughts that compelled the

native tribes to move from one place to another making it desirable for the missionary to go with them; the bitter hostility of the Dutch Boers, who opposed mission work in the Transvaal with such un-Christian bitterness, and would not allow Livingstone to settle native teachers there; the desire to become acquainted with the great chief Sebituane, and to look in his dominions for a suitable locality for a mission; the wonderful discovery of a large, well-watered country where nothing but a desert had been supposed to exist before; the effort to find a way to the sea for facilitating commerce and civilization, first on the west coast, then on the east; the discovery of the healthy ridges near the Zambesi; the unexampled fame derived from this journey; the discontinuance of his connection with the London Missionary Society; the opening up of a new career in the service of Her Majesty, which would enable him to achieve what he deemed the first and most essential step for the opening of Africa; the knowledge thus acquired of the iniquities and atrocities of the Slave-trade; the facilities given him at home for spreading abroad his views of what must be done if Africa was ever to be evangelized; the friends raised up to befriend him; the influence given him over statesmen and philanthropists; the interest in him so marvellously deepened by the early rumours of his death, which proved to be unfounded; the meeting with Stanley; and finally, the circumstances of his death, when it did really happen, sending such a thrill through all hearts, and rousing such enthusiasm for his

work,—all showed that Livingstone had been raised up and protected to do a great and noble work, as really as Moses, or Cyrus, or Luther, or any of those who have been conspicuous agents in accomplishing the purposes of God.

There were two qualities of Livingstone's character pre-eminently exemplified in his remarkable journeys: his honourable and most Christian bearing towards the natives, and his great trust in God.

Towards the natives he ever acted like a Christian father. While health and occupations permitted, and the dialect suited, he was unwearied in his efforts to tell them of the fatherhood of God, the love of Christ, the resurrection, the judgment-seat, and the life everlasting. Very hard it was sometimes, to find them, when brought up under his earnest words and fervent tones to what seemed a due state of impression, relapsing, as soon as the meeting was over, into utter carelessness, and abandoning themselves to noise and laughter, dancing and rollicking, in utter and absolute oblivion of everything that had been said. But "One soweth and another reapeth" was the motto for the missionary; and he always looked to a glorious future. In his dealings with the natives he invariably respected their humanity, never treating them as cattle, but as brothers. In all his career, nothing was more beautiful than his refusal to go home from St. Paul de Loando, and his plunging again into the heart of the continent, and into all the miseries of fever, hunger, war and weariness, in order to keep his promise to his twenty-seven Makololo. It is a feat of moral grandeur that

stands almost without a parallel. His consideration for their health, his never taking advantage of their weakness and ignorance, his never using his wonderful powers for trick or stratagem, his good principles, good manners and good example, made a wonderful impression. What a testimony it was to his goodness and fairness that Mr. Chauncy, of the Universities Mission, encountered after Livingstone's death, when a chief, with the rag of a British coat on his shoulder, told him he had got it ten years before from a white man who had won the hearts of all that knew him, and whose memory was revered over all Africa!

His religion was eminently trustful. In later years he was less dogmatic and less Puritanic than in his youth, but he had not a whit less trust. In the darkest complication of evils and troubles he was always confident that it would come right at last. When tyranny and injustice were perpetrating their wildest orgies, and their poor defenceless victims could not move a muscle, or even utter a word, he was as sure that the Highest was regarding all, as if He who delivered the Israelites from Egypt had been visibly present. In the most urgent and apparently overwhelming trials his trust did not forsake him. There is no passage in his life over which we are more disposed to linger than one which took place in the beginning of 1856, at the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi. The neighbouring tribes seemed bent on preventing him from crossing the river. Their preparations for battle seemed too surely to indicate that next day would be Livingstone's last. He was in no slight

flutter of spirit at the prospect of his recent discovery of the "healthy ridges" being lost, and all that he had done and planned for Africa proving fruitless through the murderous hostility of these savages. But as he opened his Bible he found it written, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." "It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour." With our very eyes we see his faith steadying itself on the word of Him who cannot lie. When this process was over, all fear had vanished. The project of stealing away furtively by night, that had previously been thought of, was abandoned: "Should such a one as I flee?—nay, verily!" Observations for latitude and longitude were carefully taken that night, though they might be the last. His soul had returned into its rest. Next day, the enemy allowed him to leave in peace. And all through life his trust was the same. He would be a bold man that would undertake to explain Livingstone's life without taking into account his trust in God, and his immovable conviction that all human things were guided by His unseen hand.

The change in Livingstone's life, from a missionary to an explorer, has usually been considered detrimental to his character. It seems to us that, rightly viewed, it is the finest testimony both to the greatness and to the goodness of the man. It was no light thing for a plain missionary to place himself in antagonism to the great current of opinion in the circles of society which he esteemed most, that would be sure to bear down upon him if he took this step. It was no easy matter for one who had a wife

and four children, and an income of but one hundred pounds a year, and who, a few years before, had lost his whole property (of which he never recovered one penny) through a raid of Boers, to expose himself to the risk of being discarded, or even to expose his wife and family to uncomfortable remarks. Least of all was it an easy thing, without money, stores, or public influence, to undertake unprecedented journeys, risk innumerable attacks of foes, and place oneself at the absolute mercy of hordes of unknown savages. The combination of physical and moral courage in this undertaking is one of the grandest things in all missionary enterprise. How single must the eye have been that could see the line of duty so clear when no other human being but himself could see it! How firm the will that could stick to it without flinching, in spite of sufferings and trials that would have turned most men ten times over! And how strong the trust that could rely on the Divine protection and guidance through darkness and difficulties, the encountering of which would have seemed to most men sheer infatuation, and a wicked tempting of Providence!

In some respects, the time of the Zambesi Expedition was the most trying part of Livingstone's life. To command a civil expedition would have been difficult for him in any circumstances; but to command it when malarial fever was giving a touch of the tiger to the mildest temper; when the natural difficulties of navigation were aggravated a thousand-fold by a most wretched ship; when the most awkward *contretemps* were perpetually occurring; when the behaviour of the Portuguese was simply dia-

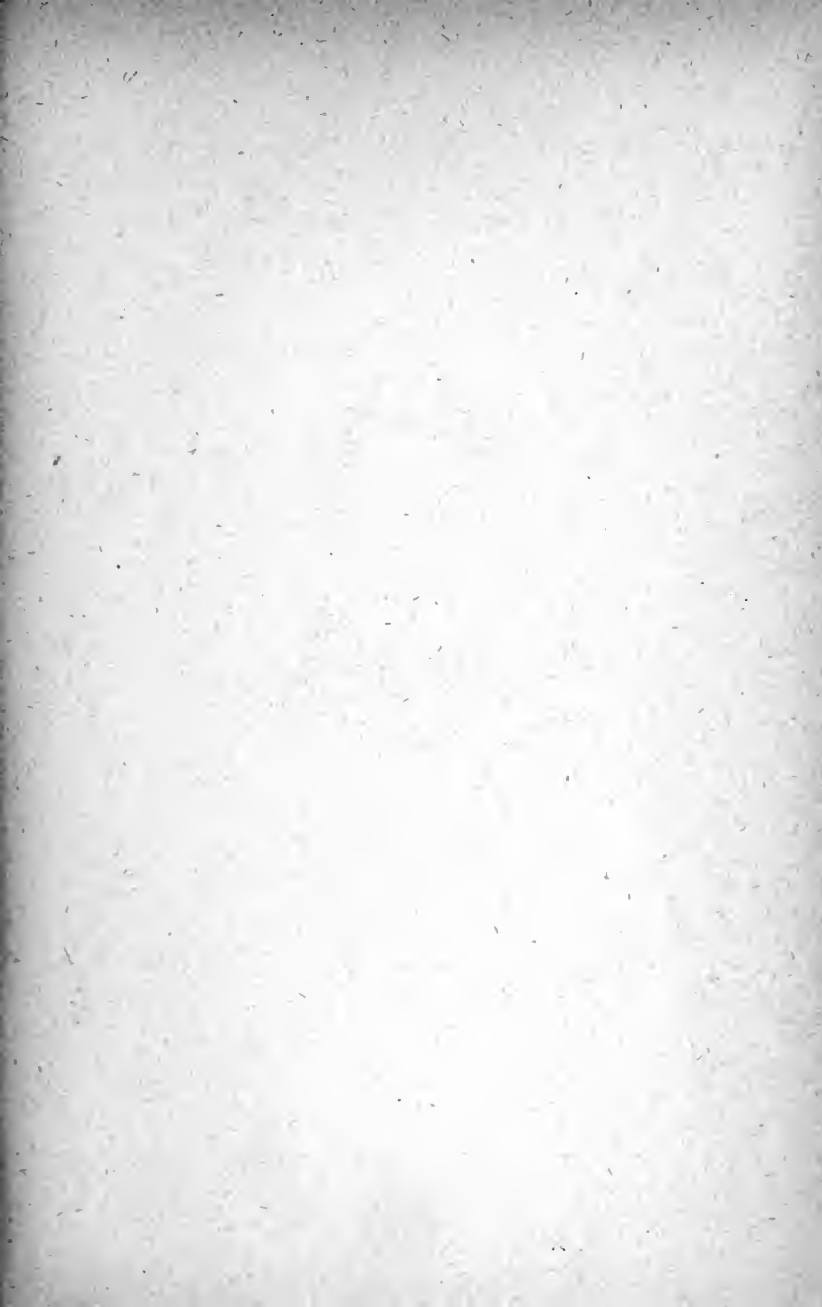
bolical; when calamity after calamity fell on the mission that had been expected to do so much good; when his wife was taken from him through the necessity of waiting long in an unhealthy situation; when at length the Government Expedition which he commanded was recalled, and the Universities Mission withdrawn, and when he himself was often blamed as the cause of all the untoward events that happened,—was to occupy a situation of unparalleled difficulty. Yet if ever the wish presented itself, that he were still labouring quietly at Kolobeng, it found no expression, and, as we believe, no toleration; he had followed the leadings of Providence in the step he had taken, and once he saw the path of duty plain, neither difficulties nor trials, nor death of relatives, nor loss of the means of support, nor entreaties of friends, nor sickness, nor failure of plans, nor departure of comrades, could induce him to swerve from his path, or to dream of abandoning his undertaking.

In his visits home, Livingstone was remarkable chiefly for the simplicity of character and honesty of purpose for which he had been known in his youth. All the notice taken of him by the titled great; all the honours showered on him by corporations, universities and learned societies; all the interest in him and his work shown by the multitude—did not make any change on the plain, unaffected man that had sailed for Africa in 1840. He had not the faintest wish that either he or his family should leave the humble but hard-working class of society among whom his lot had been cast at first. He was still one of the honest poor, and to

lighten their burdens and to improve their condition was still among the warmest desires of his heart. "Fear God, and work hard," was still his recipe for a true, happy and useful life. And to none was it more applicable than to his own class—the honest poor.

The last of Livingstone's great journeys, pursued in almost absolute loneliness, harrowed by more revolting sights, darkened by intenser sufferings, embittered by more cruel disappointments, than he had ever known before, and finally terminated by his death, is undoubtedly the most pathetic chapter of his history. To say that he in no degree betrayed the weaknesses which such a situation was fitted to draw out, would be to say that he was more than mortal—more than Job himself, "the most patient man under pains and losses." But again and again the grandeur of his character comes out. Most notably of all in his refusing to go home with Stanley. Hardly less so in the continued forward motion through swamp and morass, which he steadily pursued, when that chill hand was on him, which he did not know to be the hand of death. No more touching sight can be conceived than that of his negro bearers carrying him through marshes and streams, amid rain and fog, while ever and anon, as they came to a drier spot, he would entreat them to lay him down, in hope of his getting some ease from his excruciating pains. At length, in 1872, the end came in the lonely hut in Ilala, somewhere about the hour of midnight, as he knelt in prayer at his bedside, with his face buried in his hands. And with the news of his death, there passed a thrill over the

civilized world, and a purpose to continue his work that no effort of the living man could have achieved. It was one of the wonderful ways he so often spoke of, in which men unconsciously fulfil the purposes of Providence. Most eagerly had he desired to live to solve the problem of the African watershed, and then return home to plead the cause of the slave. Often had he desired to possess a voice, to be raised in behalf of Africa, that would command the attention of the civilized world. It pleased God to grant his wish; but the voice that thrilled Christendom came not from his living lips, but from his silent tomb.





WILLIAM BURNS.

WILLIAM BURNS.

FEW men will be able to withhold the term "apostolic" from the life of William Burns. If ever in modern times there was a missionary of apostolic single-heartedness, self-denial, and unsparing devotion, Burns was the man. Yet we can understand that men of the world, whose religion is but a compromise, may dislike the life—may dislike its whole aspect and odour—simply because it is so thoroughly holy. But not merely as a whole, but in its several parts and features, we hold the life of Mr. Burns to have been a most genuine life. It was the true and honest manifestation of his inmost soul. In a century or two, perhaps, the general voice of the world will admit that he was a saint and a hero. It is seldom that the world discovers its prophets in a shorter time. Nearness to themselves draws out such a multitude of paltry critical feelings, makes men so unwilling to believe that one born and bred among them can have so far outstripped them as to rank among those "of whom the world was not worthy," that it is only when several generations have elapsed that they apprehend his surpassing qualities, and are willing to give him

his real rank. It seems to us very plain that, as time rolls on, the character of Mr. Burns will rise higher and higher in the estimation of all men, and the eye will be filled with the image of his surpassing devotedness and apostolic love, patience, and self-denial. The disciple is not above his master; "the world knows nothing of its greatest men."

The early part of Mr. Burns's life presents itself in a series of *tableaux* that seem to have no connection with one another till you have got the key. First of all, while yet enjoying the fresh life of a country manse in Scotland, under the most genial and godly influences, he appears as a strong athletic boy, delighting in active out-of-door life, a fisher, a sportsman, a willing helper at farm work, the comrade of farmers' sons, and quite determined to be a farmer himself. In a year or two all this has passed away, the fishing-rod and carbine are exchanged for books; his purpose now is to be a lawyer. What has caused the change? It is explained by the fact that in the interval he has come under the influence of a very remarkable teacher, the late Dr. Melvin, of Aberdeen, who has awakened his *intellectual* nature, and shown him, in the culture and play of his intellectual faculties, a life of much greater enjoyment and higher dignity than one of mere physical activity. A few years more elapse, and yet a different man seems to come upon the scene. The law now has no attractions for him. His whole heart is bent on being a minister of Christ. The lad that used to slip out of the parlour, at the manse of Kilsyth whenever his pious sisters began to read a religious book aloud, is now so changed that he walks the

whole distance from Edinburgh to Kilsyth in one day, some six-and-thirty miles, for the sake of that very fellowship that he lately disliked so much. He who would not comply with the desire of his parents as to his profession, and wished to be a lawyer, "because he saw lawyers rich and with fine houses," now comes to these parents and declares his purpose "to be a minister after all." This change is explained by a fact corresponding to that which explains the other—a *spiritual* life has now been awakened. In his solitary lodging in York Place, Edinburgh, he has been thinking how sad it is to be going a different road from his beloved parents and sisters, and while reading Pike's "Persuasives to Early Piety," a book given to him by his father, the Lord Jesus has been revealed to him, as on the way to Damascus, and the glorious sense of His love and grace has left him no alternative but to give himself to His work. Once more there is a change. The idea of being a minister in those times was almost uniformly associated with a snug manse and a recognized position, and with all the various parochial ministries and privileges that bring honour and affection to him who gives himself heartily to them. Mr. Burns has ceased to contemplate such a life. He has resolved on being a missionary. He is to give himself solely to the business of originating spiritual life, of bringing souls to God; he is to set aside all the other labours and privileges of the ministry, and to renounce FOR LIFE every pursuit and pleasure, however lawful otherwise, and however enjoyable, that would interfere with the temper of soul suitable for his one function of converting

sinners. It is not so much the awakening of any new part of his nature that has caused this change as the intensification of his previous convictions and longings. In contact with missionary books and missionary men—notably Dr. Kalley, so well known afterwards for his work in Madeira—he has come to feel most keenly for a lost world, a world, too, to which the Saviour has acquired such a right. His whole soul now goes out in a kind of twin-longing—a longing for the glory of Christ in the conversion of souls to Himself, and a longing for the blessedness of souls in their being thus converted to the Saviour. So intense is his feeling, that one day, in Glasgow, buried in thought, he passes his mother in the Argyll Arcade, and, being rallied by her good-humouredly on his “cutting” her, he quite naturally tells her that in the great thoroughfare of Argyll Street he had been so overwhelmed by the thought of the multitudes hurrying on to eternity, that he had stepped into the Arcade to get relief from the burden that was too heavy for him.

Is there not, in all this, a faint shadow of the life of St. Paul? Nothing, indeed, to correspond with its persecuting period, but much to correspond with its sudden change, and much also to correspond with that intensity of spiritual feeling which made him out-and-out a missionary, and led him to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. If an argument for the truth of Christianity may be founded on the conversion of St. Paul, as Lord Lyttelton has so clearly shown, an argument of a similar kind, however inferior in

degree, may be framed out of the change which took place in the case of Burns.

The experience that constrained him so completely to change the purpose of his life was either a delusion or a reality. If that experience was a delusion, *what human experience can be a reality?* The wildest dreams of German idealism, resolving all existence—ourselves, the universe, God—into mere ideas, phantasms, baseless fabrics of a vision—seem to have a consistency that makes them reasonable, compared with the supposition that this matter-of-fact man, William Burns, who seemed so sensible and practical when he thought of being first a farmer, and then a lawyer, suddenly lost his reason, and hung his whole life on a sheer delusion—became a pure monomaniac, in fact, only with a method in his madness! That which was so remarkable about him was, that he adapted his course of life thoroughly to the convictions of his judgment: he believed that the world was ruined, and that there was but one remedy for it, and he brought his whole energies to bear on bringing lost men into contact with that remedy. Had he professed to believe in the ruin of the world, and acted as though he did not believe it, he might have been praised as a sensible and judicious man; but he would not have borne witness as he did to the reality of the truth, nor to the change which God's presence makes in the hearts and the lives of men.

Having gone through the long period of study which the Scottish Church requires of all candidates for her ministry, Mr. Burns became a licentiate in 1839. There being at the time no vacancy in the

mission field of the Church, he accepted of temporary employment at home. It happened that the first sphere he was thus called to fill was that of substitute for Mr. M'Cheyne, in charge of the congregation of St. Peter's, Dundee, during Mr. M'Cheyne's absence on a mission of inquiry to the Jews. Essentially, Mr. Burns was of the same school with Mr. M'Cheyne, though circumstantially they were unlike. Both had devoted themselves exclusively to the self-same branch of Christian work,—bringing sinners into fellowship with God, and both threw their souls into that work with a completeness of consecration that is very seldom to be found. The differences between them were more in their respective temperaments or natures than in the measure of Divine grace which they enjoyed. Mr. M'Cheyne had more culture and more fancy than Mr. Burns. The one was a poet, the other a man of fact. The one was tender and feminine, the other courageous and masculine. The one was a fisher, the other a warrior. M'Cheyne crept, as it were on tip-toe, through the approaches to the heart, till he got to its centre: Burns, though he could do so likewise, could also thunder at its gates. Under God, the impression made by Burns was due chiefly to the tremendous hold he had of solemn and heart-searching truths, and the force with which he discharged them. He set himself to the siege of Mansoul with a determination that would take no refusal. He soon came to learn the art of urgency—an art possessed by so few—how to press and almost compel the sinner until he has surrendered to Christ. At

Dundee his ministry was wonderfully blest. When Mr. M'Cheyne returned, he found scores of his people asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, setting out as it were spiritually on the pilgrimage from which literally he had returned. But in the midst of his ministry at Dundee, a still greater work had been begun in Mr. Burns's native parish, Kilsyth. A sermon preached on a Tuesday forenoon from the text, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power," had been attended with impressions so overwhelming, so wide-spread, so abiding, that since the days of Whitefield no such scene had been witnessed, nor any such harvest gathered, perhaps, since John Livingstone's at the kirk of Shotts. The spiritual power that moved among the people was like a rushing mighty wind, and the emotions of souls prostrated by the sense of sin, or rejoicing in the discovered grace of the Saviour, were alike uncontrollable. Of course, such a movement met with a great deal of misrepresentation and opposition. In the midst of all, and even in the very height of the highest excitement, Mr. Burns remained calm and collected. He could go home in the interval of such services and refresh himself with an hour of sleep. In speaking, he was carried along by a kind of overpowering inspiration, but this power carried him just as he sought to be carried, enabled him to say just what he desired to say, and to do with intense effect just what he desired to do. It was not a force that bore him along against his reason or against his will, but in the very direction of both. He could have settled in his coolest judgment the line of his remarks; the

power given to him simply enabled him to utter them with the tongue of fire. One of the best definitions of a Christian preacher is, a man of business on fire. Mr. Burns was the man of business, not the ranter; he was the man of business on fire, not the sleeper.

The remarkable blessing which attended his ministry in Dundee and Kilsyth, led him to accept of invitations to similar temporary labours in Aberdeen, in Edinburgh, and various other parts of Scotland. One of the most remarkable of these seasons of labour was that spent in the district of Breadalbane, in the neighbourhood of Loch Tay. His success here was the more remarkable that he was then ignorant of Gaelic, the favourite language of the people; but even hearers who knew English imperfectly could well appreciate the language of intense emotion, or as one poor woman beautifully put it, "the Holy Ghost's English." He had hardly been a week in Tayside when, like a sheet of flame, anxiety about salvation wrapt the souls of the people. His first appearance in public was highly characteristic. Feeling no stirring of his own spirit in accord with the truths which he preached, he fancied that there was no power from Heaven at work, and at the end he told the fifteen hundred people hearing him that he had got no message for them from the Lord, but that he was not therefore led to despair of yet getting a blessing among them, as he generally found that when the Lord meant to pour out His Spirit, He first made both preacher and people sensible that without Him they could do nothing. His entrance on this sphere of labour had been preceded not only

by much prayer and preparation of the heart, but by the setting apart of a day to seek for holiness, the fundamental requisite to a successful ministry. His experience in Breadalbane was a compound of humbling down-castings of his own spirit, with thanksgivings to God, who always caused him to triumph in every place. Sometimes, while he was preaching on some awfully solemn subject, there would flit into his soul one of those self-exalting thoughts to which all preachers are subject when they are going on well, to be followed by a feeling that he had been guilty of awful profanation of sacred truth, then by an abrupt conclusion and dismissal of the congregation, a rush from the pulpit to his knees, a prostration of his soul before God, and perhaps a service in the evening, in which he seemed to wield all the powers of the world to come. And wherever he was, the more he could be emptied of self, and brought into a condition of entire reliance on God, the better he felt it to be for the work. Sometimes, in carrying out this principle, he would proceed to the very verge of enthusiasm—going to the pulpit without knowing on what to preach, trying a psalm, or other passage familiar to him, to see whether his own heart would thrill in unison to it, and giving the matter up for the time if his spirit would not move. It was a singular instance of extremes meeting—the high Calvinist and the Quaker—unable to commence an address on Divine things till he should feel the impulse of the Spirit within.

In some of the places where he went as evangelist, Mr. Burns had bitter enough experiences. At Newcastle, there was not only much and bitter oppo-

sition, but the heavens seemed as brass over his head, and the hearts of the people like the nether millstone. But, as in other cases, this stirred him up the more to take hold on God. And at length a blessing came. How Mr. Burns's heart was drawn out toward the people may be gathered from a beautiful analogy, suggested to him on occasion of a great public dinner, when, in passing the hall of entertainment, and observing the crowd trying to get glimpses of the interior through the windows, and snatches of the music, "I thought," he says, "of heaven lighted with the brightness of a thousand suns, and of poor lost souls longing to be in when it is too late, and forced to hear from afar the joyful praises of the redeemed, loud as the noise of many waters." When at length power came with his words, and the heart of the multitude was gained, there were some solemn scenes in the open air. One night his subject was the great white throne. "I began from these sublime and awful words, 'And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it,' etc., making some simple remarks on the throne, its greatness, its whiteness, etc. After prayer, I resumed, and spoke a little with an increasing sense of the Divine presence and power, on the rising of the dead, one individual rising and appearing at the great bar of judgment, etc. We then prayed again, and in doing so I felt—more, perhaps, than since I came to Newcastle—as if a direct communication were opened between my soul and the Divine mind. My heart was truly drawn out and up to God for the advancement of Emmanuel's glory, even more than for the salvation of guilty worms, as a heart-

satisfying end. After this, I got closer still to the people, and was enabled, in a way quite new to me here, to open up the sins of the town, their deformity, their dreadful working, and inconceivably awful issues in eternity. I also found myself in an agony to compel sinners to come to Jesus now, and not even the next hour, which I felt was not man's but God's. Indeed, I felt so much that I could almost have torn the pulpit to pieces, and the audience seemed to sympathise throughout. Oh, it was a glorious, an awfully glorious scene! The fleecy clouds were showing here and there bright stars, and the harvest moon was diffusing a sombre peaceful light upon the quiet world around us. We dying and yet immortal creatures were contemplating the eternity before us, looking to the appearance of the Son of man in the clouds, conceiving ourselves placed at His bar, wondering and thinking what would be our sentence, and whether we should rise with Him into heaven, or be driven from Him into hell; some were, I hope, opening their eyes to their awful destiny as sinners, and on the very point of seeking refuge for eternity from the wrath of God in the cleft Rock of Ages."

The Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, although it brought into one the great bulk both of the clergy and the people who had supported and sympathised with Mr. Burns's labours, did not, in the first instance, facilitate his peculiar work, but had rather the opposite effect. Such a vast work of ecclesiastical reconstruction was going on, that there was less leisure and less readiness than there had been for such meetings and dealings as he was

accustomed to hold. As there was still no particular opening for him in the field of foreign missions, Mr. Burns resolved to try to evangelize for a time in Ireland and in Canada. In Dublin, he was hard bestead. "Mr. Burns was exposed to many opprobrious salutations, derisive questionings, vehement denials of the statements which he made; sometimes the uproar was so loud and long-continued, that he was obliged to desist altogether; often his clothes were torn; not seldom the chair on which he stood was broken, but he never was impatient, nor ever for a moment lost his self-command. Amidst the most noisy and turbulent scenes, his countenance was beaming with joy, insomuch that some of his persecutors were constrained to say, "We cannot make him angry." The spiritual harvest in Dublin was but meagre. In Montreal he was exposed to the same atrocious violence. "The crowd," he says, "began to throw gravel and to jostle me. Little evil might have come of this, had not some who befriended me as a Scotchman sought to save me from danger; and thus, my back being turned, the crowd rushed on me, and I got away without my hat, and one of the tails of my coat, containing a handkerchief and Bible." On this occasion, or some one similar, a stone thrown with violence inflicted a severe wound on the cheek, and it bled freely. A few men of the 93rd Regiment rushed through the crowd, and one in anxiety said, "What's this? what's this?" Smiling, he replied, "Never mind—only a few scars in the Master's service." He was carried into the medical chamber of Dr. M'Nider, near at hand, when the wound was

sewed up. He came forth speedily as if nothing had taken place; and looking round calmly from his re-assumed position, he exclaimed, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." His labours in Canada were very extensive, especially in districts where the Scotch element prevailed. And the spiritual results of these labours were considerable, although such awakenings as those which marked his early labours in Scotland were seldom if ever experienced.

Some idea of the great devotedness and laboriousness of Mr. Burns in evangelistic work may be gathered from the fact that, seeing that in Lower Canada little could be done without the French language, he set himself to revise and improve his French, and in a short time became able to preach in their own tongue to the French Canadians. To qualify himself for similar service among the Highlanders in Scotland and elsewhere, he made a study of Gaelic, and attained considerable command even of the very Shibboleths of that language. All this time he had no stated income from any quarter. He was supported by the free-will offerings of any of God's servants into whose heart it was put to aid him. When asked in such places as Newcastle and Dublin how much he was paid for his preaching, he felt it an advantage to be able to say, Nothing. The contributions thus sent him were sufficient for his few wants, and when anything was over, it was given to the poor or to some Christian object. Sometimes his finances were low enough. He crossed the Atlantic with two shillings in his purse. On one occasion in Dublin, when urged by the police to take advantage of the ferry to escape the

violence of the mob, he said he could not because he could not pay the fare. "It's only a halfpenny," exclaimed the policeman. "But I have no halfpenny," said Mr. Burns. Often, instead of travelling by public conveyance, he would go a-foot, because in this way he could converse with wayside labourers and casual travellers. A little carpet-bag usually contained his whole travelling equipment. Such singularities were adopted simply because he thought that they facilitated his work. But though he adopted them himself, he did not press them on others, nor did he seem to think ill of brethren who did not see their way to do as he did. Intolerant of everything that he regarded as remissness or unfaithfulness in himself, he felt, and he acted on the feeling, that he had no right to impose the same standard on his brethren.

The time at length came for his entering on what he had ever regarded as the great work of his life—his mission to the Chinese. It was in the year 1846, that, feeling on the one hand that the door of usefulness at home, of which he had hitherto availed himself, was less open, and receiving, on the other, an invitation from the Mission Committee of the English Presbyterian Church, presided over by his old friend and neighbour, Dr. James Hamilton, to proceed as the first missionary of that Church to China, he accepted the invitation, and was ordained accordingly. It was characteristic of the man, that while the propriety of such a mission was under consideration, on being asked how soon, if he were appointed, he could be ready to leave for China, he answered without hesitation, "To-morrow." He

had already bid farewell to his beloved parents, and the little carpet-bag did not take long to be packed. His departure was not quite so summary; a few weeks were spent in visits to some English towns; and then, having taken characteristic farewell of his friends, including, last of all, his beloved brother Islay, who, in the volume before us, has so admirably executed the task of his biographer, he was borne away, with his Chinese Bible and dictionary, to the far-off "land of Sinim."

It was a severe ordeal for one who had been at the head of so many great religious movements, who had ridden on the crest of great waves of revival, and seen thousands of anxious souls hanging on his lips, to be exposed in middle life to the drudgery of mastering a new and very difficult language, and trying to break ground among a people with whom he had hardly anything in common. No higher testimony could be borne to the solid excellency of Mr. Burns's character than that he went through this trying ordeal with the same patience and humility, the same faith and radiance of spirit which he had shown amid his scenes of spiritual triumph. His first efforts among the Chinese were very trying and discouraging. It seemed as if the weapons that had been made so powerful in the West were utterly ineffectual in the East, and at one time Mr. Burns was under serious misapprehensions that he had mistaken his mission. It seemed as if something of a preparatory work were needed to bring up the Chinese to a point at which the power that had been given to him might operate on them with effect. But Mr. Burns was

not easily daunted. Where no symptom of fruit appeared, he continued to plough in hope and to sow in hope; and at length the blessing came; the rain came down in his season, and thanksgivings for the first-fruits of harvest were mingled with his importunate intercessions for China.

As a missionary, Mr. Burns's method was peculiar. He would be nothing but an evangelist. He would not take on him any pastoral responsibilities, would not be the pastor even of a mission flock (except provisionally), would not settle down in a given district, but would ever either co-operate as a sort of irregular force with the missionaries already in the field, or press into the "regions beyond"—regions where the sound of the Gospel had never been heard, and the darkness of heathenism had never been broken. When symptoms of life appeared anywhere, he would presently leave to others the agreeable task of gathering in the harvest, and wander away himself to some other quarter where the fallow ground remained unbroken. A considerable part of his time was occupied in translations and in missionary tours. The "Pilgrim's Progress" received its Chinese dress from him, and many of the best of our Christian hymns were translated and adapted to minister their exquisite help to Chinese pilgrims. His first station was Hong Kong. From this place he made the first of those missionary tours which were one of his great means of usefulness. Nothing could have been more simple than his mode of life, or more bare than his place of residence. And when he went off on a tour, he took little or nothing

with him but tracts and books, trusting to the hospitalities which it might please God to induce some of the people to offer. Anything that had even the appearance of being valuable he purposely left behind. Even a gilt clasp to a Bible he felt to be a disadvantage, as it would only tempt the cupidity of robbers, who (as it really turned out) would steal the Bible for the sake of the clasp. Very characteristic was his conduct on one occasion, when, like another missionary, he was "in peril of robbers." In the neighbourhood of Hong Kong his quarters were broken into by thieves, who plundered him of everything. He happened to have been lying in bed awake, when he became suddenly aware of the presence in his room of two muffled figures, who approached with stealthy steps and blackened faces to his bed-side, stood over him with naked swords held to his breast. "Do no violence, my friends," he said, quietly, "and you shall have all I have." Everything was given up, and when one of the ruffians, who had got his razor-strop, and was at a loss to know its use, had the effrontery to bring it to its owner to ask, the good man patiently taught him the mode of sharpening a razor or a knife on it. On one occasion (in 1856) Mr. Burns was arrested, and brought before the chief magistrate of the department. According to the practice in China, he was required by the magistrate to go down on both his knees to be examined. Mr. Burns very firmly but respectfully refused, saying that he would go down on one knee, as he would to his sovereign, Queen Victoria, but that he would only go down

on both knees to the King of kings. The magistrate was struck by his answer, solemnly and respectfully uttered, and allowed the missionary to be examined on one knee.

Wrongs done to himself he bore quite meekly ; but persecution and injustice directed against his feeble converts roused him to his utmost efforts to procure redress. On one occasion when the native Christians were receiving shameful treatment, he went to the spot, to represent their wrongs to the British Consul there, with great energy and complete success, and afterwards undertook a special mission to the supreme authorities at Peking with the view of obtaining securities against the repetition of similar outrage. His life was regulated by the ever-active desire to do nothing to hinder, but everything to help on his evangelistic work. On one occasion, Lord Panmure, the Secretary of War, offered him the post of chaplain to a Scotch regiment, while it should be in China, with the chaplain's usual rank and pay. Mr. Burns respectfully declined the offer, feeling that, should it be known to the natives that he had been officially connected with the troops that served against them, the circumstance would cause a prejudice against his message as a missionary. In the later years of his missionary life he assumed the dress of the Chinese, as he thereby avoided in strange places the endless and annoying curiosity of the natives towards foreigners, and could go more readily to his work.

We have no room to enter into details as to the success of his work. It is well known that in

Amoy and its neighbourhood the most encouraging results showed themselves. Not only was a spirit of earnest inquiry shown in regard to the truth, but in cases not a few conversions followed; and in place after place, native congregations were formed, animated by a lively missionary spirit, and eager to bring others to the enjoyment of the blessings they had themselves received. Mr. Burns, who was ever on the most brotherly terms with the missionaries of other evangelical Churches, was now joined by a very admirable band of Presbyterian fellow-labourers, as well as assisted by a staff of native Christians. But, true to his established purpose of giving himself wholly to evangelistic work, he abstained from settling down at Amoy, to enjoy the spiritual luxury of feeding the flock which had begun to call upon the name of the Lord. He was not even content to make Amoy his head-quarters, and radiate forth from it on those preaching tours which were attended with so much encouragement, that on one occasion he returned to the treasurer of the mission a whole year's salary (£250), to encourage them to send out another labourer to a field that was so white unto the harvest. Of the later portion of his life, some part was spent at Peking; but in 1867 he saw it right to withdraw from that field too, as it was comparatively occupied and cared for, and to proceed to others more neglected. Various circumstances directed his steps to Nieu-chwang. As he told the mate of a trading vessel who saw him there, he felt that he must not study comfort; "they that go to the front of the battle get the

blessing; the skulkers get no blessing." It was at this place that Mr. Burns contracted his last illness. A gentleman who visited him at a small inn where he was staying, found him ill, in a small apartment, destitute of every comfort. Recovering from that illness, he found a house, and entered energetically into his labours, preaching with apostolic fervour and power, and already beginning to make some impression on the natives. But in January, 1868, he was seized with a cold accompanied by fever, from which he never recovered. His spirit was in great peace and joy. The last letter he wrote was to his mother—just a few lines to say that he was happy, and ready, through the abounding grace of God, either to live or to die. "May the God of all consolation comfort you when the tidings of my decease shall reach you, and through the redeeming blood of Jesus may we meet with joy before the throne above." On the 4th of April his spirit passed into glory. His body was laid in the foreign burying-ground, and a modest headstone bears the simple legend—

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, A.M.,
MISSIONARY TO THE CHINESE
FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ENGLAND,
BORN AT DUN, SCOTLAND, APRIL 1, 1815,
ARRIVED IN CHINA, NOVEMBER, 1847,
DIED AT PORT OF NIEU-CHWANG, 4TH APRIL, 1868.
II. CORINTHIANS, CHAP. V.



JOHN PATTESON.

JOHN PATTESON.

ON the 20th of September, 1871, as the missionary ship *Southern Cross* lay opposite one of the coral islands of the South Pacific, trying in vain to make for the shore of the inlet, a few canoes were observed hovering about the reef; and thinking they might be afraid to approach, the English missionary on board caused a boat to be lowered, and with a few attendants pulled towards the canoes. Invited to enter one of them, and knowing from experience that to enter a canoe was a sure means of disarming suspicion, the missionary complied, and was speedily borne to the shore. The boat with his attendants kept drifting about in company with the natives for about half an hour, when suddenly a man stood up in one of the canoes, and calling out, "Have you anything like this?" shot off a long arrow at the boat of the *Southern Cross*, while his companions in the other canoes began to follow his example. The boat was pulled back rapidly and was soon out of range, but not before three out of the four men in it were struck; two of them to die afterwards of horrible tetanus. Obligated to wait for some hours till the tide rose to cover the reef, they then observed two canoes coming towards them; one of

the two cast off the other, and rowed back; the other with a bundle in the middle, drifted towards them, and they rowed to it. Approaching cautiously, lest a man should be lying concealed, one of them observed the shoes of the missionary, and then they saw that the bundle was his dead body. As they lifted it into their boat a yell rose from the shore. A placid smile was still on the face of the dead; a palm-leaf was fastened over the breast; and on examining the body, it was found to be marked by five wounds,—indicating that vengeance had been taken for the lives of five natives recently kidnapped and slain by an English “kill-kill” ship.

The missionary was John Coleridge Patteson, missionary bishop of Melanesia, elder son of the late Sir John Patteson, an English judge; a gentleman of high position and promise, who had been moved to devote himself to the life of a missionary, at a sacrifice which we deliberately believe to have been about the greatest that has been made for such a purpose in modern times. The story of a very noble life is contained in the two large volumes which Miss Yonge has compiled by way of biography; the substance of which we proceed to cull. A handier book, like the *Life of Henry Martyn*, or *John Williams*, both of whom he in a measure resembled, would be a great service to the mission cause.

Coley Patteson, as he was called by his family and friends, was born in 1827, and enjoyed in his early life every advantage which birth, family connections, and education could supply. His

father's high character and professional eminence were rewarded by elevation to the bench at the early age of forty; his mother, a saintly woman, was taken away in his childhood, but left an indelible image on his heart; his uncle, Sir John Coleridge, and other members of the Coleridge family, had much influence over him, while two sisters and a brother, and sundry cousins afforded ample scope for the exercise and development of his social affections. Eton was his school, and Balliol his Oxford College; afterwards he gained a fellowship at Merton. He was not remarkable for high scholarship, or even for great powers of application, but from the first his character had a remarkable charm, the charm which gentleness, purity, and kindliness always have.

Here is what one of his intimate Oxford friends says of him, as he appeared at the University—Principal Shairp of St. Andrews.

“Patteson, as he was at Oxford, comes back to me as the representative of the very best kind of Etonian, with much good that he had got from Eton, with something better, not to be got at Eton or any other school. He had those pleasant manners and that perfect ease in dealing with men and with the world, which are the inheritance of Eton, without the least tincture of worldliness. I remember well the look he then had, his countenance massive for one so young, with good sense and good feeling; in fact, full of character. For it was character more than special ability which marked him out from others, and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in

graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impression he left on me was of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and would always be found on the side of these. We did not know—probably he did not know himself—the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle and make him what he afterwards became.”

From his childhood he had felt a silent regard for the life of a missionary, and in 1841, having heard Mr. Selwyn, then just appointed Bishop of New Zealand, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, preach in New Windsor parish church, he was deeply affected when he heard him talk of his “going out to found a church, and then to die neglected and forgotten.” Coley was at home when the Bishop of New Zealand came to his father’s house to take leave, and, half in earnest, half in playfulness, said, “Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?” She started, but did not say No; and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop, she replied that if he kept that wish when he grew up, he should have her blessing and consent.

He did keep the wish when he grew up; but his mother no longer lived to influence his choice, and the widowed condition of his father, whose infirmity of deafness was fast placing him in a peculiarly lonely condition, made the wrench all the greater when Coley determined to join Bishop Selwyn. Coley’s relation to his father is one of the most interesting and touching things in the biography, and throws more light than anything else on the intensity of the feeling that moved him to a

missionary life. Sir John Patteson himself was a remarkable man. Of high integrity, pure and lofty aims, deep though not exuberant affection, and sincere and steady piety, his love and respect for his son deepened as he grew up, while in like manner his son's love and respect deepened for him. It was a terrible conflict between the strongest feelings of both that the idea of Coley's going to the South Seas as a missionary gave rise to. On the part of the young man duty was predominant, but whether did duty require him to go to the heathen, or to remain with his father and his family? The father settled the question for him. To lose him, and that not for a time, but for all time, was a terrible thought. But if the blessed Master called him to work in a remote part of His vineyard, was he for a moment to interpose even the cherished dream of his life between his son and the desire of his Lord? Nothing can exceed in tenderness and beauty the references made by the son in after years to his father's spirit in being willing to give him up. "Good-bye, once more, my dearest father," writes the son in 1860. "You will, I trust, receive this budget about the time of your birthday. How I think of you day and night, and how I thank you for all your love, and perhaps most of all, not only letting me come to Melanesia, but for your great love in never calling me away from my work even to see your face once more on earth!" And again, the year after: "O my dear, dear father, God will bless you for all your love to me, and your love to Him in giving me to His service." We say deliberately, we have seldom seen anything more beautiful

than this, or more fitted to rebuke the selfishness of parents that won't let their sons go abroad to work for their Lord. It is strange that one who could show so high and godlike a spirit, in not sparing his own son, should have had something like doubts and clouds around his own death-bed. "Faith and love I think I have, and have long had," he writes, close to his death in 1861, "but I am not so sure that I have really repented for my past sins. . . . I have no assurance that I have fought the good fight like St. Paul, and that henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory ; yet I have a full and firm hope that I am not beyond the pale of God's mercy, and that I may have hold of the righteousness of Christ, and may be a partaker of that happiness which He has purchased for His own by His atoning blood." Whence this strange hesitation, this lingering doubt as to his state? Sir John Patteson held high views of sacramentarian grace, and we think it may be observed that where such views prevail there often remains even in good men a measure of bondage—they do not usually attain to the simple and assured faith of those who grasp more directly the person of the Saviour. The very importance attached to the sacraments, as indispensable channels of grace, sometimes tends to obscure the view of the Gracious One whose grace they are held to convey. As aids to faith and seals of God's covenant, their effect is most blessed ; but if they be exalted to a higher level, they are more likely, as this case shows, to bring doubt than to chase it away.

We have said that the finest thing in this memoir

is Mr. Patteson's willingness to serve Christ, even in so wild and barbarous a region as Melanesia; and it may be well to dwell for a little on some of the circumstances that illustrate this aspect of his character. The attractions of home were unusually strong. Feniton Court, his father's house in Devonshire, was a charming place, fitted to take a deep hold on his heart; the society to which he had access, as the son of an English judge, was all that could be desired; his fellowship at Merton brought him into easy contact with all that was intellectual and stimulating in the University; he had every prospect of usefulness; he had fair prospects of promotion in the Church at home; he was beloved by his friends, and most warmly by the members of his family, among whom there subsisted that intense affection which lends such a pre-eminent charm to many of the Christian homes of Great Britain. He had been brought up, too, comfortably, not to say luxuriously, and was, on that account, the less adapted for the rough and often comfortless life of a European sojourning in the Southern Pacific. But, with one exception, these sources of enjoyment in this country could have been easily surrendered. The one *hard* command was to forsake father and sister and brother, and to forsake them with but little prospect of ever again seeing them in the flesh. How did he bear it? From Auckland in New Zealand he writes to his sister (July 11th, 1855):—

“I do not doubt that I am where I ought to be. I do trust and think that God has given me this work to do; but I need earnest prayers for strength that I may do it. It is no light work to be suddenly trans-

planted from a quiet little country district where every one knew me, and the prestige of dear father's life and your active usefulness among the people made everything smooth for me, to a work exceeding in magnitude anything that falls to the lot of an ordinary parish priest in England—in a strange land, among a strange race of men, in a newly forming and worldly society, with no old familiar notions and customs to keep the machine moving; and then to be made acquainted with such a mass of information respecting church government and discipline, educational schemes, conduct of clergy and teachers, etc., etc. It is well that I am hearty and sound in health, or I should regularly be overwhelmed with it. Two texts I think of constantly: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;' 'Sufficient for the day,' etc. I hardly dare to look forward to what my work may be on earth; I cannot see my way; but I feel sure that He is ordering it all, and I try to look on beyond the earth, when at length, by God's mercy, we may all find rest."

On the details of his missionary work we have no space to dwell. At first he was under Bishop Selwyn; but when it was resolved to constitute Melanesia a missionary bishopric, he was appointed to the post at the early age of thirty-two. His time was spent between teaching the young persons whom he brought from the islands to be trained, and cruising about the islands in a mission-ship. One of the greatest privations of his life was the absence of privacy. Far on in his life he describes himself as sleeping at night in a crowd; lying down on a table with an air-cushion for his pillow, with natives

scattered around him ; thankful if they would only sleep and let him sleep, but feeling it a sad infliction, just as he was getting into sleep after a day of constant work, to be roused by a native either asking a frivolous question, or, what was more formidable, desiring to be put through the theology of infant baptism. The Maories had a somewhat peculiar way of dividing gentlemen into two classes,—gentlemen-gentlemen, and pig-gentlemen. “Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done at all too mean for him ; pig-gentleman never worked.” Patteson, it needs hardly to be said, belonged to the former of these orders. He was his own servant on all occasions ; and, so far from shrinking from mechanical labour when he was capable of it, his regret was that he had not been trained for a great deal more.

“I can hardly tell you,” he writes, “how much I regret not knowing something about the treatment of simple surgical cases. If when with W—— I had studied the practical—bled, drawn teeth, mixed medicines, rolled legs perpetually, it would have been worth something. I am now just in a position to know what to learn were I once more in England. Spend one day with old Fry the mason, another with John Venn the carpenter, and two every week at the Exeter Hospital, and not look on and see others work—there’s the mischief, do it oneself. Make a chair, a table, a box ; fit everything ; help in every part of making and furnishing a house, that is, a cottage. Do enough of every part to help to do the whole. Begin by felling a tree ; saw it into planks ; mix lime, see the right proportion of sand, etc. ;

know how to choose a good lot of timber ; fit handles for tools, etc. Every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook. Suppose yourself without a servant, and nothing for dinner to-morrow but some potatoes in the barn, and a fowl running about the yard. That's the kind of thing for a young fellow going into a new country to imagine for himself. If a little knowledge of glazing could be added, it would be a grand thing, just enough to fit in panes to window frames, which last, of course, he ought to make himself. Much of this cannot be done for you. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing, else your only saucepan or tea-kettle may be lying by you useless for months. In fact, if I had known all this before, I would have just been ten times as useful as I am now."

In addition to these requisites, it appears that a missionary ought, on occasion, to add those of a prime minister and lawgiver. But it would be the most unwarrantable inference possible that in Mr. Patteson's view the great business of the missionary was to advance civilization. If this had been all, it would have been hard indeed for him to tear himself from house and father and sister and brother, and lead the life of an exile among barbarians. Mr. Patteson had the true missionary heart. His longings, his dreams, his prayers, were all for the conversion of men's hearts to God through faith in His Son ; his plans, his studies, his labours, were directed to no inferior end ; and when a measure of success was vouchsafed, and the hope of higher blessing was raised, his joy was overflowing and unbounded.

There can hardly be a better proof of a Christ-like spirit than this seeing of the travail of his soul and being satisfied. How unbounded is his complacency in a few native children in whom he began to see the spark of the heavenly life !—

“MY DEAREST SISTERS,—The first letter of the new year (January 1, 1863) to you! Thank God for bringing us to see it! It is 1 P.M., and at 4.30 P.M. six dear children, from twenty-two to fourteen, are to be baptised. Everything, in one sense, is done; how very little in the other and higher sense! May Almighty God pour the fulness of His blessing upon them! I sit and look at them, and my heart is too full for words. They sit with me, and bring their little notes with questions that they scarcely dare trust themselves to speak about. You will thank God for giving me such comfort, such blessings, and such dear children. Sarawia and Woleg are older than the other four; B—— old in mind, and manly in character. I like to look at him as a father at his first-born grown into vigorous manhood. His little wife, soon to be called Mary, is what Pena was to me. Can I say more? Yes, indeed, she is even more. Then come Tagalana and Pasvorang, who are as lovable dear boys as ever were, boys that one can be fond of, and yet feel a respect for. How great a mercy is this! how unexpected! May God make me humble and patient through it all!”

Mr. Patteson had not only a warm love, but a

deep regard for the natives of these islands. Every savage, he would say, is a "man Friday," if he is properly handled. He did not like them to be called barbarians. The young were particularly engaging to him; and when it seemed that they had received the Spirit of Christ, his emotion was overwhelming.

And when he thought of their becoming in turn missionaries to their countrymen, and of such a blessing coming on their labours that these fair islands would be won to Christ, and Christian peace, purity, and joy would gladden and elevate their whole fellowship, his privilege in having had a share in such a work seemed greater than a sinful mortal could ever have hoped to enjoy.

The sacramentarian tinge that colours these volumes, with a few other things of a similar kind, indicates the strength of the traditions, and the powerful influence of the personal friendships under which Bishop Patteson was brought up. For our own part, we have been taught, and, we think, from above, when we find a man serving his Master with earnest and exemplary devotedness, to accept thankfully what is good about him, even though we cannot accept all. We cannot but see, too, that while Bishop Patteson, as one of his intimate friends remarked, "looked upon the Church of England as the best of all possible Churches in constitution and doctrine, and seemed surprised that there should be any difference of opinion on this point, he was a man who

‘Glowed with social tenderness
And love for all mankind.’

He always had a kind word for the missionaries of other Churches who occupied the same field, and were labouring in the same cause."

In illustration, we may notice his friendly and highly favourable account of the mission station of Mr. Inglis at Anaiteum, or that of Mr. Gordon at Erromango. The latter case especially excited a vivid interest from the similarity of the fate of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon to that of Bishop Patteson himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been visited on every voyage of the *Southern Cross* during their three years' residence there, and there was a warm regard between them and the bishop. It was, then, a great shock to hear a Nengoné man call out from a sandal-wood vessel, lying in Dillon's Bay, that they had both been killed!

It was but too true. The Erromango people had been little inclined to listen to Mr. Gordon's warnings, and he, a young and eager man, had told them that to persevere in their murders and idolatries would bring a judgment upon them. When, therefore, the scourge of sickness came, as at Anaiteum, they connected him with it; and it was plain from his diary that he had for some months known his life to be in danger, but he had gone among them fearlessly, like a brave man, doing his best for the sick.

On the 20th of May, 1861, he was in a little wood, putting up a house in room of one which had been blown down by a hurricane, and he had sent his few faithful pupils to get grass for the thatch. Nine natives from a village about three hours' walk

came to the house where his wife was, and asked for him. She said he was in the little wood. They went thither, and while eight hid themselves in the bush, one went forward and asked for some calico. Mr. Gordon took a bit of charcoal, and wrote on a bit of wood directions to his wife to give the bearer some cotton ; but the man insisted that he must come himself to give out some medicine for a sick man. Mr. Gordon complied, walking in front as far as the place where lay the ambush, when the man struck him with a tomahawk on the spine, and he fell with a loud scream, while the others, leaping out, fell upon him with blows that must have destroyed life at once, yelling and screaming over him. Another went up to the house. Mrs. Gordon had come out, asking what the shouts meant. "Look there !" he said ; and as she turned her head he struck her between the shoulders, and killed her as soon as she had fallen.

On the 7th of June, eighteen days after, Bishop Patteson read the burial service over the grave, with many solemn and anxious thoughts regarding the population, now reduced to 2,500, and in a very wild condition.

Ten years later, and Bishop Patteson was himself enrolled in the noble army of the martyrs, along with the friends whom he loved and lamented.

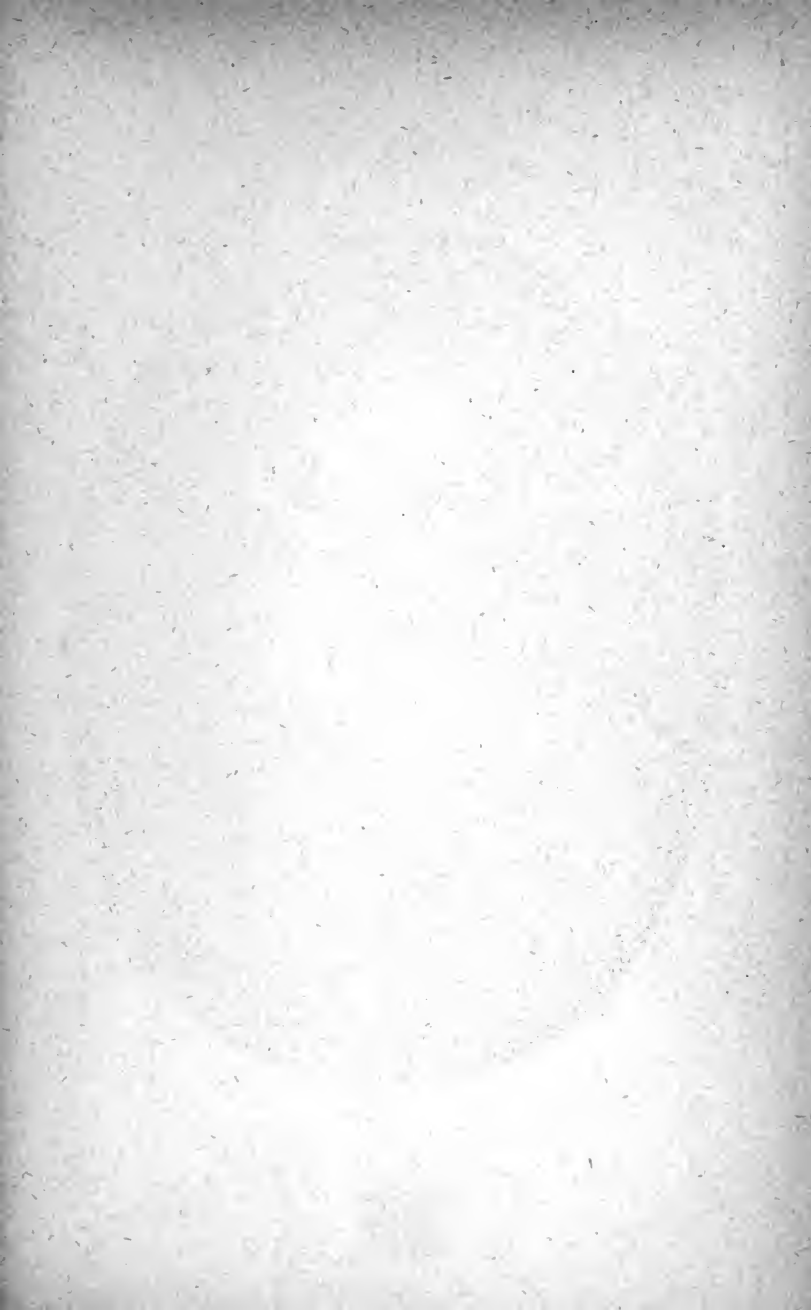
From his first coming out as a missionary he had never returned home, though he had experienced a very severe illness, nor had he seen in the flesh the face of any of those whom he counted most dear. In 1871, the New Zealand bishops sent him a letter urging him to go to England ; but he could

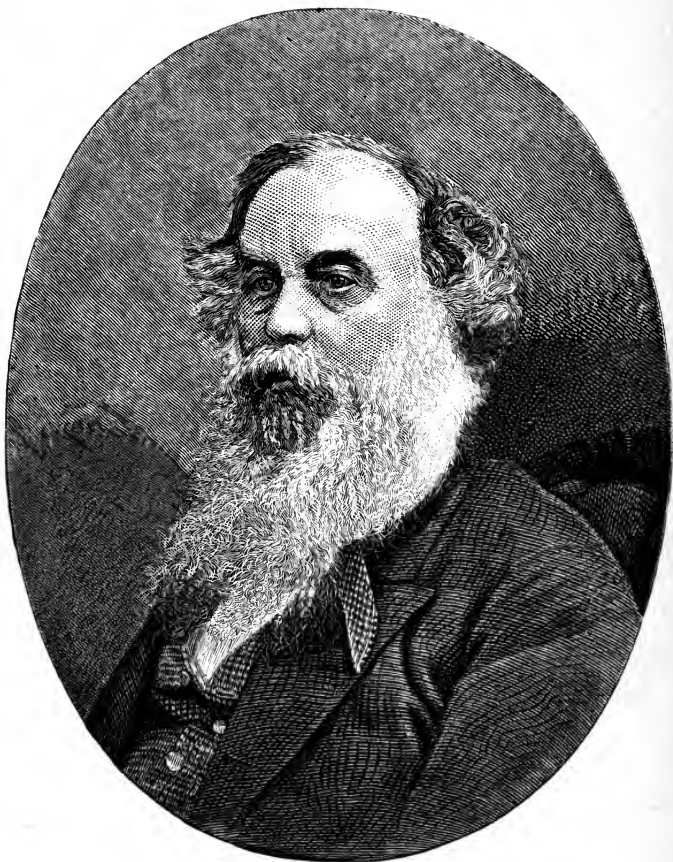
not entertain the proposal, partly owing to the state of his mission, and especially his schools, and partly because he felt that he must exercise special vigilance over both Fiji and Queensland. The reason for this vigilance was that a kind of slave-trade had sprung up, and he dreaded the effects of it on the spirit of the natives. Both in Queensland and in Fiji a great demand had arisen for native labour, and certain vessels were engaged in bringing labourers from the various islands, and landing them at these places. From fair means they proceeded to foul to induce the natives to emigrate, and sometimes they would sink canoes, pick up the men as they struggled in the water, place them by force on board, and compel them to emigrate. When resistance was offered, violence would sometimes be resorted to, and lives sacrificed. Bishop Patteson looked with horror on such proceedings. Even when the traffic was carried on in a lawful way it had very undesirable results, for when the natives returned after a few years' service with the settlers in Queensland or Fiji, they came back with guns and many irregular habits, and were far indeed from disposed to a life of industry and contentment. But the force and fraud which were becoming connected with the trade were exciting the passions of the natives, and they were watching for opportunities of revenge. Bishop Patteson felt the importance of the crisis, and resolved to watch accordingly. In September, he was cruising near the Santa Cruz group, where he knew there was danger. On the 19th of that month he wrote to Bishop Selwyn, "And now what will the next few days

bring forth? It may be God's will that the opening for the Gospel may be given to us now. Sometimes I feel as if I were almost too importunate in my longings for some beginning here; and I try not to be impatient, and to wait His good time, knowing that it will come when it is the fulness of time. Then again, I am tempted to think, if not soon, if not now, the trading vessels will make it almost impossible, as men think, to obtain any opening here. But I am on the whole hopeful, though somewhat faint-hearted."

Next day was the fatal 20th. The night came when he could no more work.

Eulogy on such a life were mere impertinence. The life of Christ, and the love of Christ, were manifest in every chapter of it. We look on it with a reverence which only a very few lives, even in Christian annals, inspire. Whether Westminster Abbey, or any other of our great memorial temples, shall proclaim it to posterity we cannot tell; but amid the profusion of monuments on their walls it would be difficult to find any that told the story of a nobler life.





TITUS SALT.

TITUS SALT.*

SIR TITUS SALT was undoubtedly a remarkable man. He not only rose from the ranks to fame and fortune, but he was a discoverer in the world of manufactures, and a genius in the realm of philanthropy. He was one of the few men that expand the world, that bring in new methods and new ideas; very simple and natural, no doubt, once they are seen, but on that very account demanding a touch of genius to produce them. To see him or to be with him, you would have said he was not an interesting man. He had little to say, and that little he said dryly. His manner was stiff, and his tones were cold. But just because he was apparently uninteresting, he interested one the more. Samson, very likely, was a commonplace sort of person, but there was a great power somewhere in the man that did such remarkable deeds. So, one felt, the inventor of alpaca must be a man of mind, and the founder of Saltaire and its magnificent institutions must have a very large heart. There seemed a contradiction between the outer and the inner man not to be easily explained.

* "Sir Titus Salt, Bart. His Life and its Lessons." By the Rev. R. Balgarnie.

Mr. Balgarnie's Memoir solves the problem, and shows us that Titus Salt was not made up of contradictions, but was a true, self-consistent, as well as self-contained man.

In the very name of Titus there is something that carries us to Puritan times. His grandparents bore the names of Titus and Sarah; his parents, Isaac and Grace; his sisters and brother, Sarah, Hannah, and Isaac. If we take a saunter through Bunhill Fields, we shall find some of these names on every other gravestone. They tell of an ancestry schooled and moulded in times when God-fearing men had to screw themselves into an attitude of stiff and resolute opposition to the evil around them, and the temptations to which so many yielded. His grandfather and his father, strong and burly men, had a driblet of freehold property in Yorkshire, enough to let them feel that they were not cyphers in the community, but not enough to yield a living. His mother was a woman of delicate frame and earnest piety. Morley, near Leeds, the place of his birth, which took place in 1803, was an old little town, where the Puritan spirit still lingered. "The Sabbath was strictly observed. Family worship was common in many a home. The Bible and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress were the books most frequently read." From his godly mother, Titus Salt "acquired that respect for religion, that regard for the Sabbath, that reverence on entering the House of God, that personal attachment to Christian ministers and their work, which were retained as long as he lived. It was by her alone his youthful lips were taught to pray; to read the Bible both morning and evening,

and to make it the man of his counsel in the house of his pilgrimage. Among many relics of the deceased baronet at Crow Nest, not the least precious is a well-worn pocket Bible, the gift of the parent to the son, with the following inscription :—

TO TITUS SALT.

“ May this blest volume ever lie
Close to thy heart and near thine eye ;
Till life’s last hour thy soul engage,
And be thy chosen heritage.”

It is worthy of notice, that to each of his own children he presented a pocket Bible, in which were written with his own hand the above lines.

Titus, as a boy, was silent and reserved, and was looked on by his companions as the dull boy of the school. The walk to school, which was three miles from Morley, must have been rather hard on a boy of six or seven, but no doubt helped to lay the foundation of those plodding habits which promoted his success in life. His dinner was not very sumptuous. A piece of oat-cake and a cup of milk, which he himself had taken from the cow in the morning, was the whole repast. When he was ten, his father gave up his business at Morley, as driesalter and white cloth merchant, and took a farm at Crofton, near Wakefield. Here Titus attended the school of a Mr. Harrison. According to his teacher, he was never a bright pupil, but steady and very attentive ; a fine, pure boy. Drawing was his chief delight, and he succeeded in any study to which he put his heart. The power of setting his heart on a thing—the great power of his life—already began to show itself in a quiet way.

Titus's first idea of a pursuit in life was that he would be a doctor. But from this his father turned him aside, in consequence of his having on one occasion fainted, on the sight of his own blood issuing from a wound inflicted accidentally on his finger. "Titus, my lad," said the father, "thou wilt never be a doctor." We are not sure if the father was right. Anyhow, the dull boy showed more sensibility than would have been looked for from his crass exterior, as if there were fountains in him below the surface that had hardly yet begun to flow.

In 1820, when about seventeen, Titus Salt was sent to Wakefield to learn the business of woolstapling. Two years after, he came with his parents to Bradford, whither they removed, as the farm of Crofton did not prosper. After a time, "Daniel Salt and Son" set up as woolstaplers. Titus had learned the business in all its details, and knew how to perform with his own hands every operation necessary to prepare the wool for being spun and woven. Naturally, he became the ruling power in the firm, so far as actual business went, though the father's shrewdness was a great help in the management.

Now that he is settled, we find him showing his colours in various ways. Connecting himself with a Sunday school, he is first librarian, then teacher, then superintendent. In his class, he teaches the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, showing an affinity to Scotch ways in other things than oatcake; and as superintendent he is liked, only he will never offer public prayer in

the school. He is "simple and quiet in his manner, not given to much speech, but a deep-thinking young man." Whether his interest in the Sunday school was the result of a converted heart, or merely of a conscience sensitive on a matter of Christian duty, it is difficult to say. It was not till late in life, and under the shadow of personal illness and family bereavement, that Mr. Salt became a communicant. But all through life he took a great interest in Sunday school work, and one of his latest benefactions to Saltaire, was a Sunday school, erected at a cost of £10,000. We find him taking an active part in trying to bring the men of Bradford to reason, when, thinking that machinery was their enemy, they made an attack on Horsfall's mill.

Meanwhile, business is advancing, under the influence of one of the rules he has made, to say little about the quality of his goods, but let the goods speak for themselves. He is saving and careful in his expenditure, but along with an intimate friend, Mr. Forbes, he adopts the habit of giving a certain proportion of his income to God, through the channels of religion and benevolence. He is an enemy to extravagance and dissipation, and, with his friend, sets himself to root out the "Blaize Festival,"—a time of wild saturnalia that used to be held every seven years in honour of Bishop Blaize, the patron saint of woolcombers, in room of which a Mechanics' Institute was reared, which became one of the most prosperous of these institutions in the country. Afterwards this became the prototype of the Saltaire Institute, on

which Mr. Salt expended the magnificent sum of £25,000.

At the age of twenty-seven, Mr. Salt married Miss Caroline Whitlaw, of Grimsby. From this time, he seems to have begun to give effect to somewhat ambitious views for the extension of his business. His aim, however, was not to draw to himself the business already in other hands, but to enlarge the capacity of the business itself, by introducing new materials of which as yet little or no use had been made. A coarse tangled wool, obtained from sheep on the banks of the Don in Russia, called Donskoi wool, was the first object of his interest. Though coarse and rough, it had capacities of lustre in it of which he was sure something might be made. He bought a large stock, but could not sell it. Far from nonplussed, he took a mill and manufactured it himself. It proved a great success, and thus the first stage of his upward career, fruit of no small measure of sagacity, courage and application, was successfully achieved. He felt now that he was capable of treading new paths, that he did not need to confine himself to the old ruts of business, and, no doubt, having achieved one success in the face of prejudice and an astonished community, he was somewhat thirsty for an opportunity of achieving another.

And ere long the opportunity came. In 1836, the wool of the alpaca, an animal of South America, half sheep half goat, first came under Mr. Salt's observation. A cargo of the commodity had been consigned to a Liverpool house, but no purchaser for it could be found, when Mr. Salt happened to

be passing, and having pulled a handful out of one of the bales, examined it with the experienced woolstapler's eye. Something had struck him about it; he returned to Liverpool, carried off a sample, made a more leisurely examination of the wool at Bradford, scouring and combing it with his own hands, examining the fibre, testing its strength, measuring its length, till he became convinced that it might be put to most profitable use. From his father he got no encouragement, but was advised to have nothing to do with the "nasty stuff;" but he had learned to place confidence in his own judgment, after he had been so thorough and careful in forming it, and, much to the astonishment of the Liverpool merchants, he became the purchaser of their stock of alpaca. When the offer was made, the head of the firm thought he must be an escaped lunatic, and had some intention of handing him over to the police. It was a proof of Mr. Salt's honesty that he offered a fair sum for the article, which the merchant would have been willing to part with for a merenominal price.

A thorough believer in the capabilities of alpaca, Mr. Salt went into it right and left. Mill after mill was set to work for the various departments of business which the new fabric called into existence. The trade spread with amazing rapidity; the business of Bradford was remarkably enlarged. Thousands of working people were provided with employment. Simultaneously, the profits of the business produced a great mass of wealth. Mr. Salt's life for years was one of intense devotion to business, and, during this period of it, his biographer

does not find him taking a very conspicuous part in some of those Christian enterprises which he had worked at in his youth, and which he did so much to promote in his later years.

Among other dangers that commonly beset the career of the successful manufacturer, is the tendency to disregard the welfare of the work-people, and treat them as mere manufacturing machines. From the first, Mr. Salt had a different feeling. From the firm that had taught him his business he had adopted a motto: "Those who have helped us to make money shall help us to enjoy it;" and (as it has been put):—

"In making his thousands he never forgot
The thousands that helped him to make them."

It is mentioned by his biographer that he was the first to avail himself of the opportunities which the railway afforded of enabling his people to enjoy an excursion to the country; and in various other ways he showed a thoughtful regard for the hard-toiled labourer. When he came to have a carriage, he would not unfrequently stop it to give a lift to some poor woman with an infant in her arms, or a pedestrian that seemed fatigued with travel; somewhat like a friend of ours, whom we have known in the Highlands to lift the "creel" from the back of a country woman, and carry it for her a good part of the weary way. Such little acts of kindness are even more eloquent than the princeliest acts of benevolence, implying a heart that really seeks to lessen suffering, and that does so in circumstances when the pleasure of doing it is the only possible reward.

Social and political honours are now heaped on

Mr. Salt. First, in 1848, he is Mayor of Bradford, and then one of its representatives in Parliament. In his capacity of mayor, he became better acquainted with the moral condition of the town, and was terribly distressed at the dreadful consequences of "drink and lust." An influential meeting was held, at which he said he had become acquainted with scenes of wretchedness of which he could not possibly have conceived; and he had called them together to see if any means could be contrived to improve the religious and moral condition of the borough. In his opinion there was a want of adequate religious instruction, and also of means of innocent recreation for the working classes, and he should like to see a public music-hall established. In furtherance of this object, St. George's Hall was erected as a place suitable for concerts and other public entertainments. It was built by a company of shareholders, of whom Mr. Salt was one, and the moral benefits to the community have been inestimable. "Within its walls," says Mr. Balgarnie, "religion, science, politics, philanthropy and music have gathered crowds of eager listeners, and thus it has become the centre of moral influence for elevating the minds of the whole community." During Mr. Salt's mayoralty the cholera visited Bradford, and made sad havoc among the people. Mr. Salt not only contributed liberally towards abating the evil, but personally visited the scene of distress, speaking words of hope to the smitten, of comfort to the bereaved, of practical advice to the yet unscathed, how they might personally avert the impending calamity.

Parliamentary life did not suit Mr. Salt. His character and sympathies appeared from his attendance on a week-day prayer-meeting, established by the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, for Members of Parliament. So unsettled was he by his attendance during the first session, that he began to think his days were coming to an end, came down to Yorkshire "a weary man," and gave orders to his architect to build a family mausoleum. He resigned his seat in Parliament, and, under the faithful guidance of Mr. Balgarnie, devoted his earnest attention to the things that belonged to his peace. He himself regained health; but, soon after, the death of a beloved daughter deepened the impressions already made. And now it was, that, giving himself up to the Saviour, he resolved to make a public profession of his faith in Him. "It was a day," says Mr. Balgarnie, "never to be forgotten. Early on Sunday morning, we set out from Methley in the family omnibus, his wife and daughters being with him. On the way, hundreds of tracts were given away or dropped for the villagers to gather. The church at Saltaire was then undergoing alterations, so that divine service had to be conducted in the school-room. The visit, of course, awakened much interest among the worshippers, who had rarely seen the family among them on the Sunday; but to himself the occasion was invested with greater interest than it could be to any one else. There was to them nothing outwardly to distinguish it from other Sundays, save that Mr. Salt remained with the members of the church,

and took his place at the Table of the Lord. How he seemed to enjoy the service! The sermon preached, he said, was worthy of being written in letters of gold. The theme of it was 'Soul winning,' and seemed to affect him deeply. His thankfulness, simplicity, and tenderness on this occasion were most touching. Surrounded as he was by the colossal buildings which his own hand had reared, it was truly beautiful to behold him now as a little child at the feet of Jesus. That hallowed scene stands vividly before our imagination, and we still seem to hear him say, 'This is the day I have long desired to see, when I should come and meet my people at the communion-table.'

"Shall we now describe another service that took place in the evening, after we returned to Methley? In the entrance-hall of the mansion all the people of the estate, together with those of the household, were gathered. It was an unusual sight in that hall, often familiar with scenes of another kind. There, gardeners and grooms, gamekeepers and footmen, gatekeepers and domestics, were met to worship God. Those who could not be accommodated in the centre of the hall occupied the steps of the great staircase; while on the oak dais—where, in olden times, the lord of the manor had feasted, with his retainers seated below him—sat a Christian family, to mingle their voices in thanksgiving with their servants. And when the story of redeeming love was preached, it seemed as if many eyes were eager to gaze upon the Divine Sufferer, and willing hearts ready to crown Him as their King."

It has not been possible to sketch Mr. Salt's life as a man, and as a man of business, without some reference to his philanthropy. But that philanthropy was done on so great a scale, and the *chef d'œuvre*, with which he sought to crown his fiftieth year, was so remarkable, that we purpose now to speak of it by itself. That a man of so little apparent emotion should have made the welfare of others so great an object of his life, and should have expended on it such enormous sums of money, may to some seem mysterious. Anyhow, he was eminently one of those liberal men that devise liberal things, and by liberal things they stand. Though his name was Salt, his heart was anything but sour. His Puritan blood was pure and wholesome; and while it did not boil over in words of endearment or acts of sentimental generosity, it nurtured an unwearied as well as wise and considerate philanthropy, that found its solace in lessening the sorrows and promoting the true welfare of men.

The great project which Mr. Salt contemplated and hoped to accomplish on his fiftieth birthday, was to bring into one centre the various manufactories he had hitherto carried on, in some convenient locality, where ample space, pure air, and abundance of water were essential considerations, and to rear around his model mills whatever buildings might be necessary for the accommodation of the workpeople. The locality selected, on the banks of the Aire, some three miles from Bradford, was admirably adapted for the purpose. Sir William Fairbairn remarked that the selection had been made with uncommon judgment, and that the estate

possessed every facility for the objects that were to be pursued. It had water in abundance, roads and canals, and now it has also railway accommodation to the very door of the mills. The name, Saltaire, combining that of the founder and that of the river, was fixed on after Saltown and Saltburn had been tried and rejected. The cost of the first mill was a hundred thousand pounds. How much more was laid out in machinery and other requisites we are not informed; but Mr. Salt's principle was to have the best of everything, and for that object, no reasonable expense was grudged.

There was a great banquet at the opening—an extraordinary banquet, the guests being 3,750, including the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, and some 2,500 of the workpeople from Bradford. Mr. Salt's words were as usual few, but he expressed his great pleasure in seeing the vast assemblage of his workpeople before him. He explained the origin of his scheme; said that he knew too much of the evils of overcrowded Bradford to think of increasing them, and had resolved to draw around him, on a free and open site, a population that would enjoy the beauties of the neighbourhood, and who would be a well-fed, contented and happy body of co-operatives. He had given instructions to his architect that nothing should be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country. If his life should be spared by Providence, he hoped to see satisfaction, happiness, and comfort around him.

We do not intend to give any minute account of the mills, which have often been described: covering ten acres, in length equal to St. Paul's,

consuming 30,000 tons of coal per annum, producing 5,688 miles of fabric, and employing between 3,000 and 4,000 "hands." We well remember the especial interest of Mr. Salt in his workpeople, and his desire that his visitors should take an especially good look at them; how they were made to stand opposite the gate at the dinner hour, and give judgment on the appearance and condition of the workpeople as they filed past them. Saltaire to him would have been nothing, if the "live stock" had not been such as to attest that the efforts to promote their comfort and their welfare had not been made in vain.

Mr. Salt's object was to provide comfortable dwellings, church, and schools; in fact, every institution which could improve the moral, mental, and religious condition of the workpeople. At the time of his death the town of Saltaire contained 22 streets, besides sundry places, terraces, and roads, with 850 dwelling-houses, and almshouses for 45 inmates, making a total of 895, and covering an area of 25 acres. The houses are well built and commodious; containing parlour, kitchen, pantry, and three bedrooms. Larger houses may be found, as well as boarding houses. There are tradesmen's shops, post-office, savings bank, and newspaper office. In 1867, the cost of these dwellings had amounted to £106,567, besides the land. The school buildings were unsurpassed by any in the neighbourhood, costing £7,000. The church, which was Congregational, cost £16,000, Mr. Salt being resolved that for the House of God everything should be of the best. Other denominations were allowed sites for

their churches, except when they were so near as not to make additional buildings necessary. Then there was provided an infirmary, especially for accidents occurring at the mills. For persons permanently maimed, a provision for life is made.

Baths and washhouses were reared, at an outlay of £7,000.

The almshouses are on a very generous scale. They appear to have been erected "in grateful remembrance of God's undeserved goodness, and in the hope of promoting the comfort of some who, in feebleness and necessity, may need a home." Like the whole of the Saltaire buildings, they are of Italian architecture, and arrest attention from their beautiful appearance, with walks and flower gardens in front, and creeping plants by the windows. There are forty-five almshouses, accommodating seventy-five occupants. Weekly allowances, from 7s. 6d. to 10s., are paid to the inmates. Preference is given to old workers at the mills, but others of deserving character who stand in need, are also eligible.

Saltaire has no public-house. The atmosphere is sweeter, and the place holier, in consequence. Mr. Salt anticipated the Permissive Bill in this arrangement, and he did it deliberately. During his mayoralty in Bradford, he had been distressed to the core of his heart by the doings of drink. At the assizes in Leeds, he had been in like manner horrified at the catalogue of crime there presented by drink, and said with emphasis: "Drink and lust are at the bottom of it all." He could not prevent public-houses from being erected on the

confines of Saltaire, where undoubtedly they exist. But the results of their prohibition within the town were strikingly brought out in a medical report, forwarded, not for competition but for information, to the Imperial Commission of Paris, who had appropriated a large sum as a reward for the most successful philanthropic undertaking of the kind.* In this medical report it is stated that "the diseases peculiar to poverty are almost unknown at Saltaire, namely, typhus fever, rheumatic fever and cutaneous affections. . . . The writer, from his medical duties, can bear testimony to the great absence of drunkenness; while in many of the houses no spirits are kept, except in cases of confinement. There is a remarkable absence of *certain diseases*. During the visitation of cholera, a system of disinfecting, etc., was followed. . . . No case of cholera occurred, and there was a remarkable freedom from typhoid fever and other autumnal diseases. . . . Regulations against over-crowding are enforced; there is a regular system of ventilation; the drainage is thorough and complete; the dust-ashes are emptied into the ashpits which receive the night-soil, the ordure being thus mixed with the best of disinfectants, and the whole is used for agricultural purposes."

To make up for the want of public-houses, Mr. Salt gave to Saltaire one of its most splendid establishments—the Saltaire Club and Institute, erected at an expense of £25,000. It contains

* Mr. Salt was very particular in repudiating all desire to enter into the competition. It seemed to him rather a lowering of the dignity of a philanthropic enterprise.

reading-room, library, lecture hall, school of art, billiard-room, lecture room, laboratory, gymnasium, armoury (for the Saltaire Volunteers), and smaller rooms for various purposes. It was given to the people "as a place to which you can resort for conversation, business, recreation, and refreshment, as well as for education, elementary, technical, and scientific." This splendid institution, along with the schools, now known as "The Salt Schools," has been placed under a body of governors, with sundry Salt scholarships attached, constituting an educational provision of unrivalled value, and costing in the whole, some £40,000.

Time would fail us to recount all the institutions of Saltaire, including the dining-hall, on the plan of the Glasgow cheap dinners; the Fire Brigade; the Horticultural Society; the Cricket Club; the Brass Band; the String and Reed Band; the Glee and Madrigal Society; the Angling Association; the Co-operative and Industrial Society; the Coal Society; the Funeral Society; the Men's and Women's Society for the Relief of the Sick. It is interesting to hear of these more spontaneous organisations springing up in the place; for undoubtedly the risk of the Saltairians is, that having had so much done for them, they may forget the duty of doing for themselves, and learn to lean unduly on paternal government.

In the Memoir, many anecdotes are told of the wide range of Mr. Salt's philanthropy, for it was far from being confined to Saltaire. To the Sailor's Orphan Home at Hull, he presented £5,000; to the Lancaster Asylum and Bradford Infirmary,

£10,000; to Bradford Grammar School, £11,000. To churches, schools and other objects in every direction, his donations were without number, but not without discrimination. Widows were helped, young men advanced in life, sufferers from accidents liberally aided, in short, every cause where Christian philanthropy could be enlisted was generously aided. Though a very decided Nonconformist, he did not omit the Established Church. He contributed liberally to parochial objects under the charge of the Hon. P. Y. Saville, Rector of Methley, and presented a handsome stone pulpit for a new church at Lightcliffe. "I regard it as a duty and privilege," he said, "to co-operate with Christians of all Evangelical denominations in furtherance of Christian work."

The two last benefactions to Saltaire were a recreation ground, entitled "The People's Park," and the Sunday Schools. The Park was given in 1871, and the Sunday Schools in 1875, and on this last occasion he could really say, what he had often said before, "I have finished now." The park contains fourteen acres, chiefly devoted to cricket, croquet and archery, but with walks and flower-beds beautifully laid out, and a gravelled terrace, with a music pavilion in the centre.

In the Sunday Schools, there is accommodation for 800 scholars. The outlay on them was no less than £10,000.

About ten years before the end of his life, Mr. Salt gave a remarkable proof that wealth had not deprived him of the power of self-mastery, by giving up the habit of smoking. What were his reasons,

is not known; but the resolution was kept to the end. Smokers were not absolutely deprived in his house of all opportunity of indulging their taste; but with the cigar, a tract against smoking would often be presented; and on some occasions, what looked like a case of cigars turned out to be a box of chocolate.

In 1869, Mr. Gladstone announced the Queen's desire to confer on him a baronetcy. The honour was well deserved, and yet probably many will feel that instead of elevating the recipient, the title looked small alongside the deeds that had already exalted his name.

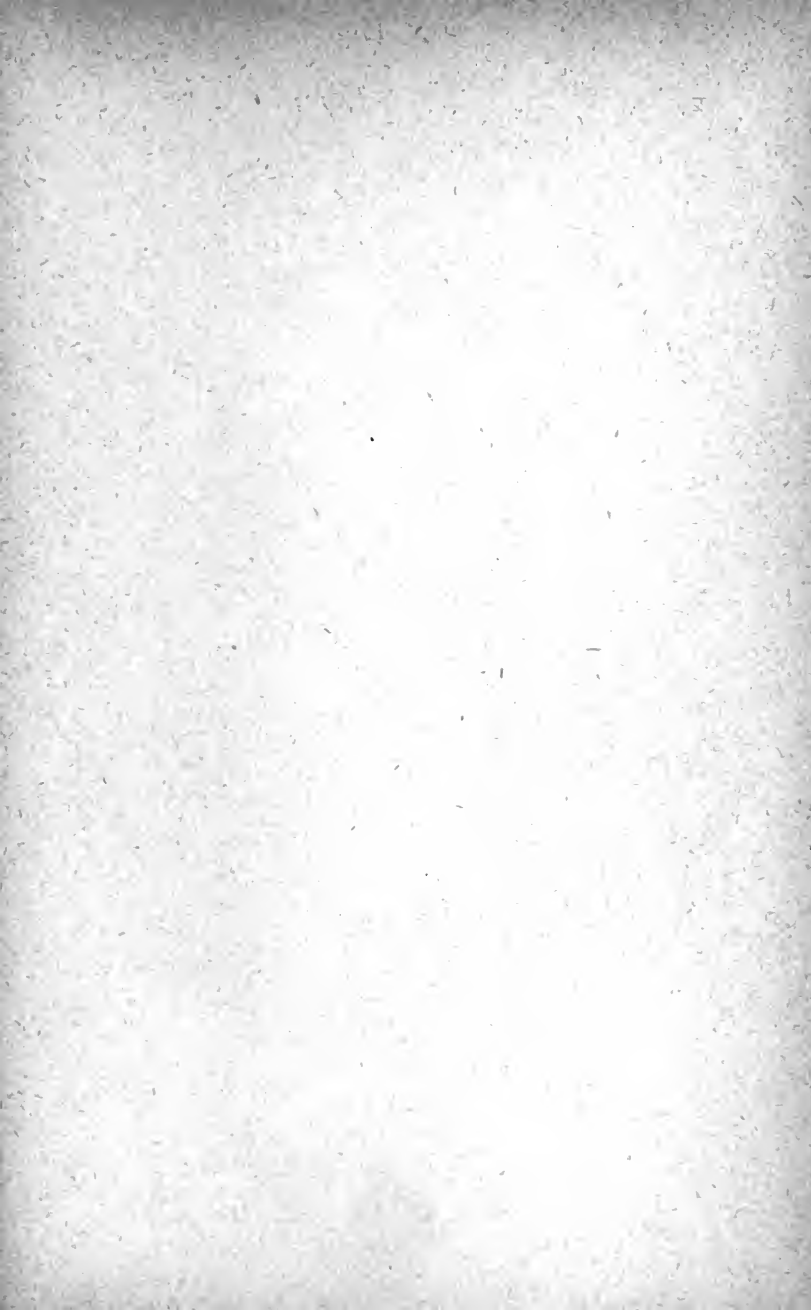
The year 1876 was the last of the years of Sir Titus. General weakness, irregular action of the heart, and fainting fits, indicated the approach of the end. It was a year of continual generosity, though no new scheme distinguished it, like so many that had gone before. Sir Titus was well prepared for the change, and many things indicated plainly that he sought to enter the Kingdom by the new and living way. As his biographer remarks, if any man could have earned heaven by his good deeds, Sir Titus was that man. Yet no trace of boasting, no shadow of reference to his good deeds ever appeared, but only the humble expression of trust in Him who once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God. He was greatly interested in the soliloquy of Rowland Hill in the like circumstances:

“And when I'm to die
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;

But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
 He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind."

"Are these lines in print?" he asked; "where can I find them?" He did not show much facility of spiritual emotion. His repose was not a feeling, but an inference. "On one occasion we asked him," says his biographer, "if his faith was firm, his hopes clear, and his prospects bright?" "No," he said, "not so much as I should like them to be; but all my trust is in Him. He is the only foundation on which I rest. Nothing else! nothing else!" We encouraged him by saying that his salvation was not dependent on his feelings; that with his depressing physical weakness they might fluctuate and change; but on Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. "That is what I want to realise," he said. The answer given was, "Cling to the cross, and leave health, life and all in the Saviour's hand, and this will yield you peace;" on which he said, with much calmness, "I can do no more, but leave myself there."

At length, the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken. On the 29th December, 1876, he passed away, and the first week of the new year witnessed an assembly of mourners such as had never been brought together in Bradford. Tens of thousands were gathered at the sight; and their grief was no formal acknowledgment in the presence of Death, but the genuine lamentation of a community for one whom they had equal cause to honour as a citizen and to love as a friend.





GEORGE MOORE.

GEORGE MOORE.

MR. SMILES has taken in hand a very different subject from his "Scottish Naturalist," the subject of a biography which has interested many a reader.* In one respect, indeed, Thomas Edward and George Moore were alike; both started in life from the humblest ranks. In Thomas Edward we find a man, somewhat peculiar in temper perhaps, but thoroughly devoted to pursuits which brought to him personally little but toil and danger, poverty and struggle. In George Moore we have a man singularly strong in worldly instincts, who spent the earliest and most active part of his life in the pursuit of wealth. In middle life, George Moore is brought, as we believe, under the true and powerful influence of Divine grace. He is taught one great lesson, to use his wealth for Christian and benevolent ends, and he does an immense amount of good. He exemplifies the power of Christian faith and love to elevate life, for it is very plain that in him the natural man was of the earth—earthly;

* "George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist." By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 1878.

and that any elevation that he underwent was immediately connected with his spiritual change.

Moore was the younger son of a Cumberland "statesman" or yeoman, whose forefathers had led a wild and stirring life, fostering a brave, fearless, independent spirit, with a desire to acquire as much as possible of their neighbours' property at the smallest cost to themselves. In fact, these freebooters went on the principle of acquiring property in the cheapest market and selling it in the dearest, and we rather think that young Moore inherited something of their spirit—his practice, however, being qualified by punctual payment for all that he acquired. His education was of the poorest sort. His teacher was a drunkard, whose chief assistants in knocking learning into the boys were a cane and a thick ruler. Out-of-door amusements were practised with great ardour, particularly the rough sport of wrestling, in which young Moore excelled. His tendency to money-making appeared so early as at the age of nine or ten, when he struggled to earn at harvest as much as a man. He is said to have been a general favourite, with the faults incident to an energetic character unsoftened by a mother's tenderness. His mother had died early. Certainly there was little of tenderness in the boy of eleven who walked thirty-four miles to see a man hanged.

Determined to leave home and push his way in the world, George Moore was apprenticed to a draper at Wigton, in Cumberland. It was a miserable arrangement, and the wonder is he was not ruined. He had to get his meals in a public-house, and it was part of his duty in the shop to give whisky to

all the good customers. His master was a drunkard, and the senior apprentice a bully and a coward. Then he got into the habit of gambling, all the more dangerous because he had luck at cards. He got so fond of this that he would often spend nearly the whole night at the public-house gambling. The cure of this pernicious and ensnaring habit came in a very singular way. In locking up his master's premises he had been accustomed to leave a window on the ground floor unfastened, and to let himself in by that in the middle of the night. One Christmas time, his master finding this out, and hearing of his gambling habits, had the window fastened in his absence; and Moore, in order to get to his bed, had to clamber over the roofs of the adjacent houses and, hanging over the parapet, let his feet drop on the sill of his window, and thus get an entrance. Soon after he got into bed his master came to look after him, and Moore, feigning to be asleep, heard him vow that as soon as he awoke he should be turned adrift. Next day he lay in bed, never moved, and nobody came to him. Hearing the waits sing some Christmas carols, he felt a new spirit come over him. He was overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. He thought of his father, and feared he might bring his grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave. He resolved to leave off gambling, and by God's help he was enabled to carry out the resolution. His master was induced to give him another trial. He was now steady as a rock, and attended an evening school to improve his education. He became very valuable in connection with the business, for the master was becoming more and more unsteady, and George had

really to steer the ship.* He was a great favourite in the town. He showed his interest and sympathy by often running from house to house asking after the welfare of ailing inmates, playing games, amusing the young, and assisting the old.

His apprenticeship coming to an end, George determined to go to London to push his fortune. His purpose was very unwelcome to his father, and especially to his sister Mary, who was next younger than he, and, as often happens in the case of sisters nearest of age, specially attached to him. But George had made up his mind, and so firm was his will even in boyhood, that once he did this, he never changed. He had no one to take him by the hand, and he had little in his rugged Cumberland speech and manners to recommend him ; but he had courage and perseverance, and no little faith in himself.

When he went through the drapers' shops and asked a place behind the counter, his speech, manners, and appearance were so rough that people laughed at him, and asked him if it was not a porter's place he wished for. His first fortnight in London was a fortnight of bitter martyrdom, and it was only after he had knocked in vain at every door that Mr. Ray, a Cumberland man, more out of pity for the lad than for business reasons, offered him a berth at thirty pounds a year. The most memorable thing that happened to him during the year he was in this place, was when a bright little girl came tripping one day into the warehouse, accompanied by

* Strange to say, in later life that master came to London destitute, and his old apprentice made a provision for him for life.

her mother. It was his master's daughter. On seeing her, George exclaimed, "If ever I marry, that girl shall be my wife!" It seemed sheer madness. But somehow the idea had penetrated at once to the core of his heart. It became a tremendous power in his after-life.

After a year, having had enough of retail business, Moore passed into the service of a wholesale house, Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson. Here he passed through a new experience of his deficiencies, and found especial cause to cultivate such qualities as quickness, promptitude, and accuracy. When a country boy has the right stuff in him, though he may at first be far surpassed by the town boy, he gradually gains on the other, and ultimately he is considerably ahead. It was so with Moore. Though his hours of work were heavy, he felt that his education had been woefully deficient, and, joining a night school, he would pore over books till midnight, striving to make up his lee-way. In business he began to show smartness and extraordinary willingness. The head of the firm, who at first had said that he had known many a Cumberland blockhead, but that Moore was the greatest of them all, began now to perceive his value. He was made town traveller of the firm. After eighteen months he was found to be too good for that department, and was appointed to a more important post—the Manchester and Liverpool circuit. This may be said to have been the beginning of his remarkable success. He turned out to be one of the most extraordinary travellers that a mercantile house ever had. His activity was enormous. He would do in

one day the work of three. His manner was very winning; he found out the right side of his clients, and conquered almost at sight. In Ireland, where his master had lost all his business, he fought hard and brought it back. He had forethought, carefulness, method, and perseverance. To these qualities he owed his success. His salary was but £150 per annum, and higher offers came to him. He refused to change except for a partnership. The partnership came, and in 1830, at the age of twenty-four, he became a member of the firm of Groucock, Copestake, and Moore, of Bow Churchyard, London.

Compared by some of his fellows to a lion, and by others to an eagle, he worked now with the energy of a steam-engine. He continued to conduct the department of traveller, in which his success had been so great. For years the business just doubled yearly. He used to say that for twelve years he worked some sixteen hours a day, and with hardly a holiday. It was not till 1841, the year after his marriage, that he began to take things more quietly. Like too many other commercial travellers, he worked on Sundays as well as on week-days, making up accounts and looking over stock. As a rule, he was up two nights in the week. A few hours' sleep on a sofa satisfied him. The thought of resting to take a few hours' pleasure never entered his mind. Of choice, we may almost say, he sang the Song of the Shirt, "Work, work, work!" But both physically and morally he paid the penalty of this excessive devotion to labour. His nervous system became disorganized, and in regard to his spiritual condition at this time, he said afterwards,

“In looking back upon my past life, I have a great deal to deplore and repent of. In my travelling days, when I struggled and worked on Sunday and Saturday, and sometimes all night, I sometimes never heard the Word of God. I did not understand the scheme of salvation; yet, strange to say, I had a sincere belief in the efficacy of prayer. . . . At that time the dinner hour was one o'clock, and the mischievous pint of wine was the daily allowance, with hot suppers and grog at nights. I often thank God that I did not become a drunkard. My temptations were very great. All customers that came to see my stock goods were invited to drink, no matter at what hour. . . . During my travelling days, I had no time to think. At night I tumbled into bed without asking God's blessing, and I was generally so tired that I fell asleep in a few minutes.”

Yet even during this utterly worldly period of his life, Moore did not live for himself alone. The kind heart that used to carry heavy parcels at night for his brother William, who was not strong enough for his berth as porter, was touched with many a fellow-creature's struggles, and eagerly sought to lighten them. He did a great deal for Cumberland, especially for its Benevolent Society, to which, when he went to London, he subscribed his first guinea. He laboured very earnestly and very successfully to raise the standard of education throughout the county. He instituted a very useful scheme of Perambulating Libraries in Cumberland, the idea of which he had got from

the similar scheme of Samuel Brown, of Haddington. The Commercial Travellers' School was, to a large extent, his own creation. He took extraordinary pains to promote the success of a Prison Reformatory, designed to look after prisoners when discharged, but found it very hard work to get the institution to work properly; and it was only after many years' most sturdy application of his motto "Persevere," that he at length allowed it to be closed, saying that it was the only work he had ever begun and given up. He was deeply interested in a Hospital for Incurables. A special hobby was to pay the marriage fees of poor couples who were living unmarried, in order that they might be in a more hallowed relation. The demoralization of women through the ravages of sensual vice, the degradation of those who should have been guardians of purity into the promoters and partners of abominable wickedness, distressed him greatly, and a refuge for fallen women was another of his schemes. It was one of his ways of working for such objects to beg from others as well as give liberally himself. As the cares of business came to take up less of his time, the labours of philanthropy came in their place. It was a saying of his, "For work go to the busy man, not to the idle." So full was he of philanthropic work, that when nominated to the high office of Sheriff of London he paid the fine of £415 13s. 4d. to decline the honour. For a similar reason, he declined every proposal to offer himself for a place in Parliament. Without difficulty he might have been returned for many places, and for places of such mark as the county

of Cumberland, the City of London, and the county of Middlesex, and the men who urged him to stand were sometimes the highest in rank and influence ; but he uniformly declined, saying that he had not education enough to fit him for the office ; that if he went into Parliament it must be to work and not look on ; and that the work of Parliament was so heavy that he should have to give up all the other labours, for which he felt that he was much better fitted.

Moore was now one of the merchant-princes of the metropolis, and he must have a princely house. He seems to have gone into this project with some misgivings, and the undertaking appears to have been more his wife's than his own. The mansion was situated in Kensington Palace Gardens, and Mr. Moore took possession of it in 1854. It was a splendid house, full of the choicest objects of art—everything of the highest quality. “It was long before I felt at home in it,” says Mr. Moore, “nor did it add at all to our happiness.” It naturally led him to see more company, and to develop social qualities of which he possessed a considerable share. His wife, for whose sake he had built and furnished the house, did not live long to enjoy it. Splendour and wealth could not arrest the cold hand when it was laid upon her, and on the 4th of December, 1858, Mr. Moore was left in a state of loneliness, which the largeness and splendour of his dwelling seemed to make more difficult to bear.

It was about this time that the intense worldliness of Mr. Moore's life began to be broken in upon by the claims of religion. His biographer tells us that

he left among his papers many passages relating to his religious life. In the course of the volume we have a number of extracts from these; but the development of this, by far the most important aspect of his life, is not presented with the sympathetic interest that we should have desired. His carelessness during the early part of his life has already been adverted to. In the first and uninterrupted flow of worldly prosperity, everything went so well with him that thoughts of the unseen and the eternal hardly entered his mind. It was as his friends fell away from him, one by one, and as other trials came upon him, that he began to take thought on the state of his soul. It was only when he gave up travelling that he began to attend church, joining the ministry of the Rev. Daniel Moore, whose preaching pricked his conscience, but at first that was all. The sudden death of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Ray, made a deep impression, but still there was no change from death to life. In 1850 he had a distressing nervous ailment, and when residing at St. Bees gave up all hope of ever being well again. He did recover, however, but only to see his partner, Mr. Groucock, struck down, and to part from him in 1853. Mr. Groucock appears to have been thoroughly changed, and his conversion, and that also of Mr. Hitchcock, of St. Paul's Churchyard, were useful to Mr. Moore, who was deeply in earnest. But he had a long period of unsatisfied longing. While deeply occupied with the great evangelical truths, he suffered much from not having been instructed in the Bible in his youth, and consequently from unreasonable expect-

tations doomed to disappointment. He prayed long that he might experience a striking, sudden change. He seemed to envy the experience of those whose transition from darkness to light was as sudden as that of the blind men in the Gospels. It was not God's purpose that he should experience such a change, and he thought his prayer was in vain. At last he came to see that it was his privilege to take the comfort of the promises of the Gospel, even though he should not know the rapture of assurance. He received with confidence the truth, "He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Under the shade of this promise he went on his way with a measure of happiness, pursuing his works of philanthropy in a new and higher spirit, the spiritual welfare of men being now very specially in his view. But we do not find, as we should have exceedingly desired to find, that he turned his religious convictions towards purifying the ways of trade, or modifying the spirit of competition. One plan on which his heart was much set was to establish family worship in the morning of each day for the people in his employment. There were many difficulties, but he persevered. A young man formerly in the establishment had studied and taken orders, and, as it was thought that he would attract the *employés* more readily, he was engaged as chaplain, and commenced his duties in 1856. The arrangement worked fairly, although Mr. Moore never felt that it came up to his desires. It was one of a series

of measures set on foot by him for the good of the people, at a time when employers had more encouragement, and the workpeople were more willing to avail themselves of such arrangements than they have been since.

Missionaries to the ever-beloved people of Cumberland were next appointed. He sought to appoint a Scripture reader in every market-town of the county. God raised up qualified men in a wonderful way to help him. To his surprise, he met with a great deal of opposition from the clergy. Many useful journals, such as the "British Workman," and the "Band of Hope Review," were scattered over the county. But it is easier to say where his Christian philanthropy began than where it stopped. He was particularly interested in all works of the nature of home missions; church and chapel building, colportage, the circulation of Christian books, the Bishop of London's church extension scheme, and all such operations, had his cordial aid. Charitable works were prosecuted with unabated vigour, and he was especially eager to help deserving charities that had fallen low from want of funds. His own benefactions were large, but he never gave money without assuring himself that there was a fair probability of its being usefully employed. For the last three years of his life, his givings amounted to £16,000 a year. Trips abroad brought up new objects of interest, which were promptly met. A visit to Paris led to his offering to supply a Bible for every bedroom in the chief hotels, an offer which was accepted by ten, but declined by three. In spirit Mr. Moore was catholic.

Connected as he always had been with the Church of England, he worked chiefly on her lines, but he seemed to be equally at home among Christian Nonconformists. In his theology he was very decided, and very much opposed to any compromise of evangelical doctrine. Yet even in his case we may see how personal intimacy and personal respect towards a man of another way of thinking dispose to charitable views. Mr. Moore and Mr. Charles Dickens had been long associated in sundry charitable enterprises, and especially in the Commercial Travellers' Schools. On one occasion, when presiding at what is called a "charitable dinner" on behalf of the schools, Mr. Dickens spoke of Mr. Moore—"A name which is a synonym for integrity, enterprise, public spirit and benevolence. He is one of the most zealous officers whom I have ever seen in my life. He appears to me to have been doing nothing during the past week but rushing into and out of railway carriages, and making eloquent speeches at all sorts of public meetings in favour of this Charity. Last evening he was at Manchester, and this evening he comes here, sacrificing his time and convenience, and exhausting in the meantime the contents of two vast leaden ink-stands, and no end of pens, with the energy of fifty bankers' clerks rolled into one." Some time after, Mr. Moore visited Mr. Dickens at Gadshill, and enjoyed himself there for several days. Of that visit he gives this record: "I was delighted to find that Charles Dickens was sound upon the Gospel. I found him a true Christian without great profession. I have a great liking for him."

In the application of Christianity to the social welfare of the people he was deeply interested. He took part in the Industrial Dwellings movement originated by Alderman Waterlow. The condition of labourers' cottages in the country occupied much of his thoughts. The illegitimacy so prevalent in his native county was a subject of eager and painful interest. Going once to Carlisle to see the hiring fair, he was shocked "to see men and women brought like sheep to market, and engaged without knowledge, or references, or character."

Mr. Moore could not interest himself in the social welfare of the people without being horrified at the doings of drink. In his own county he did all he could to reduce the number of licenses. One day, he says in his diary, "Attended a funeral. The man drowned himself; a sad affair. He is the third given to drinking who has died within three weeks." Another day, he says, "At Wigton on the bench. Had nine cases of 'drunk and disorderly.' Very sad. . . . Went to a school. The Rev. Mr. — was half drunk. He insulted me, and hurt my feelings very much." Mr. Moore seems to have thought that the cure of drunkenness must come from general influences, moral, social, and religious; and yet, for all of this kind that he set in motion, he left the evil much as he found it.

Time utterly fails us to speak of all the philanthropical schemes of that active life. In 1859 he was treasurer to the Cumberland Benevolent Society, treasurer to the Commercial Travellers' Schools, trustee to the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, trustee to the Cordwainers' and Bread

Street Ward Schools, trustee to Nicholson's Charity, Governor and Almoner of Christ's Hospital, trustee to the Penny Bank in Milton Street, chairman and trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association in Marlborough Street, chairman of the General Committee of the Royal Free Hospital, trustee of the Metropolitan Commercial Travellers' and Warehousemen's Association, member of the Board of Management of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, trustee of St. Matthew's Church, St. George's-in-the-East, and also trustee or chairman of Institutions in Cumberland whose name was legion. No more can we enter on a very interesting chapter of his life—his work in Paris during the successive famines caused by the siege of the Prussians and the reign of the Communists. It is impossible to calculate the number of lives he was the means of saving, or to estimate the value of the sympathy which he so worthily represented and expressed, and which had so great an effect in drawing together the hearts of two great nations that were not always so friendly.

We have said that Mr. Moore never overcame a certain worldly ambition. One of the great objects of that ambition was to acquire the property of Whitehall, an ancient estate and tower in Cumberland, and the chief place in his native parish. It was in the end of 1858, as his wife was dying, that the opportunity to purchase it at length came. At great cost of labour, skill, and money, he restored the ancient castle, and improved to the utmost the whole estate. This work lasted for years. At length, in 1861, the castle was completed, and then

there were many entertainments and enjoyments. Select circles of friends, as well as more miscellaneous parties and great gatherings, amounting sometimes to thousands, enjoyed the hospitalities of his mansion. While acting in Cumberland the country gentleman, he had sometimes very distinguished company in his warehouse in town. When some civic occasion drew to the neighbourhood men like Lord John Russell, or the Duke of Cambridge, he would ask them to lunch at the warehouse, and no little pride did he feel in having such guests to entertain there.

Mr. Moore married a second time in 1861, his bride being Miss Agnes Breeks, of Warcop, in Westmoreland. In this marriage, as in the former, it was not without difficulty that he achieved his object. Her connections, he said, were very pleasant, "but they were awful Tories." He had determined to succeed, and as usual he carried his point.

In his country life, he entered with much relish on some sports, which to some seemed a little alien from his religious profession. Like Nimrod, he was a mighty hunter. He loved the sport; it was a great benefit to his health, and he fancied that his presence in the hunting party had a good moral effect. Once he suffered for two years from a dislocated shoulder got in the hunting field. All the skill of the faculty failed to detect what was wrong; it was a poor bone-setter that found out and reduced the dislocation.

Years passed on, and Mr. Moore grew more and more in the love and respect of his neighbours,

and of a great multitude besides, and in the usefulness of his life.

His death was the result of an accident. One day in November, 1876, in one of the streets of Carlisle, he was knocked over by a runaway horse, and his injuries were so serious that in four-and-twenty hours he was dead.

The blow was as severe as it was sudden. It was indeed the fall of a prince and a great man in Cumberland. Journals delineated with mingled pride and sadness the remarkable life so suddenly ended. Friends poured in their tributes and their sympathy. Pulpits gladly seized the opportunity to dwell on the remarkable fruit of Christian faith which that life so crowded with benevolence afforded. A great thrill of sorrow and bereavement pervaded the community. The death of such a man was as impressive as his life and character were rare.

The monument in Carlisle Cathedral calls him—

A MAN OF RARE STRENGTH AND SIMPLICITY OF
CHARACTER,
OF ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE AND WIDE INFLUENCE.
A YEOMAN'S SON,
HE WAS NOT BORN TO WEALTH,
BUT BY ABILITY AND INDUSTRY HE GAINED IT,
AND HE EVER USED IT
AS A STEWARD OF GOD AND A DISCIPLE OF THE
LORD JESUS CHRIST,
FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF ALL GOD'S WORKS.



AGNES JONES.

AGNES JONES.

IT is strange that the keen and wide-spreading eye of modern philanthropy was so long in discovering the needs of workhouse paupers, and, generally, of the sick, infirm and aged poor. "Jails," as has been remarked, "had long been visited and reformed; lunatic asylums had opened their long-closed doors to official inspectors; factory children had found their pleader, and the long hours of toil had been shortened; but who could say a word for the poor in workhouses? It needed the revelations of the Strand Union, and the Casual Ward in Lambeth Workhouse, and other strange stories heard now and then, but too soon forgotten, to arouse the general public to investigate the wrong that might possibly be found even in an institution with paid officials, watched over by a committee."

But though late in the day in attracting notice, pauper and other hospitals for the sick have at last received their due recognition, and nowhere can we find a more beautiful manifestation of the Christian spirit than in the way in which these are now

watched and tended by nurses of the school of Miss Nightingale. The revolution that has taken place in nursing in our public institutions, is a triumph of Christianity hardly less remarkable than the change which has been effected in such communities as the Fiji or the Sandwich islands. Instead of coarse, drunken, brutal women, who too often plundered and abused the helpless patients they were set to nurse, we find in most of our hospitals trained nurses, often of gentle birth and superior education, who have devoted their lives to the business of nursing, because they have drunk in the spirit, and desire to walk in the steps of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. To most it seems a most repulsive life—a sort of burial alive from which every free, blithe spirit might well recoil; yet to those who have the true spirit of Christian love, and something of a vocation for the work, it is a charming life. To be constantly ministering to the relief and comfort of the suffering; to find that blessed outlet for the affections which the case of so many impotent folk affords; to get interested in their individual cases, feel towards them as friends, receive the tokens of their affection, and peradventure have the privilege of leading them to the fountain of Living Water, implies a life of great and blessed enjoyment, albeit its outward conditions are poor and bare. “Oh, the lady,” said a poor suffering man in the Liverpool workhouse, referring to Agnes Jones—“I think I am in heaven when she comes!” And the number of such Christian women is not insignificant now:—

"Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
 Enfeebled spirits own,
 And love to raise the languid eye
 When like an angel's wing they feel them floating by."

Of this class of Christian philanthropists no better sample could be found than Agnes Jones. Before her name was known to the world, Miss Nightingale had written of her in "Good Words," in terms of almost unbounded affection and admiration. "She died, as she had lived, at her post in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in this kingdom—the first in which trained nurses had been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. I do not give her name—were she alive she would beg me not. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was (I was about to say) the most free from the desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say most free, she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but God; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did."

This young lady, Miss Nightingale goes on to say, in less than three years reduced one of the most disorderly workhouse populations to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She inspired fifty nurses and probationers with her own admirable spirit; she converted a Vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses; she converted the Poor Law Board to her views; she disarmed all opposition, conciliated

all classes and denominations, and won the hearts of the paupers.

“And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she had cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over, and without trifling at it; real business—her Father’s business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her Father’s business. How can any undervalue business habits? as if anything could be done without them. She could do and did do more of her Father’s business in six hours than most women do in six months, or than most even of the best women do in six days. But besides this and including this, she had trained herself to the utmost,—she was always training herself, for this is no holiday work. Nursing is an art; and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation as any painter’s or sculptor’s work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God’s Spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts; I had almost said, the finest of the Fine Arts. I have seen somewhere in print that nursing is a profession to be followed by the lower middle class. Shall we say that painting or sculpture is a profession to be followed by the lower middle class? Why limit the class at all? or shall we say that God is only to be served in His sick by the lower middle class? The poorest child without shoes, the most highly born,

have alike followed all these professions with success, have alike had to undergo the hardest work if for success. There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing.”*

Miss Jones was the daughter of an Irish officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the 12th Regiment; she was born at Cambridge, on November the 10th, 1832, and following the regiment, went at the age of five to the Mauritius, where she remained a few years. The home of her family in Ireland was mostly at Fahan House, a lonely spot on the banks of Lough Swilly. For this place, and to all the people round about it, she acquired a very strong affection. At an early period she had serious thoughts, and on her birthdays would make many good resolutions, which it grieved her much to find she had forgotten almost immediately after. Ardent in nature, and affectionate in feeling from the first, her character developed with her years. In 1850, her father died, and from that time the development was more rapid and decided. In religious matters she took decided ground, and her heart was given to the Lord. Her earliest instructors had had a poor opinion of her capacity, but she soon showed that they were mistaken. “Never,” says her sister, “did the charm of unselfishness appear more perfect than in her character; she seemed incapable of a selfish act or a selfish thought; as if of themselves, her thoughts ever turned to others, their pleasure, their

* See Introduction to “*Memorials of Agnes E. Jones*, by her sister. With Introduction by Florence Nightingale.”

wishes ; and while she thought of herself only to blame, she could see no fault where she loved." During this winter she began her classes in the Lurgan Street Ragged School (in Dublin, to which the family had removed), where the deep spiritual and physical need of her scholars awakened her liveliest interest, and called forth her deepest sympathy.

The year 1853 brought her the joy of a Continental tour. The bent of her mind was shown in the living interest she took in a meeting of the *Œuvre des Diaconesses* of Paris, and in their various operations. On June 21st, the whole party went to Kaiserswerth, to the great delight of Agnes. A long account of the place and all its arrangements was written in her journal. But one long day's visit far from satisfied her. It was arranged afterwards that she should spend a week at it. "This," she wrote "is more than I ever dared to hope. How thankful I should be ! May a blessing attend that visit ; may my feeble desires to do others good be deepened and purified. The Lord has heard my prayers, and answered them in an unexpected manner ; surely this visit is an encouragement to prayer, and a seal that God will answer it. Lord, Thou hast in this answered my prayer ; add yet other blessings. Oh, give me a large measure of Thy Spirit. . . . It may be pleasant in a few years to know with what feelings I looked upon the going to Kaiserswerth, for it seems to me that it will exercise a great influence on my future life. I have no desire to become a deaconess ; that would not, I think, be the

place I should be called upon to occupy. No, my own Ireland first. It was for Ireland's good that my first desire to be used as a blessed instrument in God's hand was breathed; it was for Ireland's good that my desire to find the Lord for myself took a tangible form; it was for Ireland's good that I have prayed to be used; and though, I think, if I saw an opening, I could be content to be sent to other lands, yet in Ireland is it my heart's desire to labour."

The effect of the visit to Kaiserswerth was a strong desire to return there and be trained for Christian labour, whatever might be the future employment of her life. A year or two were spent in Dublin, Port-Stewart, and Fahan House; and at the last-named place especially, the much-loved home of her girlhood, her intense desire to be employed in ministering to the sick and sorrowful began to be realised. "In the school; by the sick bed of the dying; in the lowly cottage, where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, and where her gentle self-possession and prompt wise action seemed often to bring healing and hope; everywhere she was to be found about her Father's business." So much was her heart in the work that nothing would have been deemed harder than to give it up. "What a sore trial it would be to be forced to cease from visiting them! Their cordial welcome cheers me, and the hope of doing them good is such an incentive; when I come to one who is a Christian, and hear her prayers for me, there rises within me a deep wellspring of joy." Stormy weather and bad

roads were certainly not welcome, yet they did not overcome her purpose. "I thought, the snow is heavy, the roads slippery, my head aches severely; how gladly would I remain at home! But how can I with these words in my ears—'the Lord hath need of thee'?"

Everything shows how completely her desire to be usefully employed in the service of humanity sprung from her Christian convictions and feelings.

"I am weighed down sometimes with the sense of responsibility and shortcoming. With this crushing feeling I was coming home this evening, taking my Saturday's review of the past week; but as I came near to our gate the lovely scene before me seemed to lift up the load of care; the church and trees behind it were bathed in a heavenly flood of light, the rays of the setting sun; it seemed unearthly; I almost listened for the angels' songs, but a sweeter note perchance to flesh and blood was the assurance, brought home by the scene, of a loving Friend who is touched with the feeling of His people's infirmities. I do not the less feel my own shortcomings, but I feel in my weakness the strength engaged for me; the sweet promise, 'All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me;' *shall* come, however far short human instrumentality falls of their need. His crown shall not want a jewel; but if believers do not live up to their privileges, if they tire and faint, their crowns may be less bright, because they will not avail themselves of the honour He allows them, of being His instruments of winning souls. They

will be not less safe, but less happy ; further from Him, perhaps, because in a lower place in heaven. I would be ambitious of a high place there ; nearer, Jesus, to Thee. O for a heart burning with love to Jesus ! ”

Thus busy with the work of faith and the labour of love, the years of Agnes Jones's life ran on till, in 1860, the way was open for her to return to Kaiserswerth. Leaving her mother and sister was a great trial, but at first it was not thought that her absence would extend beyond a month. She wrote that she was as happy as the day was long, the Sisters had told her much of Miss Nightingale, and filled her with the desire to know such a loving and lovely womanly character. One told her that many of the sick remembered much of her teaching, and some died happily, blessing her for having led them to Jesus. It was soon made apparent to her that a stay of a month or six weeks would be useless, and she begged her mother's permission to extend the time. Great was her delight when the leave to stay was granted. She was much struck with the ways and ideas of Kaiserswerth : the absolute obedience that was required ; the constant endeavour to make the work reproductive, by training others to do it, and the effort to elevate the nurses, by giving them a higher education ; the evangelical teaching ; the order and method pervading the whole establishment.

About the time of her leaving Kaiserswerth, she had two offers : one to prepare for the charge of

an hospital, which, however, as she believed it would be under Unitarian management, would have hampered her unpleasantly; the other to assist Mrs. Ranyard in her scheme of employing Bible-women among the London poor. Chiefly at her mother's instigation, she remained for a time with Mrs. Ranyard, and the work seemed to suit her well. Here, too, she came into contact with Mrs. Pennefather, then of Barnet, for whom personally she had a great love and admiration, and whom she strongly urged to engraft some plan for training and employing deaconesses on her most useful work. In the following winter she was summoned suddenly to Rome by the illness of her sister; when the danger was over, and she had leisure to move about, her heart leaned to wherever there were deaconesses; in short, it was apparent that her heart was in the occupation of nursing. At Rome, at her sister's bedside, she felt she had somewhat of the nurse's faculty; but the question arose, Could she teach and govern others? She went to St. Loup, and learned something there. At Riehen and Zurich she saw how God could use even feeble women to give guidance and help to others. At Strasburg she discussed the matter with a Sister, and her fears became less. Then she determined to go to St. Thomas's Hospital, and see whether she might not be able to say, when others kept back from the work, "Lord, here am I; send me." Her mother could no longer resist her wish, and when the family arrived in London, Agnes entered

into correspondence with Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper, and it was arranged that in October she should enter St. Thomas's Hospital as a Nightingale probationer.

"Fahan, Sunday-night, September 30, 1862.

"1 Corinthians vi. 19, 20. All good-byes are said; to-morrow I leave this loved home and loved people. 'Why do you go away?' have many asked, and now I must answer that why, so that when I look back on this decided step, I may know somewhat of the position in which I stood when it was taken. How shall I look back, years hence, if spared? Shall it be with regret or pleasure? I will not look forward save with the earnest look at Him whose love, I trust, constraineth me, laying at His feet the secret longing of my heart, that in the great day of account He will blot out all my shortcomings, and all my sins, and say of even poor weak me, 'She hath done what she could.'"

Miss Nightingale was very desirous that she should count the cost; she must remain a year at St. Thomas's, and act as a common nurse; with companions moral and respectable, but not, as a body, Christian women. All this she had looked in the face. Her motto was, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God;" and her hope was that God might even there give her a mission to the nurses and patients. To St. Thomas's accordingly she went. People might pity her in her hospital costume,

and with her hard and apparently repulsive duties. But her heart did not sink. She could take the humorous side of a heavy duty, write to her friends how they would laugh if they could have a peep at her giving medicine to forty-two men, and see one of them open his mouth for her to pop in a pill, and stopping to thank her before he swallowed it. She could describe herself as "happy Agnes," and tell of her privileges, the goodness of God, the favour which she found in the eyes of others, the happiness of morning prayer and a daily prayer-meeting. She got a day now and then to pay a visit to Barnet and enjoy the refreshment of Mrs. Pennefather's comments and prayers.

When her year was out, she accepted a situation for a time as superintendent of a small hospital in Bolsover Street, and, later, in the Great Northern Hospital. The latter position made great demands, and brought on an affection of deafness which was very trying. She had to go for a time to rest amid the familiar scenes of Fahan or other quiet spots in Ireland. Thence she was summoned, in 1865, to what proved to be the great scene of her triumph and of her death. In Liverpool, Mr. W. Rathbone had proposed that in the great workhouse hospital trained nurses should be substituted for the very unsatisfactory women that had heretofore been appointed to take charge of the inmates. Knowing how difficult it is to infuse one's convictions on such a topic into a public Board by arguments, however strong, he had offered to bear the whole expense for the first three years, believing that at the end of

that time the arrangement would plead its own cause and commend itself to the Guardians on every ground. In the spring of 1864, he wrote to Miss Jones, then at the Great Northern Hospital, asking her to take the post of Lady Superintendent of the proposed trained nurses. After consideration and consultation with Miss Nightingale and others, she agreed. It was a great undertaking, and it was some time after she went to reside there before she began her work. "Again and again," she wrote, "I have asked myself, Shall I ever be able to meet the dreariness, the loneliness, the difficulties, jealousies, restraint, disappointments, isolation? In my own strength, no, never. And yet when I look back, I see how God has helped me, how in the darkest moment a something has come, sent by that loving Father—a little word, a letter, flowers, a something which has cheered me, and told me not only of the human love, but of the watchful heavenly Friend who knew His weak child's need, and answered her repining or fearing thought by a message of mercy which bade her trust and not be afraid." In that spirit, trusting and not afraid, she set to work, and achieved results which drew universal astonishment and admiration. She had a double duty—the general charge of the whole institution of six hundred pauper patients—most of whom, as was acknowledged, had come there through their own fault: through one or other of the great causes of pauperism and misery—drink or indolence. More important than that, she had the training of the

nurses and probationers, the inspiring of them with the true spirit of their work. There is no detailed account of her method of procedure. From half-past five till near midnight, her time was occupied going through the wards, meeting with the nurses, having prayers, presiding at meals; but she was ever active and bright. When her mother and sister paid her their first visit "she was the picture of happiness, and evidently delighted in her work; finding pleasure in every proof, however small, that through her or her staff, more of physical, as well as moral and spiritual good, had been brought to those under her care. Early in the summer she began Sunday evening readings in one of the wards where there were none but Protestants. She could not be ignorant that Roman Catholics did attend; but as they came uninvited, she did not consider herself called to exclude them. This class she continued to the end. I shall never," continues her sister, "forget the one at which I was present. . . . The room had filled; on each bed men were seated, closely packed together, others standing by the wall, or grouped around. . . . She began with a short prayer, then read part of a chapter, on which she commented in very simple but striking words, closing with a practical application and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of all present. . . . She had also every Sunday a Bible-class for her nurses." She had another Sunday class which mounted up to a hundred children. But she did not depend on dealings with her people in the gross. Before she began, she had said, "It is the

individual influence we shall have, the individual relief and the individual help for mind and body that will be ours." And so it was. "It was one of the characteristics of her work that she never overlooked the individual in the community, but cared for the pleasure of each as if they stood alone. She had great faith in the softening influence of happiness, and her tender heart went out in active sympathy for those who, immured for life in these hospital wards, had ceased to expect that brightness or gladness could ever come to them."

She felt that God had made her way prosperous, and had made it wonderfully smooth. She had carried all her troubles, great and small, to Him; and He had removed the burden. Many good people placed their great things in God's hands, and tried to manœuvre themselves for the lesser; but to her this seemed to be making a God and not a Father. Under other management, we know how irritable people are apt to become who are at once sick, poor, and prisoners; Miss Jones felt it a marvel they were so quiet and forbearing. She could not shut her eyes to the disastrous effects of the crowding so many together: "More and more," she said, "I come to the belief that these large institutions, grouping together such numbers, are the ruin of the inhabitants. One would blush to tell the knowledge and the practice of the vilest sins among the children; girls of seven escaping, to be brought back from the vilest houses. . . . I sometimes wonder if there is

a worse place on the earth than Liverpool, and I am sure its workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of the vilest. I can only compare it to Sodom, and wonder how God stays His hand from smiting. Then, so little effort is made to stem the evil. All lie passive, and seem to say it must be. The attempt at introducing trained workers has certainly not met with any sympathy from clergy or laity. In the nearly ended two years of our work, how few have ever come for the work's sake to wish us God-speed in it!"

Nevertheless, about the end of that two years, and one year before the time arranged for trying the experiment of trained nurses, the sub-committee of the Workhouse committee presented a report on the working of the system, so favourable that the Vestry determined to adopt the system as a permanent one, and extend it to the whole of the Workhouse Infirmary. "This success," Mr. Rathbone wrote to Miss Jones, in April, 1867, "would have been impossible had it not been for your cheerful firmness and faith. I do most warmly congratulate you on having been so faithful a servant to Him to whom you look in a work so truly His own."

After this, there was hardly a year's time for work. Her system had doubtless been overworked, and this rendered her more liable to the attack of one of the worst and most fatal of diseases, typhus fever. After a time of indisposition, this ailment showed itself on the 6th of February, 1868. A time of

great anxiety followed—severe fever—recovery—relapse. The intensely strained hopes of her friends were doomed to be cast down. At last, on the 18th of February, all hope of recovery was abandoned, and on the following day the end came, and her spirit entered into rest.

No words could describe the grief that overwhelmed the hospital. It had seemed impossible that such an angel of mercy should die. When the coffin was carried out, the poor patients crowded the stairs and landing to get a last look of all that could now remind them of her who had been such a treasure and blessing among them. Her remains were carried to her own Ireland, and laid in the churchyard of Fahan, where the waters of Lough Swilly ripple to the foot of the Ennishowen Hills.

“The good,” says Wordsworth, “die first.” Not always; for there are not a few that come to the grave like a shock of corn, fully ripe. But again and again some beautiful and blessed life is cut short, in the very midst of marvellous usefulness, and with a suddenness which itself arrests every eye, and gives a shock to every heart. It is God’s way of enshrining in our hearts those beautiful and saintly lives which have so much of heaven in them, making their memory green and fragrant, and rousing, in young hearts especially, the desire to be followers of those who have so conspicuously followed Christ. That Agnes Jones did follow Christ in a very eminent degree, was the profound conviction of all who observed her manner of life. “I often think,”

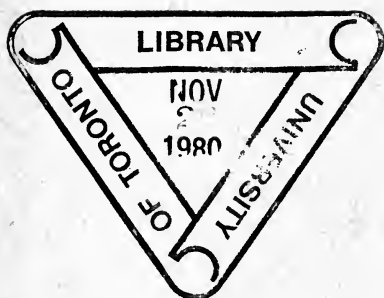
wrote one of her nurses, "how closely she followed her Saviour, in leaving her home, where she might have had so many comforts, and yet she left it to associate with the poorest and lowest of mankind. You know we entered here amid great difficulty, but with her help and love we were able to surmount it all. Before she took us into the wards she commended us all to God in prayer, and besought His blessing and help in the work. That was the secret of her success in everything. She took all to Jesus, and always exhorted us to do the same."

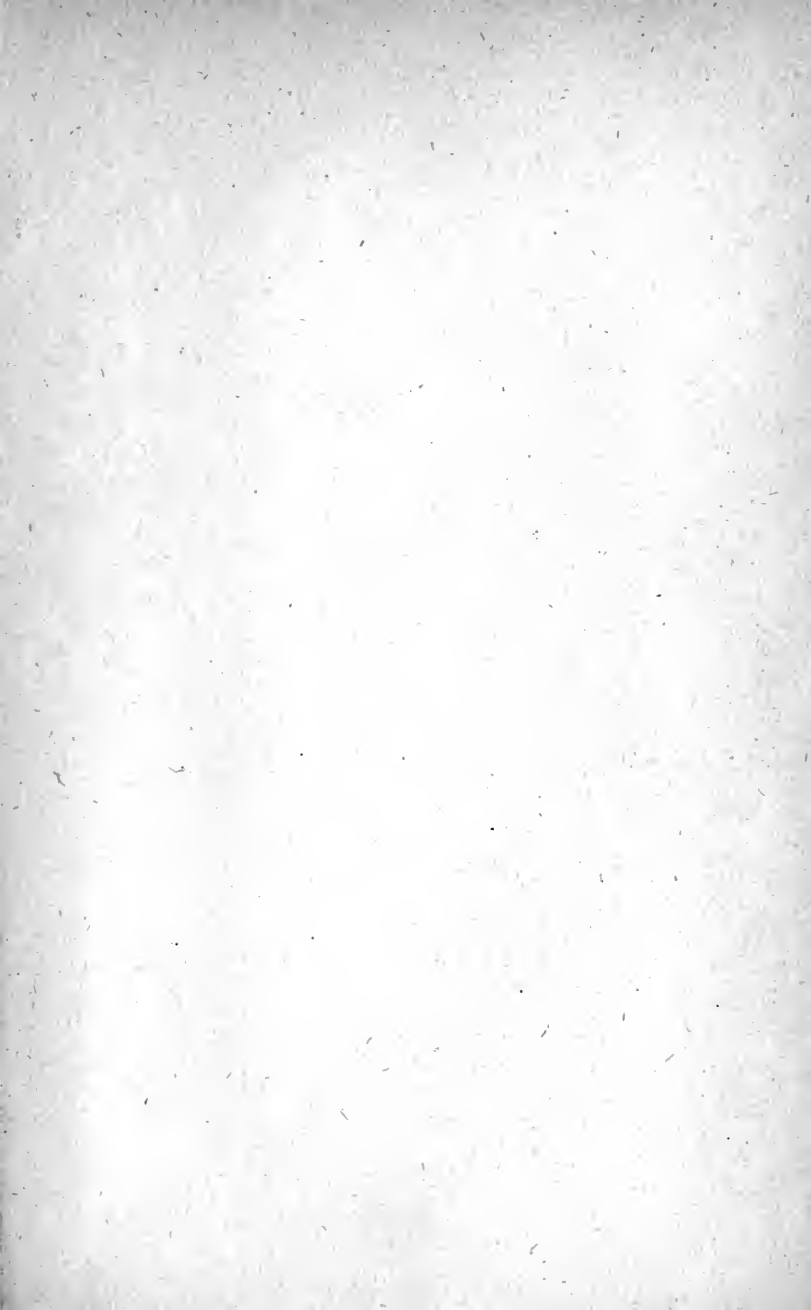
"How," asks Miss Nightingale, "did she do it all? She did it simply by the manifestation of the life that was in her—the trained, well-ordered life of doing her Father's business; so different from the governing, the ordering about, the driving principle. And everybody recognised it—the paupers, and the Vestry, and the nurses, and the Poor Law Board. As for the nurses (those who understood her), her influence with them was unbounded. They would have died for her, because they always felt that she cared for them, not merely as the instruments of the work, but for each one in herself; not because she wished for popularity or praise among them, but solely for their own well-being. She had *no* care for praise in her at all. But (or rather because of this) she had greater power of carrying her followers with her than any woman or man I ever knew. And she seemed not to know that she was doing anything remarkable."

Our last thought is, what a wonderful capacity for usefulness, what a power of benediction there is in thousands of men and women, if only they were in the same state of union and communion with Christ as Agnes Jones was! God multiply such workers a thousandfold! But where are they to be found apart from the influence of vital Christianity? How could secularism, pure and simple, ever produce so much as one?

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THE END.





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